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TYPEE

By Herman Melville

VOL. 4 NO. 41

John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

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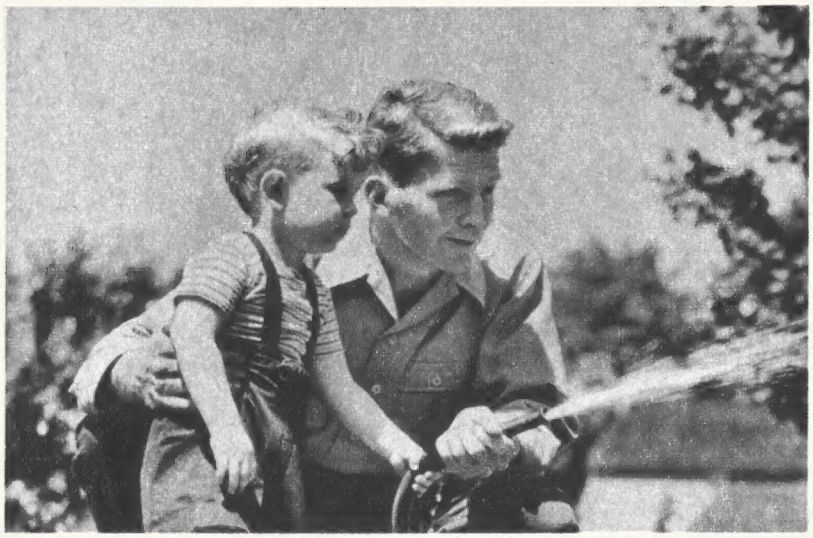

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

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As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

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One For The Road

A race track tout heard from a pal that there was "fresh money" around in the form of a Texas oil man, cornered the Texan and sold him a bill of goods. The oil man bet a thousand dollars on the first "good thing" the tout gave him.

It lost.

A happy-go-lucky sucker, however, he never complained but went through the whole day betting a "G" note on every tip the tout gave him. They all lost. Instead of getting angry, the Texan insisted the tout be his guest for dinner. Steak, champagne, the works. "Tomorrow is another day," he said. "Don't worry."

The following day it was the same. Nothing but losers. After the races the oil man again invited the tout to dinner and ordered a feast fit for a king.

The next morning the tout met the friend who had "fingered" the oil man for him. He told him his tale of woe, concluded with ". . . and for two days straight I haven't been able to get even *one horse* in the money."

"I'd lose him," declared the character. "The sucker is unlucky for you!"

★ ★ ★

A playboy went to the Astor Barber Shop. "Is Lucy in?" he asked. "No, but we have other manicurists," the proprietor assured. "But I want Lucy," he insisted. "The others are just as good, and pretty, too," the proprietor answered. "But they won't do what Lucy does," the playboy argued. Curiosity aroused, the proprietor asked, "What does Lucy do that the others won't do?"

"Charge it!"

★ ★ ★

Anita Ekberg, the Swedish Siren once said, "If your boy friend criticizes your figure, don't hold it against him!"

★ ★ ★

Not long ago Nick the Greek was invited to a draw poker game at the home of a friend. It was to be a seven handed game, but two players failed to show up. They sat down to play anyway.

During the action, one of the players suddenly slumped over on the table, face down! Another player, a well known doctor, quickly got up and felt his pulse.

"Dead!" he proclaimed, "Heart attack!"

"What will we do?" inquired another player anxiously.

"Take out the Deuces and Treys!" suggested the only loser.

★ ★ ★

Bob Dunn, famous cartoonist of the Journal-American claims that dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world because the trees are so far apart!

★ ★ ★

Dunninger, world famous magician has a favorite story. It's about the time he attended the Magicians Dinner in Chicago.

"They served some stewed rabbit," he reminisced, "and it made me so sick I had to go to bed!"

A listener remarked, "What was so unusual about that?"

Dunninger replied, "It's the first time on record that a rabbit ever made a magician disappear!"

★ ★ ★

It happened in a Grammar School class room.

The spinster teacher was giving a lesson. The subject was "Prose and Poetry." To illustrate, she recited this poem:

"There's a little red school-house on the hill,
If it isn't torn down, it's standing there still!"

Then she explained, "you see, children, 'hill and still' rhyme—that's why it's poetry. Now if I said:

"There's a little red school-house on the hill,
If it isn't torn down, it's still standing there"

it would be prose, because it doesn't rhyme, understand?

The children all nodded in understanding. All but little Willie in the back of the room. Noticing that he failed to nod with the rest of the children she decided to call him to task.

"Willie!" her voice rang out sharply.

"Yes, Mam," he replied innocent-like.

"Did you hear the lesson I just gave?" she asked.

"Yes, Mam, I did," he assured.

"Then come up here," she commanded, convinced he wasn't telling the truth, "and give me an illustration!"

Slowly he walked to the head of the class and began to recite:

"My sister has a lot of class,
She's very thin, except her—"

He suddenly stopped, looked at the teacher inquiringly and asked:

"Prose or Poetry?"

"Prose!" she gasped.

"Legs!" concluded Willie.

★ ★ ★

A very fat man went to see a doctor for a physical examination. The doctor ordered him to strip, which he did. "Now what seems to be your trouble?" asked the M.D. "Well, Doc," he began, "I'm so fat I can't see my navel. What shall I do?"

"Diet," said the M.D.

In panic his patient inquired, "For Gosh sakes, what color is it now?"

★ ★ ★

A tipsy ham actor who was crossing the ocean fell overboard. The alarm was sounded and lifeboats lowered in effort to save him. The captain played a spot-light on the dark murky water in effort to locate him. When the spot-light finally hit the ham he took so many bows—he drowned!

★ ★ ★

Jack Benny tells the story about a twenty dollar gold piece and a copper penny who were discussing life in general.

"You know I have a great time," said the gold piece, "I am carried all over Europe, put in banks, on gambling tables, and last but not least, put in beautiful women's purses. Yes, life is indeed wonderful!"

"But I have more fun," assured the penny. "I, too, visit many places, like peanut, gum, and weighing machines. Also newsstands. I gamble too, matching with other pennies. But there's one thing I'm positive of!"

"What's that?" asked the gold piece.

"I live a better life than you do!"

"How do you come to that conclusion?" inquired the gold piece.

"Because I go to Church every Sunday!"

★ ★ ★

Za Za Gabor is the kind of a woman who talks on and on about the things that leave her speechless!—Lou Lipton.

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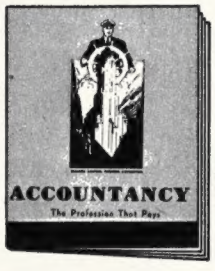

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LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY, says Harvey Knox, in football exposé. Son Ronnie is at right.

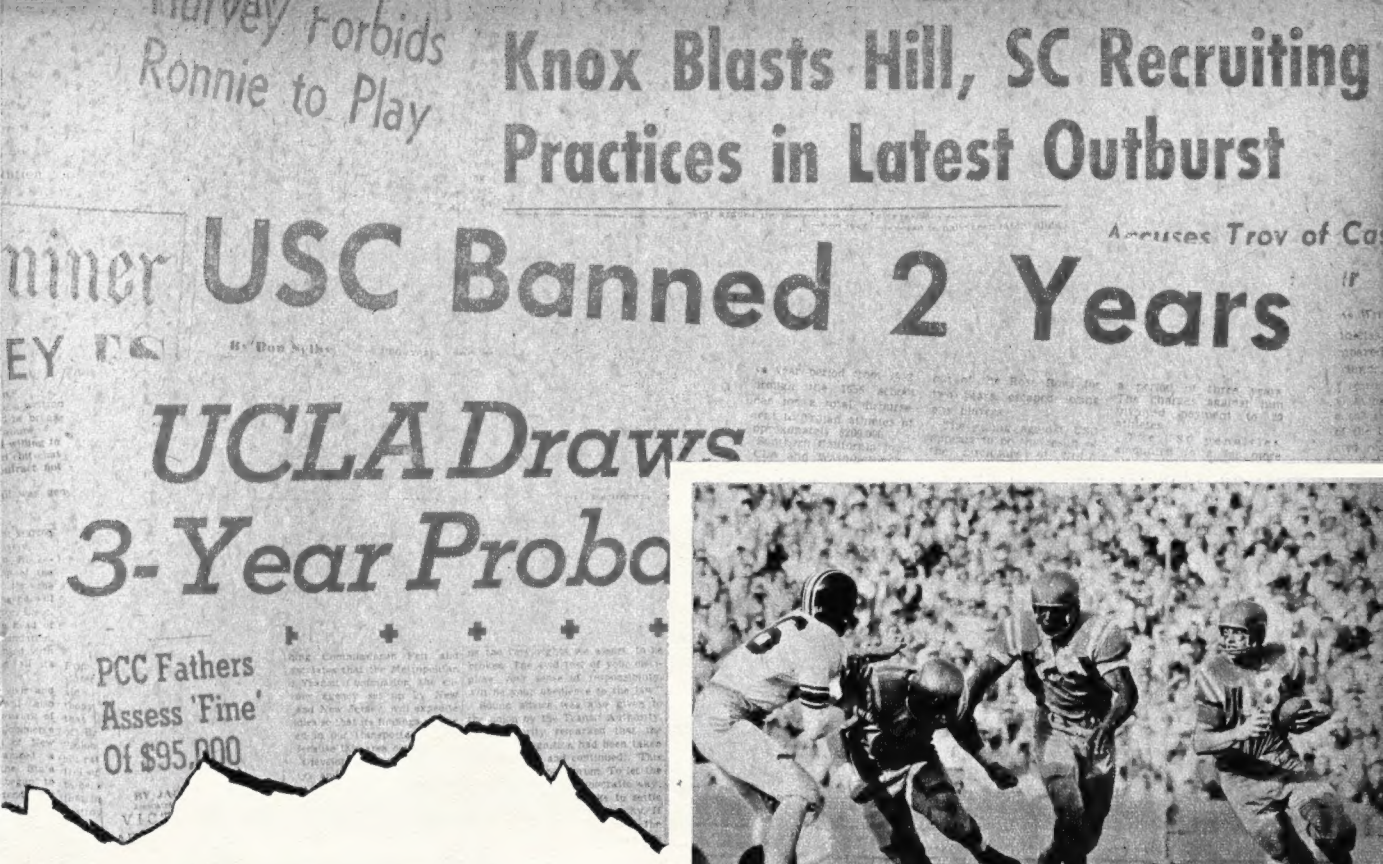
I ACCUSE!

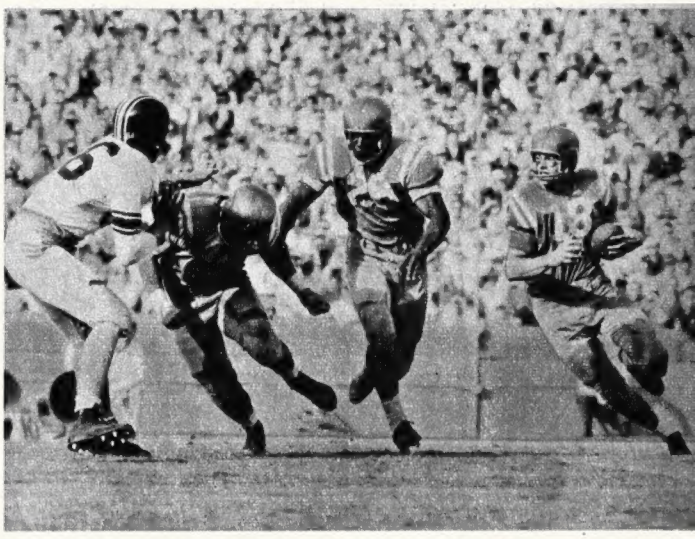
The hypocrites and racketeers will tell you they cleaned up Coast football.

Well, I say it *still* smells—and nobody is going to stop me from telling why

BY HARVEY KNOX

As told to Al Stump





Ronnie (number 13) noted for speed, hard running, slashes off tackle for a big gain against Southern California.

Football's toughest father is Harvey O. Knox, of Malibu, California—the first man to tackle a major athletic conference single-handed and touch off an explosion which blew it asunder. Knox's stepson, All-American candidate Ronnie Knox, played at the University of California in 1953 and at UCLA in 1954-55. Since then, after charges fired by the senior Knox, both schools have been heavily fined and UCLA has been expelled from Rose Bowl competition.

Exclusively here, Harvey Knox tells the heretofore hushed-up story behind the scandals which the past summer cost four Pacific Coast Conference universities nearly a quarter-million dollars in penalties. Here shown are abuses of football ethics which even the scandals didn't reveal.

This is an angry man speaking. And Knox's anger illuminates the need for a national football clean-up, with a new set of rules devised to combat elements bent on the game's destruction. The "Knox Plan," which concludes his story, will be of vital interest to all those who are seeking a solution to sport's biggest problem.

Big, Paunchy Pappy Waldorf, the 270-pound California University football coach, was sitting across a room from me one night in 1953. The newspapers always describe Waldorf as "jovial" and "easy-going." But tonight he was roaring like a wounded walrus—almost mad enough to take a swing at me.

For the first time, Waldorf was hearing, in bar-room English, what the father of a player caught in the slimy racket of big-time college football thinks of the slick manipulators who run it.

"You can't talk to me like that!" bawled Waldorf. "I've got a Dutch temper."

"I don't care if you've got polka-dots," I came back. "One of these days, the public will wise up to the bribing, chiseling and corrupting of kids you ——— coaches, athletic directors and alumni are getting away with. Then there's going to be one hell of an explosion."

I walked over and stabbed Waldorf with a finger. "I just hope I can be the guy who lights the fuse!"

Waldorf looked like he was having apoplexy. But I weigh 190, played college ball and I'm a good 10 years his junior. He just sat there, glaring at me.

I didn't know it then, but that was the start of the biggest and messiest uproar in the history of football—the Pacific Coast Conference scandals you've been reading about lately.

That was the start of my career as a gridiron racketbuster. I was only one man against an entrenched system, yet this was the beginning of the most extensive vice clean-up ever brought off in college sports.

By May of this year, information I helped furnish blew the Coast Conference wide open. Four of the West's largest universities, California, USC, Washington and UCLA, were exposed for operating a coastwide [*Continued on page* 55]

Herewith the true experiences of the famous author of Moby Dick, told by himself. He jumped ship from a whaler in the South Seas, lived among man eaters in the Marquesas Islands, and found love with a beautiful native girl. Upon his return to the United States he wrote a book of his adventures, Typee, from which this material is excerpted. John Huston, producer-director of Moby Dick, has announced plans to make a motion picture of Typee in 1957.

TYPEE

BY HERMAN MELVILLE

Author of Moby Dick

"Next week we shape our course to the Marquesas!" The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up! Naked houris—cannibal banquets—groves of coconut—coral-reefs—tattooed chiefs—and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with breadfruit-trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue water—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—*heathenish rites and human sacrifices.*

Such were the strangely jumbled anticipations that haunted me during our passage from the cruising ground. I felt an irresistible curiosity to see those islands which the olden voyagers had so glowingly described.

I can never forget the eighteen or twenty days during which the light trade-winds were silently sweeping us toward the islands. In pursuit of the sperm-whale, we had been cruising on the Line some twenty degrees to the westward of the Galapagos; and all that we had to do, when our new course was determined on, was to square in the yards and keep the vessel before the breeze, and then the good ship and the steady gale did the rest between them. True to her work, the *Dolly* headed her course, and jogged on her way like a veteran old sea-pacer.

What a delightful, lazy, languid time we had while we were thus gliding along! There was nothing to be done. We abandoned the forepeak altogether, and spreading an awning over the forecastle, slept, ate, and lounged under it the livelong day.

Fayaway held up her robe for a sail. A craft never had a prettier mast.
Illustrated by Leo Summers

As we drew nearer land, I hailed with delight the appearance of innumerable sea-fowl. Soon other evidences of our vicinity to the land were apparent, and it was not long before we heard from aloft that glad announcement a sailor loves—"Land ho!" Aye, there it was. A hardly perceptible blue irregular outline, indicating the bold contour of the lofty heights of Nukuheva.

Toward noon we drew abreast of the entrance to the harbor, and as we slowly advanced up the bay, numerous canoes pushed off from the surrounding shores. We were soon in the midst of quite a flotilla of them, their savage occupants struggling to get aboard us, and jostling one another in their ineffectual attempts.

We had approached within a mile and a half perhaps of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard, directed our attention to a singular commotion ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of "whinhenies" (young girls), who in this manner were coming off from shore to welcome us. As I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids—and very like mermaids they behaved too.

When we sailed right in the midst of these swimming nymphs, they boarded us at every quarter, climbing up the chainplates and the ropes. All of them succeeded in getting over the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms. Their appearance perfectly amazed me; their extreme youth, the light clear brown of their complexions, their delicate features, their softly moulded limbs, and free of unstudied action, seemed as strange as beautiful.

In the evening after we had come to an anchor the deck was illuminated with lanterns, and this picturesque band of sylphs, tricked out with flowers, got up a ball of great style. These females are passionately fond of dancing, and in the wild grace and spirit of their style excel everything that I have ever seen.

Our ship was now wholly given up to every species of riot and debauchery. Not even the feeblest barrier was interposed between the unholy passions of the crew and their unlimited gratification. Alas for the poor savages when exposed to the influence of their European civilizers!

CHAPTER TWO

It was in the summer of 1842 that we arrived at the islands; our ship had not been many days in the harbor before I came to the determination of leaving her. That my reasons were numerous may be inferred from the fact that I chose rather to risk my fortunes among the savages of the island than to endure another voyage on board the *Dolly*.

Though I had signed the ship's articles binding myself to serve for the period of the voyage, these articles had been violated numberless times by the ship. The usage on board her was tyrannical; the sick had been inhumanly neglected; the provisions had been doled out in scanty allowance; and her cruises had been unreasonably protracted. The captain was the author of these abuses; it was in vain to think that he would either remedy them, or alter his conduct, which was arbitrary and violent in the extreme. His prompt reply to all complaints was—the butt end of a hand-spike.

Having made up my mind to leave the *Dolly*, I proceeded to acquire all the information I could obtain relating to the island and its inhabitants, with a view of shaping my plans accordingly.

The bay of Nukuheva in which we were then lying is an expanse of water not unlike a horseshoe. It is, perhaps, nine miles in circumference. From the verge of the water the land rises uniformly on all sides until it swells into majestic heights. Deep glens come down to the water, and down each of these valleys flows a clear stream. The houses of the natives, constructed of yellow bamboo, are scattered irregularly among these valleys beneath the shady branches of the coconut trees.

Immediately adjacent to the settlement of Nukuheva, and only separated from it by the mountains seen at the harbor, lies the lovely valley of Happar, and closely adjoining it, is the magnificent valley of the dreaded Typees, the unappeasable enemies of both these tribes.

These celebrated warriors appear to inspire the other islanders with unspeakable terrors. Their very name is a frightful one; for the word "Typee" in the Marquesan dialect signifies a lover of human flesh. It is rather singular that the title should have been bestowed on them exclusively, inasmuch as the natives of all this group are irreclaimable cannibals. The name, perhaps, may have been given to denote the peculiar ferocity of this clan, and to convey a special stigma along with it.

Having ascertained the fact that the islanders dwelt altogether in the depths of the valleys, I concluded that if I could effect a passage to the mountains, I might easily remain among them, supporting myself by such fruits as came my way until the sailing of the vessel. To be sure, there was one rather unpleasant drawback to these agreeable anticipations—the possibility of falling in with a foraging party of these same bloodminded Typees, whose appetites, edged perhaps by the air of so elevated a region, might prompt them to devour me. This, I must confess, was a most disagreeable view of the matter.

I had determined not to communicate my design of withdrawing from the vessel to any of my shipmates. But it so happened that one night being upon deck, I perceived one of the ship's company leaning over the bulwarks. He was a young fellow about my own age for whom I had entertained a great regard. Toby, such was the name he used, his real name he would never tell us, was one of that class of rovers you sometimes meet at sea, who never reveal their origin, never allude to home, and go rambling over the world as if pursued by some mysterious fate they cannot possibly elude.

There was much even in the appearance of Toby calculated to draw me toward him, for while the greater part of the crew were as coarse in person as in mind, Toby was endowed with a remarkably prepossessing exterior. Arrayed in his blue frock and duck trousers, he was as smart a looking sailor as ever stepped upon a deck; he was singularly small and slightly made, with great flexibility of limb. His naturally dark complexion had been deepened by exposure to the tropical sun, and a mass of jetty locks clustered about his temples, and threw a darker shade into his large black eyes.

I knew that like myself he was dissatisfied with life aboard the *Dolly*. Here then was a fitting companion for what might be the hardships of weeks on the mountains.

A tap on the shoulder served to rouse Toby from his reverie; I found him ripe for the enterprise, and a very few words sufficed for a mutual understanding between us. In an hour's time we had decided on our plan of action.

The next day, when the ship's company was given leave, Toby and I stuffed our shirts with food and tobacco. Hardly had we completed these arrangements when my name was sung out by a dozen voices, and I sprung upon the deck, where I found all the party in the boat, and impatient to shove off. I dropped over the side, and seated myself, with the rest of the watch, in the stern sheets, while the poor larboarders shipped their oars, and commenced pulling us ashore.

This happened to be the rainy season at the islands, and by the time we had effected a landing, it poured down in torrents. We fled for shelter under cover of an immense canoe-house, which stood hard by the beach, and waited for the first fury of the storm to pass.

It continued, however, without cessation; and the monotonous beating of the rain overhead began to exert a drowsy influence upon the men, who, throwing themselves here and there upon the large war-canoes, after chatting awhile, all fell asleep.

This was the opportunity we desired, and Toby and I availed ourselves of it at once, by stealing out of the canoe-house, and plunging into the depths of an extensive grove that was in its rear. After ten minutes' rapid progress, we gained an open space, from which we could just descry the ridge we intended to mount looming dimly through the mists of the tropical shower, and distant from us, as we estimated, something more than a mile.

When we arrived within a short distance of the ridge, we were stopped by a mass of tall yellow reeds, growing together as thickly as they could stand, and as tough and stubborn as so many rods of steel. For a moment we gazed about us in quest of a more practicable route; it was, however, at once apparent that there was no resource but to pierce this thicket of canes at all hazards.

Half wild with meeting an obstacle we had so little anticipated. I threw myself desperately against it, crushing to the ground the canes with which I came in contact, and rising to my feet again, repeated the action with like effect. Twenty minutes of this violent exercise almost exhausted me, but it carried us some way into the thicket.

I began to think we were fairly snared, and had almost made up my mind that without a pair of wings we should never be able to escape from the toils, when all at once I discerned a peep of daylight through the canes on my right, and, communicating the joyful tidings to Toby, we both fell to with fresh spirit, and speedily opening a passage toward it, we found ourselves clear of perplexities, and in the near vicinity of the ridge.

After resting for a few moments we began the ascent, and after a little vigorous climbing found ourselves close to its summit. We had ascended it near the place of its termination, and at its lowest point, and now saw our route to the mountains distinctly defined along its narrow crest, which was covered with a soft carpet of verdure, and was in many parts only a few feet wide.

CHAPTER THREE

My curiosity had been not a little raised with regard to the description of country we should meet on the other side of the mountains; and I had supposed, with Toby, that immediately on gaining the heights we should be enabled to view the large bays of Happar and Typee reposing at our feet on one side, in the same way that Nukuheva lay spread out below on the other. But here we were disappointed. Instead of finding the mountain we had ascended sweeping down in the opposite direction into broad and capacious valleys, the land appeared to retain its general elevation, only broken into a series of ridges and intervales, which as far as the eye could reach stretched away from us, with their precipitous sides covered with the brightest verdure, and waving here and there with the foliage of clumps of woodland; among which, however, we perceived none of those trees upon whose fruit we had relied with such certainty.

This was a most unlooked-for discovery, and one that promised to defeat our plans altogether, for we could not think of descending the mountain on the Nukuheva side in quest of food. What was to be done? I bitterly repented our improvidence in not providing ourselves, as we easily might have done, with a supply of biscuit. With a rueful visage I now bethought me of the scanty handful of bread I had stuffed into the bosom of my frock. Toby informed me that in the morning he had placed two whole biscuits in his bosom, with a view of munching them, should he feel so inclined, during our flight.

After a brief discussion, in which we both of us expressed our resolution of not descending [*Continued on page* 69]

". . . Now stop me if you've heard this one."

William J. Keating. His work led to the first solution of a New York waterfront killing in modern times.

Johnny Dunn. His rackets were worth millions.

Danny Gentile. He stomped on face of a dying man.

Andy Sheridan. He was trigger man in murders.

Meet Bill Keating

The Man Who Tackled New York's Untouchable Killer

The big-wheels sent down the word: "Lay off this big-time hood." This is the explosive story of a man who wouldn't listen to mobsters, politicos or police and went after a killer

BY WILLIAM J. KEATING, *former New York Assistant District Attorney*
With Richard Carter

From *The Man Who Rocked The Boat*, copyright © 1956 by William J. Keating and Richard Carter, published by Harper & Brothers

Bill Keating joined the D.A.'s office in 1942 when he was 27, and has been rocking the boat ever since. In 1951, he became counsel for the newly formed N.Y.C. Anti-Crime Committee. In 1955, law enforcement agencies showed their appreciation by sentencing Keating to five days in prison for contempt of court. He had broken the news that police were trying to cover up a wiretap nest. Hauled before a Grand Jury, Keating refused to name his informants and went to jail. He has been widely applauded for his stand. He is now a labor lawyer and still fights racketeers wherever he finds them.

CITY EDITION

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

4¢

KEATING WALKS OUT ON TAP JURY

Wednesday, January 8, 1947, began as a routine day. I had been on call until eight that morning, but it had been a quiet night and, not long after breakfast, I sat in my office shooting the breeze with one of the detectives.

I was yawning and thinking about going home to bed when the office door opened and Jack Grumet, my bureau chief came in. "I'd like you to fill in for someone today," said Grumet. "One of the boys is preparing a case for trial and forgot to switch his calls."

I said, "Sure."

"A longshoreman was shot in Greenwich Village this morning. Go up to the Sixth Precinct and see what it's all about, will you? Just take a look at it. Let the cops do the work."

So much for going home to sleep.

As an Assistant D.A. of New York attached to the Homicide Bureau, it was my job to investigate crimes, prepare cases for the state, seek indictments from the grand jury, assist at trials and sometimes try cases myself. Of all the cases we had to deal with, waterfront murders were the most hopeless. Longshoremen were always getting shot, or beaten over the head with baseball bats or flung into the harbor. There seldom was any real mystery about the

Dunn's bullies roughed up opposition, turned to bullets when tough stuff failed. Passive police kept hands off.

killings. The murderers were usually well known, but arrests and convictions were unheard of, because waterfront workers and their families had little confidence in cops and talked to them only off the record, if at all. A man could be killed in broad daylight before half a dozen witnesses and nobody would testify about it. On the waterfront, to talk was to rat, and to rat was to stand exposed and unprotected.

I took a cab to the Sixth, where I found Captain Thomas J. Hammill, commander of detectives on the West Side below Fourteenth Street. A well-groomed, gray-haired man, very much the executive type.

"The man's name is Anthony Hintz, H-I-N-T-Z, but he pronounces it like pints," said Hammill. "He's hiring boss on Pier Fifty-one over here. Hires the longshoremen and supervises their work. He was leaving home at Sixty-one Grove Street at about seven-forty this morning and was walking downstairs between the third and second floors when he was shot five or six times. He's at St. Vincent's Hospital now, and doesn't look like he has a chance. His wife is here in the squad room. She says that when she kissed him good-by this morning she went back inside the apartment and heard some shots. She ran to the head of the stairs and saw Hintz lying on the landing below. She asked him who did it and he said 'Johnny Dunn.' Do you want to talk to her?"

"Yes. But first are there any other witnesses?"

"Not that we know of as yet. You'd figure that it would be hard to kill somebody in a public hallway that time of day without somebody seeing you, but so far we don't have anyone. Hintz's brother Willie works on the same pier with him and was waiting downstairs in a car to drive him to work, but says he didn't see anything. That's how these cases roll, you know."

"Yes. Well, maybe I should talk to the wife."

She was sitting in the squad room, a sharp-eyed, bright-looking, slender woman of about 40. She was able to control herself, but you could see that it was a struggle. She gave an impression of strength.

"I ran out in the hall," she said slowly, "and I saw my husband lying flat on his face. He said, 'Dunn, Dunn.' I ran back in and told the phone operator to call the cops and then I ran out and a couple of neighbors brought Andy into the house. I took him into the bathroom. The others helped and Andy was holding onto the walls to walk. I sat him down on the toilet and tried to sponge the blood off his face, but it kept bleeding and his body was bleeding bad, too. He said to me, 'Maisie, I'm dying, I'm dying.' God, he's only forty-three."

"Maybe we'd better get to the hospital and take a statement from Hintz," I told Hammill.

He replied that he thought it was worth trying, but he was not too hopeful. "One of the cops who went to the house asked Hintz who shot him and he said he didn't know. He won't mind contradicting his wife."

"Let's try, anyhow," I said. I called my office and had a stenographer dispatched to the hospital, to record the wounded man's statement.

On the way over, I asked Hammill about Johnny Dunn.

"We brought him in already," said the captain. "He was sitting in there when we left. A little guy with a cast in his right eye. They call him Cockeye but not to his face, because he's supposed to be a tough monkey. He's in the waterfront mob. Runs the Platform Workers Union. Your office was interested in him a few years ago when he got mixed up in a union shakedown of some kind. In this case today he may have been trying to get Andy Hintz to move over. You know, on the pier. The hiring, the truck loading and the other rackets."

Hintz was still alive. If he named Dunn and lived, his statement would help sew up a felonious assault case for us. If he named Dunn and died, the dying declaration would be powerful evidence at the murder trial. For that purpose, however, a dying declaration must adhere to a rigid formula. The victim must not only be dying but must express conviction that he is about to die—a state of mind in which, according to law, he is likely to feel that he has nothing to gain by telling an untruth and incriminating the innocent. Thus, taking a dying declaration becomes a barbarous kind of ritual: instead of trying to bring hope and calm to the bedside, you are required to ask the man if he is sure he is going to die.

I decided to let Hammill do the questioning. If Hintz was going to talk, he would talk as freely to Hammill as to an assistant district attorney. If he was not going to talk, I did not want to become established in his mind as someone with whom he had set a precedent of silence. I would blend with the scenery, try to size the man up, and hear what I could hear.

Hintz was in a ward, behind a screen. A drainage tube had been inserted into his nose and he was being given drugs and nourishment by means of an intravenous drip. A bullet had pierced his face, from right to left. Four others had entered his chest and abdomen. Two were still in there and two others had torn out through his back. He was a large man, a blond Slavic type with heavy shoulders. His fair complexion was graying with death. It was a great effort for him to speak, but the words came in a deep voice that sounded as if it had been rumbling and powerful.

He looked at Hammill and groaned, "I'm dying."

"You know Johnny Dunn very well, Andy?" asked Hammill.

"Yes, sure."

"You are in bad shape, Andy?"

"Sure. If it was him, I would tell you, Cap. He didn't do it, Cap. If it was him, I'd tell you." He knew what was coming and was trying to nip it in the bud. He looked terribly tired, drained. He groaned and tried to shift his feet. He closed his eyes awhile. "What's the use of saying he done it if he didn't? If it was him, I'd say it."

"They told me it's definitely him, Andy," said Hammill. "Listen, Andy, Maisie told me that."

"How could she tell you that? Did she say that?" The voice was weakening.

"You told her, Andy."

"It wasn't him, I tell you, Cap, if it was him, I'd tell you."

He groaned in torment. "They won't let me sleep," he groaned. "Leave me alone."

We got out. Riding back to the station house, Hammill confided, "Maisie Hintz told us the truth. I'm sure of it. But these men just will not talk to cops. Period."

"I think I'll hold Dunn as a material witness, anyway," I said. "Something might give."

Don't miss

THE HOUNDS THAT HUNT LIONS

The strangest dogs you've ever seen

In the December issue

On sale November 1

I had Dunn brought to me. He was detached, cool and self-assured. He spoke in a nicely modulated voice. He looked at me as if I were an annoyance so unimportant and transitory as to be no annoyance at all. He managed to muster interest enough to answer my questions.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked.

"I'm business agent for Local 21510, Motor and Bus Terminal Checkers, Platform and Office Workers," he said patiently, "A.F. of L."

"What did you do this morning?"

"I saw my children off to church and school. Had breakfast with my wife and baby and left home around eight-twenty."

"I'm going to hold you as a material witness."

He did not quite shrug. He just sat there, tranquil. All this would pass. This brief inconvenience. His wife could—and did—corroborate his story.

Judge James Garrett Wallace put $25,000 bail on him, and Dunn rode moodily to the Tombs to spend the night.

As soon as this was attended to, I grabbed a sandwich and went back to the office to read our file on Johnny Dunn. It was a skimpy affair, containing only the information which had been pertinent to one case, the one in which he had served nineteen months. (Contrary to the detective stories, neither prosecutor's or police files offer much else about the criminal enemy except a record of arrests.) As nearly as I

could tell from the material, Dunn was a sort of one-man band. The file fairly screamed of his virtuosity. He was boss of an obscure union in the trucking field, where his methods of operation were those common to labor fakers everywhere: he would sign a backdoor agreement with the employer and then, contract in hand, would muscle the employees into frightened acceptance of second-rate wages, bad working conditions, kickbacks, exorbitant dues and other rackets. There were hints that he had committed a dozen murders and had commissioned dozens more. He had not confined himself to the trucking rackets, either, but had maintained a lively interest in shipping and now controlled the labor-hiring and the truck-loading concessions on several Greenwich Village piers. The man was by way of becoming a tycoon. I resolved to learn as much about him as I could.

Hintz was still alive Saturday morning, January 11. One of the bullets had been removed by surgery, but he was in a desperate way. He might live a few days. He had the constitution of an ox.

Hammill phoned me and said he would pick me up in his car. "I think we should go to the hospital and talk to Hintz," he said. "Have a stenographer there by nine-forty-five, can you?"

In the lobby of the hospital Hammill introduced me to a Lieutenant Joe Sullivan. "Sullivan has lived in the Village all his life and used to be a longshoreman," said Hammill. "He and Hintz are close friends. Joe knows more about the West Side than anyone else. He can be a big help."

Patrick Joseph Sullivan turned out to be a slender man of average height, a quiet man with the bright quick eyes of an experienced scout moving as unobtrusively as possible through potentially hostile territory. In our first conversation he was very much the detective consulting with the assistant district attorney. Later, when he satisfied himself through grapevine knowledge and personal contact that I was actually all-out for a solution of the case, he revealed himself to me. Joe Sullivan hates organized crime. He hated Johnny Dunn as you or I might hate a poisonous snake, but he didn't wear his hatred on his sleeve.

"Hintz's brother Willie was just up to see Andy," said Sullivan. "He thinks Andy might make a statement. Willie and I will be across the street having breakfast if you want us."

Hintz was still behind the screen in the ward. He looked smaller, wasted. He seemed to be expecting us.

"My name is Keating," I said, dispensing with the small talk, because everything had to be on the record and small talk is out of place in a dying declaration. "I'm an assistant district attorney. I want to ask you some questions about what happened on Wednesday morning at your house at about twenty minutes to eight."

"I started down the stairs to go to work," he said, "and fellows shot at me."

"How do you feel, Anthony?"

"Lousy."

"Do you know you are going to live?" I hoped I wouldn't have to ask him if he knew he was going to die.

"I don't know," he said. "The way I feel now—the way I feel now, I don't. I feel terrible."

"What do you think your chances are, Anthony?"

" I don't know. Sixty-forty."

Sixty-forty was not good enough for a dying declaration. Captain Hammill leaned over and said, "Do you feel you are going to die?"

"The way I feel now, yes."

"I know how you feel," I said. "Are you willing to tell me who shot you?"

"Johnny Dunn."

"Who else?"

"Two other fellows, but they didn't do no shooting."

He turned his head away from me and bit his lips.

"Tell the District Attorney about it, Andy," said Hammill.

"Do you know one of the other fellows or both of the other fellows?" I asked.

"I seen them," he said, resisting.

"What's the name of the other fellow?"

"Andy Sheridan and Danny Gentile. Danny went down to the street. Two of them went over the roof."

"How many guns were there, Andy?"

"If a preacher happens to come along, I'll make it all up to you!"

"One was all I seen."

"Who had that?"

"Dunn."

"How many shots did he fire at you?"

"Six."

"All right, Andy, we'll give you a little rest. We'll talk to you later."

I went to the telephone and called my office. "Have Dunn brought to St. Vincent's right away."

Dunn was expressionless. When he arrived at the foot of the bed, he arranged his thin mouth in a small smile and said pleasantly, "Hello, Andy." Hintz stared at him.

"Andy," I said, "I am going to ask you to look at a man who gives his name as John Dunn. Do you recognize him?"

Hintz pointed his finger at Dunn and said huskily, "That's the man who shot me." Our stenotypist was getting every word. Dunn eyed the stenotypist. Then he looked at Hintz.

"Andy," said Dunn in soft surprise, "you know who I am." It was a threat. He was warning Hintz to come to his senses.

"I know who you are," growled Hintz.

"You know him, too?" I asked Dunn.

"That's right," said the gangster, looking at Hintz, who looked right back and pointed to his wounds and said, "You know what these are, too, don't you?"

"Look, Andy," said Dunn, "I hope you know what you're talking about."

"I know what I'm talking about," said Hintz. He pointed to his torn body again. "You know what these are, don't you?" he insisted.

"I heard about it, yes," said Dunn mildly.

"You *heard* about it?" said Hintz.

I interrupted and asked Hintz to tell me when he had last seen Dunn. He said, "When I got shot—about twenty to eight, eighteen minutes to eight."

"Andy," said Dunn, "that is not so."

"No?" said Hintz.

"You know it's not so."

"No further questions," I said.

"Let me stand here and talk to the man a minute," said Dunn. "You know me, Andy?"

"Yes, I know you."

[*Continued on page* 91]

Fact Crime

BRICKBAT CHARLIE AND THE MURDEROUS MADAM

Charlie with his lethal bricks was the terror of Dublin, Rose the scourge of Europe. In Natchez-Under-the-Hill, they found a home wicked enough to hold them

By James Reynolds

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America in its birth pains brought forth some extraordinary tracts of human habitation: the Barbary Coast, of booming, gold-crazy San Francisco; the Bowery, of once staid, Dutch-colonized New Amsterdam; New Orleans' Bourbon and Rampart Streets; Chicago's Loop. In many cities, there were red-light quarters, where girls were born in whoredom and lived and died without ever leaving it.

Every growing city had its stews, but none could produce anything to compare with a settlement of dingy shacks—stucco, corrugated tin, and rotting timber—called Natchez-Under-the-Hill. This sinkhole lay along a narrow strip on the shore of the Mississippi under the Natchez bluffs, the highest point of land along the river. From the river wharves of Under-the-Hill, a road wound steeply up to the elegance of Natchez.

In the days of Brickbat Charlie and his ripsnorting hellion of a consort, Hungarian Razzmatazz, probably no greater contrast in two neighboring towns could be found on the face of the globe than Natchez under, and Natchez atop, the hill. The alleys of the former ran blood from morning to night. One debauch took place on the exhausted carcass of another. Every known gyp game and vice, raw or gilded, flourished. The dead bodies of rivermen, gamblers and unwary travelers were allowed to clog the backwash where they toppled or were thrown. On the bluff, the town was coolly shaded by magnolia, mimosa, and tulip trees. The pungent, aristocratic odor of box gardens drifted into ornamented drawing rooms in classically porticoed houses of rose and yellow brick.

Swarms of blood-gorged, poisonous flies ate at the faces of birth-diseased babies in the shacks of Under-the-Hill. Flies were not tolerated on the bluffs, where liveried black boys swung gilded, exotically decorated punkahs to and fro over dinner tables loaded with delicacies. Ironically, the bluffs of Natchez, half suffocated in good manners behind its fanlight doorways, existed between two murder traps. For a nearby back road of commerce and travel called Natchez Trace was the haunt of every kind of desperado.

This was the state of affairs in Natchez in the year 1870, when Rose Mataz stepped off a riverboat and met Irish Charlie Dorsey, widely known among the river roisters as Brickbat for his skill in hurling lethal bricks at one and all when drunk.

When Rose Mataz came off the river packet *Palmyra Queen* onto the slimy wharf boards of Natchez-Under-the-Hill, she was a stranger to anyone in the town sober enough to see her. Later that night, she told Charlie Dorsey, over glass after glass of redeye whiskey, the story of her life. It may or may not be true.

Rose was born Rozika Mataz in a village in the Hungarian Puszta. Tending the geese and swine on her father's farm did [*Continued on page* 99]

Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell

As Rose walked in the saloon, killingly pretty, Charlie knew he'd found a perfect mate.

DRESSED TO KILL, white police officer used Mau Mau disguise for patrols, took 92 terrorists in five months.

CALL ME KILLER

In this exclusive, shocking story, the only American to war on the Mau Mau terrorists tells how, in a brutal struggle for survival, he learned to stalk and kill the most dangerous game—men

BY WILLIAM W. BALDWIN

From the forthcoming book *Mau Mau Manhunt* to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1956, by William W. Baldwin

Killing human beings is pretty much like any other job—you get used to it. And to those who ask how many Mau Mau I killed when I was in Africa, I can only answer, "Not enough."

Two years ago, nothing could have been further from my mind than the thought of killing anyone, black or white. Two years ago I was a young, footloose American sunning myself aboard a ship on the way to Africa. At that moment, Africa was just another stop on an easygoing shoestring trip to see as much of the world as I could.

It all started in 1950. I'd been to college—the University of Colorado. I'd been in service—two years with the Navy Air Corps. Now I had to face a major decision: I could either settle down immediately, probably in Chicago where I was born, or I could indulge my curiosity to see a bit of the world. I was 23 and free to roam. I chose to roam.

During the next 18 months I wandered over North America, working where I could—construction worker in Illinois, seaman on a coastal tug, commercial fisherman in Alaska. By the spring of 1952 [*Continued on page* 63]

TROPHY of vicious jungle war is head of a slain Mau Mau leader. Ants had picked it clean.

RAIDS on Mau Mau hideouts in the bush had a pattern--kill a few men, burn a few native huts.

BALDWIN in patrol disguise, cleans his gun. Floppy hat, Mau Mau badge, fooled terrorists.

COUNT of prisoners in stockade is taken by Baldwin. British camps hold 18,000 Mau Mau.

Shifting from the hips . . . the skip-rope in one hand, . . . Alzana nears a balance point . . . teeters, sways. . .

. . . then skips rope on ⅝" bouncy wire cable . . . 50 feet above the ring.

Girls on trapeze must twirl slowly while Alzana balances moving bike.

one false step and—SPLAT!

Harold Alzana, the sassiest, daring-est wire walker in circus history, gets top billing, and top salary for dancing, skipping, tumbling—where angels fear to tread

BY BILL BALLANTINE

Photos by Ray Shorr

One matinee last spring, during the New York stand of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden, I stood just inside the performers' entrance opposite the center-ring alongside Harold Alzana, the world's greatest high-wire walker.

He was waiting to go on, calmly swinging his husky arms, shaking out the kinks. A silver-spangled loose vest barely covered his beefy torso. On his feet he wore low boots of elk-skin, their rosined soles protected from grit by wooden "slop-shoe" clogs, adding several inches to Alzana's stocky, hard-muscled 5′ 4″ frame.

Earlier in the performance, the show's other high-wire star had fallen. Takeo Usui had slipped out of his famous Slide-for-Life—a toe-slide backward down a sharply inclined cable from balcony-edge to hippodrome track.

He dropped like a plugged hawk, 40 feet straight down, and smacked the concrete floor. The Bandmaster, standing down by ring-three, a good 60 feet away, felt the impact through his arch supports.

Forward or backward flip over shortened skip-rope was invented by Alzana, is nearly suicidal stunt.

Wind-up of act, walking from 50′ high perch down diagonal wire to ground, looks simple, actually is deadliest bit.

Nerveless on the wire and off, Alzana tinkers with watches at leisure.

Alzana hadn't seen the fall, but he'd been in the doctor's quarters when they carried the Japanese in. Shortly afterward, Harold, in his deliberate Yorkshire way of speaking, told inquiring fellow performers, "I don't know how bad *hurt* he is, but he looked pretty bashed in to me, he did."

I wondered, as I stood by Alzana, how he felt about performing that afternoon; if he was thinking of Takeo Usui's broken body. Then Harold unexpectedly turned and said, with a devilish grin of anticipation, "People's gonna be bloody scared when I go up on that rope today, all right."

"How about you?" I asked, "Aren't you jittery at all?" The cocky Yorkshireman shot me that special look circus people keep for idiotic questions. "No," he replied calmly, "not at all."

The Ringmaster's whistle shrilled. The band swung from a fast clown trot into a more sedate tempo. The Great Alzana climbed to his "rope" 50 feet up—and proceeded to give the damnedest performance.

I've never seen him work so strong, and I've watched the act hundreds of times.

His usually graceful test-run onto the wire became a stumbling dash, climaxed by a headlong plunge. saved from a real fall only by a last-moment one-hand grab for the cable. From this perilous dangling position, after first proving his mettle by doing a casual one-arm chin, Alzana inched his body back onto the steel strand. Then, though he could easily have walked back to the platform, Harold made the return trip a fast creep.

His warm-up tricks were heart-sinking masterpieces. Each butterfly leap and high kick came within a short breath of disaster; every slip and stumble was hammed to the fullest (even I was hard put to tell the genuine from the fakes).

He even let himself skid out of his spectacular one-hand-stand twice before he stiffened into a crescent over the quivering wire. And when he looped into his giant-swings he was sensational. They were gems of recklessness.

While Harold was getting his wind after these exertions, the girl members of his troupe performed their specialty—a wheel-barrow carry across the wire. From below, I could see Harold champing for them to finish this fetching tableau and get the hell off his playground. He hardly gave his ladies time to take a bow before he was back out on the steel strand, bouncing jauntily and swinging a jumping rope from one hand.

Now, I knew what lay behind all this unusual razzle-dazzle. Alzana wasn't just trying to thrill the paying customers. He was proving something. Every showhand in the place that afternoon, spangled and overalled, had an eye fixed on him, and Harold knew it—all waiting to see if Takeo's fall would put the white feather in Alzana's super-ego. This extra bravura was merely his answer.

Alzana's rope-skipping on the wire even gets seasoned circus people, so I wasn't surprised that the audience now reached a new peak of anxiety. There was a stir of nervous chatter; plus a few timorous cries of, for-heavens-sake, come down.

But the excitement he had stirred up only goaded Alzana into triple skips instead of his usual doubles (the rope whirring three times under his feet during a single hop above the wire).

When he reached the finish trick of his set, I was almost ready to call it quits myself. For my money, this show-stopper is Alzana's most harrowing bit.

He does a nimble jackknife jump over the shortened, double-up rope held in front with hands about two feet apart. Then he leaps again, backward, returning the rope to its original position—on the high wire remember, 50 feet above ground. Since he cannot extend his arms for added stability, he is very vulnerable to a spill. There is always an excellent chance, too, that the cable will throw him on landing. If it does, he snatches it on the way down as best he can, sometimes with one hand ridiculously up behind his head.

That day, as usual, Alzana took an almost unbearably long time to set his balance. Suddenly, he leaped. The cable twanged like a banjo string. The short span of rope whipped beneath the flying feet. They shot down, hit the steel wire and held. Both hands still gripped the short rope, now stretching across his buttocks. Alzana's hips, trying to secure the balance, made his body sway like a woman pulling out of a girdle.

So far, so good. He still had to go back.

After another tense argument with his balance, Alzana sprang again, backward over the skimpy rope hurdle.

The landing was bad! He hit on his heels, shot off like a man slipping on ice, and landed flat on his back on the wire.

I'll never know how he caught it and held it, but he did. He must have curled an ear around it. I thought for sure Alzana was headed for the big payoff, the bloody splotch on the ring-carpet.

With a little effort, Harold managed to work himself erect again. Although usually he doesn't give up this jump until after five misses, he didn't try again. However, just to show off, he did a sassy, Highland fling back to the platform.

When Alzana came down after the act, I asked him what caused the trouble on the back jump.

"No trouble," he replied blandly. "Sometimes I do it that way." What can you do with a man like that?

Harold Alzana is, without doubt, the most cocksure man anybody's ever met under the Big Top. But, besides his enormous self-confidence, he has an uncanny sense of balance, cat-like and absolute, that borders on the fantastic. The combination is unbeatable.

The tanbark world, to a man, acknowledges him to be one of the all-time circus greats. A leading figure of this world, Pat Valdo, Ringling Bros. Performance Director, associated with the Greatest Show on Earth for 53 years, says he's never seen a finer single high-wire performer.

Another circus luminary, John Ringling North, himself no mean judge of circus talent, regards Alzana as the greatest, and most foolhardy, high-wire artist that ever lived.

Although built around its star performer, the Alzana act employs three other wirewalkers: Harold's wife, Minnie; his younger sister, Hilda; and a non-family girl. Until recently, this third member was Miss Lynn Hutton-Williams, an American. A veteran of three years with Alzana, she left the circus during its springtime labor difficulties, and Harold has not been able to replace her.

The Alzana wire is five-eighths of an inch thick, made of what Harold calls "plough steel," and much livelier than the usual three-quarter-incher used by most other wirewalkers. It bridges two small double-decker platforms 50 feet apart. In New York, the cable is 50 feet off the ground, 10 less under canvas. It is not steadied by guy lines along its working length, as most high-wires are. It swings, bounces and throbs with every step.

He is very proud of his act's finish trick. For this impressive offering, the entire troupe mounts a bicycle for a

grinding, platform-to-platform excursion. The bike is specially rigged with grooved hickory hoops instead of tires. The gear ratio has been lowered for easier going, and the steering is locked.

A trapeze hangs from each axle, a girl from each trapeze. Harold perches gingerly on the seat, holding under-handed a 25-pound, 18-foot balance pole. The fourth member of the troupe either sits with her legs wrapped around his naked shoulders or stands on a shaft attached to the frame at the level of the rear axle, with her hands touching his shoulders.

The journey across is a jerky one. Harold hustles the pedals through each half-revolution, for the bike is most stable when they are horizontal. The girls on the trapezes below twist themselves into twin body-beautiful poses, culminating in a figure called, in circus jargon, a "Bird's Nest." (The Alzanas call it a "Flying Angel.") Hardest job for the girls is keeping the tricks on an even keel. Veering to left or right is rough on Harold's cycling.

Far below, on the ground, hardly noticed by the audience, a single uniformed figure stalks each cautious move of the balancers. This man is Alzana's only insurance.

Hilda's husband, a Frenchman named Andre Pincemin, himself a highly skilled aerialist, has filled this important role since 1950. Before that Harold's ground-shadow was his father, Charles, who returned to England in a peeve when his youngest daughter married a "foreigner."

Andre is not stage dressing to make the trick look more dangerous. His purpose is real. "If they fall," he says simply, "they will break their bones on mine, and maybe they won't be killed."

Alzana places great reliance on the fact that a flying butt will deflect a falling body enough so that it will hit the ground at an angle, instead of smashing-in directly. (Circus aerialists have told me that if you can reach out as a falling person goes by and merely touch him with one finger, his fall will be broken.) Another popular method of saving a falling aerialist is to catch him under the armpits from behind, and drop to the ground. You'll get some fractured ribs, but he won't be killed.

Papa Alzana proved the value of the ground-observer post at the final performance of the Ringling tour of 1947 in Miami, Florida. I was there and saw it all.

The bicycle trip was going nicely. Minnie and another sister, Elsie, were the trapeze girls that night. When they glided into their first upside-down pose they could see nothing but upturned, sun-bronzed faces. It was a "straw house"—the big tent filled to its almost ten thousand capacity, plus an overflow of several hundred seated on canvas ground-cloths around the hippodrome track.

Alzana, heaving his load, inch by inch, across the wire, was aware of the rhythmic bulges in the canvas roof overhead to his right. He knew them to be the footsteps of a rigger, walking on the outside of the tent, making ready to dismantle the rigging falls, just as he did on every moving night.

Suddenly a long rope came skittering down from the bail-ring of one of the center poles.

Harold saw it just a flick too late. Its whip-end caught his pole and tipped the balance. When he moved his head, Hilda, on his shoulders, swung out, making the human construction top-heavy. And, as Harold says, they'd "had it."

A circus fall is an awful thing. The scream from the audience is unbelieving and sucked-in sharp. Then for a petrified instant no pulse beats, until [*Continued on page* 97]

HE CLAIMED HIS OWN REWARD

In between bank and train robberies Frank worked his farm in Clay County, Missouri. The authorities had never indicted him for any crime until along came a politician named Chittenden.

Chittenden eventually got himself elected governor of Missouri, and, figuring to make a name for himself, he decided to wipe out the remainder of the James gang . . . beginning with Frank. Jesse, the leader, had been murdered by Bob Ford six months before, and the band already had broken up. The governor put up a $10,000 reward for Frank, dead or alive.

Next morning, October 5, 1882, Frank left his plow in the field and headed for Columbia. He tied his horse in front of the state capitol and went straight to the governor's office. He drew his two Frontier Colts and Chittenden's eyes popped. But Frank hadn't drawn them for business purposes. He calmly crossed the room and tossed the big Colts on the governor's mahogany desk.

"I'm Frank James," he announced. "I hear you've got out a reward for me. I'm surrendering to you personally and claiming the reward money for myself."

"Y-you can't do that," the governor stammered.

But Frank could . . . and did. The governor had pulled a boner in not considering this loophole. He had put up a legitimate reward for Frank's capture, and there were no laws on the Missouri books that said the outlaw couldn't claim it for himself. In the two years that followed, the Missouri badman was tried for more than a dozen train and bank robberies . . . first by the state courts, then by the federal district courts. The courts were assisted by special prosecutors, hired by the various railroads and banks the James gang had robbed.

But the first case fell flat, forming a pattern for future cases. The witnesses provided by the state let them down with a thump. In every robbery the gang had gone heavily disguised. Looking at Frank's naked face the witnesses couldn't, or wouldn't, identify him. In some cases a number of years had elapsed since the robbery and they claimed they simply couldn't remember him. And then, popular sentiment was for Frank.

In desperation, the courts ended the farce and refused to try any more cases against Frank James, for the country's newspapers were making them a laughing stock.

When pronounced a free man Frank stood up and walked from the courtroom, grinning broadly at Governor Chittenden, who pulled the biggest boner in Missouri history and never lived it down.

Frank never again buckled on a pair of six guns. He took the $10,000, known as "Chittenden's folly," and bought a farm near Fletcher, Oklahoma, spending the rest of his days vainly searching for two million dollars that was buried in the Wichita Mountains . . . robber loot he and Jesse had collected all over Missouri.—**Wayne D. Mote**

Captain Hans Marseille in North Africa, 1942. He wears Knight's Cross Hitler awarded him just before his 150th kill.

"The Best Fighter Pilot in the World"

That's what experts said about the ace who shot down 158 Allied planes. His code: fly alone, dive from the sun, shoot fast—and don't be afraid to die

By Sandy Sanderson and Maartin Schiemer

In October, 1942, Field Marshal Albert von Kesselring soberly appraised one Hans Joachim Marseille, a captain in the German Luftwaffe, as "the best fighter pilot in the world."

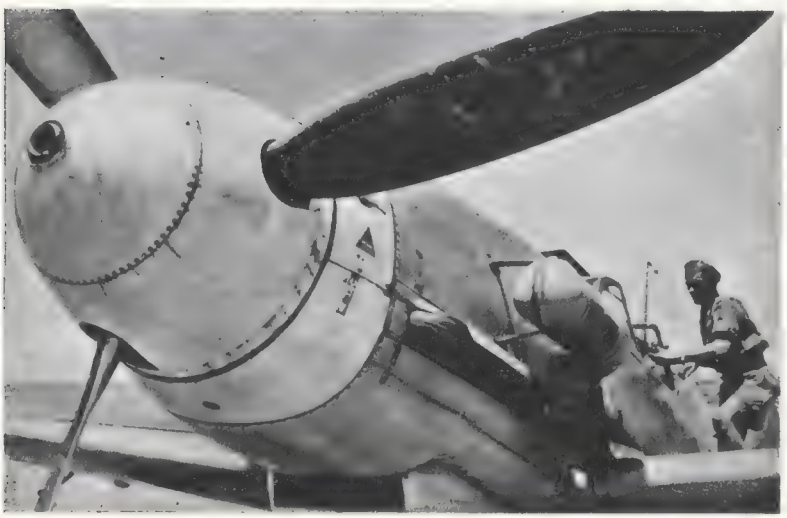
By this time the young captain was known throughout Germany, had been feted by Rommel, and by Hitler, as "Young Eagle." He had shot down 158 Allied war planes.

Kesselring's opinion of Marseille is not to be taken lightly. The Field Marshal was a professional soldier of substantial experience and years. He was aware of the records of airmen from two wars, including that of the famous von Richthofen. He was not a man to use a superlative easily.

Other experts might disagree with or confirm Kesselring's estimation of the deadly skills of Marseille, but of his greatness there can be no doubt.

Marseille was a lonely and boyish idealist who sometimes spoke in poetic phrases of the "blue meadow of the airmen" where he lived daily, apart from the ordinary world. He could seldom be persuaded to tell of the victories he gained there, except to his mother and sister, to whom he was devoted.

He became a national hero, but hated the ballyhoo and returned to the front before his leave was up. He never smoked and seldom drank. His eyesight and reflexes were phenomenal. He had no close friends and he was happy



Marseille climbs into his Me-109 for inspection. He lived only for flying, sometimes went on six sorties a day without fatigue.

To his commander, Marseille shows battle technique. He liked to fight alone against odds, relying on surprise, superior shooting and piloting.

"Here lies undefeated Hptm. Hans Marseille" reads crash-site marker put up by Italian troops.

Fellow fliers toss flowers on Marseille's grave at Derna airbase. Even emotion-proof Germans were weeping.

only in the air. He did not have the instincts of a killer.

Marseille had no easy victories. He began his career in the Battle of Britain, when the Luftwaffe was losing two planes for every one it shot down. Marseille got seven victories in eight weeks. He was then transferred to North Africa. All of his fighting was done against British or possibly a few U. S. pilots. Plane for plane, his *Me-109* was about evenly matched with the Hurricanes, Spitfires, P-40s and P-46s it fought against.

For some inexplicable reason the Goering-Goebels propaganda machine overlooked Marseille on the isolated African front until he had scored his 101st victory. He was then brought home for the full treatment.

Although he was once credited with shooting down 27 planes in two days, there is not the slightest jealousy among the fliers of his squadron who survived the war or a hint that Marseille's victories were faked. His fellow fliers regard him now—as they did then—as a sort of super-airman, an almost godlike figure once the wheels of his *Me-109* were retracted.

Hans was born Dec. 13, 1919, in Konigsberg, the son of Siegried Marseille, a World War I pilot, who became a major general in the second war. At the age of 8 the boy was drawing pictures of planes. At 14, he told his mother: "Flying, swinging through the heavens toward the sun, is all I wish for myself." He never changed his mind.

Hans arrived at this decision independent of any hero-worship of his father's wartime flying. His parents were divorced shortly after Hans' birth. Both remarried, and Hans was not told who his real father was until he was 15 years old, did not actually meet the major general until he was 18 and doing war service in a military battalion. Far from trying to make up to his important father, Hans point-blankly refused to take a walk with the Herr General until directly ordered to do so by his company commander. The general bent all his efforts to closing the gulf between them. He soon discovered that stories of flying and especially flying in war were his best and almost only weapon.

Hans finally thawed enough to agree to visit his father in Hamburg a few months later. The days there were not very happy ones; Hans still felt defensive about his stepfather. The conflict was heightened when during the visit the general apparently decided that his son in certain respects had been too much sheltered by mother and sister. He took Hans to a few bars and introduced him to some women. What kind of women seems fairly clear, and Hans, his sensitivities outraged, returned home shortly afterwards. He never saw his father again.

In contrast to the often solitary and sportsmanlike air duels of World War I, the second war's air battles were fought largely in squadrons. Air war became a team effort, and there was less room for individual heroism. Scores too were lower. Britain's ranking ace, Group Capt. J. E. Johnson, downed 38 enemy planes. French Lt. Pierre Clostermann had 23 confirmed kills. The leading American ace is Col. Francis S. Gabreski of Oil City, Pa., who is credited with 31 German aircraft and 6½ Migs. Only in Germany was heavy emphasis placed on the scores of individual fighter pilots, several of whom reached and passed 200 kills. These high scores, however, were achieved during the Spanish War or in the early days on the Russian front against antiquated, badly-piloted planes. Marseille, on the other hand, won all his victories against the best Allied planes.

No matter how tender (especially for Nazi Germany) his esthetic and moral standards, however, it should not be imagined that Hans was lacking in courage. The same year, after token resistance from mother and step-father, he enlisted in the Luftwaffe. He was 18. Like all recruits he received six months of infantry and physical training, combined with fierce Prussian discipline.

Hans was short and slight. Like other small men he was determined not to be beaten by this fact. He practiced goose-stepping behind his barracks. He had to run to keep up on the forced marches, but he did it. He pored over map-reading and radio manuals in his spare time. He practiced standing at attention for a half hour or more at a time, so that there would never be any danger of his fainting. He was deadly intense in his determination to be a flier.

One day near the end of his six-months basic training Recruit Marseille stretched his 130 lbs. to attention before his first lieutenant. The officer shook his head. "I never thought you'd make it. Well, a Messerschmitt is not very big either."

That afternoon the lieutenant swung the two-place training plane through turns, loops and dives. He may even have added a few maneuvers for Marseille's benefit. When the plane landed he turned to the rear cockpit. His victim grinned happily.

Recruit Marseille began his flying training in the German air force Nov. 7, 1938.

Until 1942, when the pressure of fighting an air war on three fronts began to tell, the Luftwaffe maintained high standards of training. Hans put in long weary months at three schools before he won his wings. He had more than 100 hours in the air before he soloed, and at that he was first in his class to do so.

He was proud, even a little boastful when he went home on leave to Berlin. The world was all before him, and he had just begun to sense that it was his. The trouble over Danzig and the Polish Corridor filled the newspapers; Inge, his sister, tried to talk to the young flier of the horrors of war.

Hans would have none of this. "Let war come! Germany is ready and she will assume her rightful place in the world!" And so would young Hans Marseille.

He went back to advanced flying school. It was fighter-plane training; Marseille had never considered any other branch. He learned quickly, and he chafed at the discipline on the ground. Prussianism! In the air he felt free and alone. He was repeatedly disciplined for putting his low-powered trainer through maneuvers it was never designed for and for buzzing roof-tops.

On one occasion Marseille found himself following a super highway on a routine training flight. He felt good that day. The sun was bright and the clouds high. His light Arado trainer was responsive to his touch. The road below was a broad double concrete ribbon stretching straight for a mile at a time. He took the Arado low for a closer look at the cars.

Suddenly, as it does to most fledglings, it occurred to him that he could land.

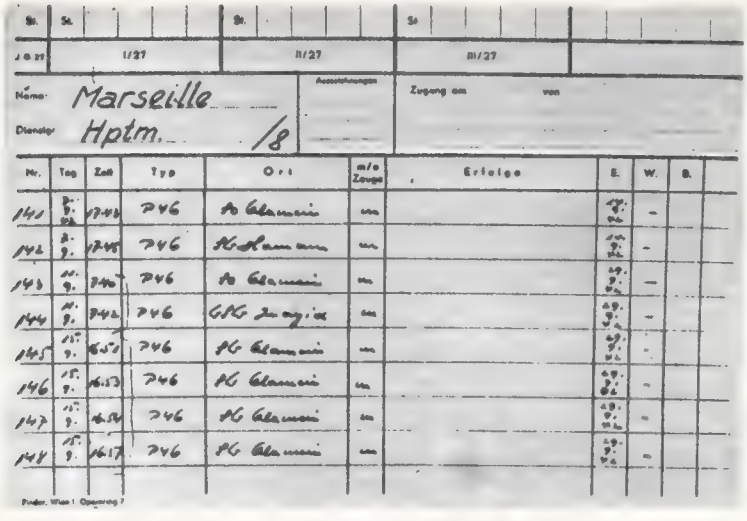
There was no reason to land, but it was a challenge. In his flying young Marseille constantly set himself challenges. There was nothing he could not do with the Arado, just as in a few months there would be nothing he could not do in the *Me-109*. He took the Arado lower . . . lower. . .

The plane settled gently to the concrete just ahead of two cars, whose startled drivers slowed to a halt. Marseille sprang out. No, nothing wrong, he assured the motorists, merely a call of nature. He had forgotten to go before leaving the base. Marseille went behind a bush. A few moments later, with a line of 50 cars behind him, he took off without difficulty.

The stunt got him into serious trouble, but in the end his flying instructor apparently saved him. Though a bit too high-spirited, this cadet was too good to be wasted.

War came and seemed almost to by-pass Marseille. The Polish campaign, the Lowlands, France, Norway—still Hans got no assignment. He was fully qualified now in the *Me*, and he wrote long bitter letters home complaining of his inactivity. At last his orders arrived: the assault on Britain.

It was not an easy way to [*Continued on page* 44]



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143	9.	17.46	P46	N Alamein				–	
144	9.	17.48	P46	GAG Jagdfl				–	
145	9.	16.52	P46	N Alamein				–	
146	9.	16.53	P46	N Alamein				–	
147	9.	16.54	P46	N Alamein				–	
148	9.	16.17	P46	N Alamein				–	

Marseille's log shows number of kill, date, time, type of plane, place shot down. Last four entries on page show that on Sept. 15, 1942, Marseille downed four P-46s at El Alamein in six minutes.

Marseille's last visit to Rommel who said pilot was worth panzer division but should go on leave. Marseille refused, died shortly after.

Four Horns, hunting as had his fathers, shot seven cows with seven arrows so powerful they passed through the buffalos.

My Last Great Buffalo Kill

The author lived 30 years with the Blackfeet before the turn of the century. He married an Indian, hunted and fought with them

BY JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by Hamilton Green

Black Butte is a high, mounded-up mass of rock, brush and flinty sand that lies in the heartland of central Montana. It comes up out of the rolling sweep of grass and wheat and baked earth that makes up the northern Great Plains, rising abruptly and alone like a lighthouse above the swell of the sea.

To anyone riding by it today in an automobile the butte would be little more than a geographical oddity worth no more than a quick glance. But in my day, when I was a young buck of the Blackfeet tribe—serving as an Indian warrior and brave although I am white—control of Black Butte often meant the difference between staying alive or feeling the hairy part of your scalp being chopped loose from the top of your head, if you were unlucky enough to stay alive that long.

On a clear winesap day in autumn or early in the morning in the summer before the haze sat down on the land, we could see for twenty miles and even more from the upper slopes of the butte. We could see the dust rise from a herd of buffalo and could organize a hunting party or we could spot the dust from a roaming, invading Indian war party and ride to drive them out, killing if we had to. No matter what was happening on the plains below, we were safe as long as we held the Butte.

I was an adopted member of the Pikuni tribe, one of the three tribes that make up the Blackfeet Confederacy. The Pikuni are native to Montana but the other two, the Bloods and the Blackfeet, now living with us, originally made their homes on the northern Canadian plains. The disappearance of

the buffalo to the north had brought the Bloods and Blackfeet south.

I was just 21, a stripling wanderer from Boonville, New York. Don't ask me how I got where I was; I am too old to tell that whole story now. Suffice it to say that I had left home as a young boy and for many reasons, some of which I didn't even understand myself at the time. I had become fond of the Pikuni and their life and they had become fond of me. Now I was in training to be brave and, like any Indian brave, was trying hard to prove myself to be a good one. It was not an easy thing to learn for a boy who had not been trained and drilled from youth to learn it.

One day in the summer of 1880, Pinukwiim, a tough old hunter and fighter of the Blood tribe whose name, in Blackfeet, means Far-Off In Sight, and I rode as far up the side of the butte as our ponies could carry us and then scratched the rest of the way up on foot.

I will never forget the sight that met us at the top. To me it was unbelievable. I had honestly felt it would never be seen again on this continent or in this world. But now I was seeing it.

As the old chiefs, chanting their strange songs before the little fires of smoking buffalo chips, had prayed they would—the buffalo had come back once again. Far below us, little shaggy sootballs on the grassy plains, spreading north across the sea of grass to the timber along the Missouri River 25 miles away, east nearly as far as the wooded valley of the Musselshell, were thousands upon thousands upon thousands of shaggy-maned buffalo.

Before me was the last great remnant of the last great buffalo herd, the Northern herd. The other three herds, the great Texas, Arkansas and Republican herds to the south were very nearly extinct, I knew. I thought then I was seeing as many as 100,000 buffalo but scientists who came long after me, by studying such things as the sale of hides that year, now know that at least 750,000 animals covered those rolling plains below us.

Old, experienced Pinukwiim, his hands trembling with excitement, the leathery skin around his eyes crinkled with laughter kept saying, "Oh, how many. How very many I see. Oh, how many. I knew they would come back. They have come back. Oh, how many, how many."

I had never seen Pinukwiim show a flicker of emotion before.

I know it must have been August or early September—I had no certain way of tracking time—because it was rutting time for the buffalo. The bulls pawed the dry plain and sent plumes of dust spiraling up into the hot, still sky. They fought shadows and earth and then themselves, a crashing, thudding terrible sound carrying up onto the butte, often causing hundreds of buffalo to suddenly bolt and run wildly and aimlessly for miles. The moaning of the rutting, enraged bulls bellowing out their mating calls filled the air with a deep thunder, like the holding of a bass note with all the stoppers out on an immense organ.

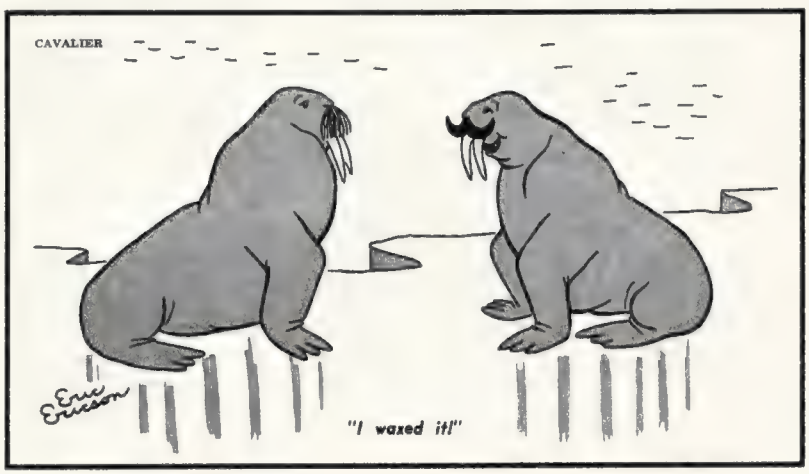
We had not gone up on the bluff to see buffalo but to keep a sharp eye out for any signs of an enemy war party. We had known buffalo were in the country but we hadn't dreamed how many. We also feared tribes of other Indians, hungry and on the trail of meat, would be trying to invade the Blackfeet hunting grounds. Usually roving bands of Indians could be spotted on the plains by the running of a herd of a buffalo or the starting of a band of antelope or the sudden start of snow birds but now, with the wild rutting bulls, the sudden running of anything on the plains was no evidence that the sight or smell of man had been scented.

Below us, to the west of the butte, lay the Blood camp. It consisted of 200 lodges, meaning that possibly 1,000 Bloods lived there. The lodges were pitched along the head of a fork of Crooked Creek, the same creek Lewis and Clark years before had named Sacajawea in honor of their amazing female Indian guide. It was quiet down there. The several thousand horses were resting. No rider had been out since the council of chiefs, knowing buffalo were somewhere nearby in the country, had agreed that no riders should risk frightening off the herd until a great run that would include all the Blackfeet could be arranged.

All that morning we watched from the butte. I had one thing that made me admired by the Indians and that was a three jointed, English telescope which magnified up to 35 times. Although with luck they could get the hang of the wonderful sight stick correctly, they had little success shifting their gaze from far away and then surveying the ground in close. I could see buffalo far across the waters of the Missouri running all the way to the foothills of the Little Rockies.

By turns we smoked a pipe, resting our strained eyes and then restlessly scanning the vast expanse of prairie below us. Pinukwiim's excitement mounted all that day.

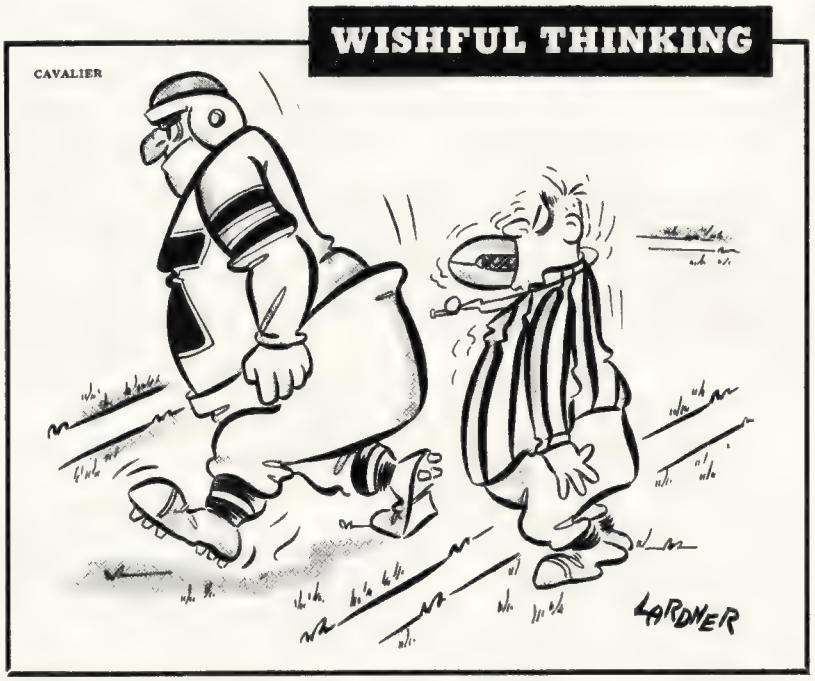
"Oh," he called out to me finally, "what liars the white men are. Why must they lie. Spotted Cap, the white who speaks our tongue so well, why does he tell us that soon the buffalo will be gone and we must be prepared to change our way of life." He swept his arm in an arc. "Does that look like the buffalo have gone. No. They have come back from the bowels of the earth again like the holy men said they would. No. There have always been the buffalo and there must always be. That is the way of our gods."



"But there are no more buffalo on the North plains," I tried to argue, being young. "They say the last buffalo were seen in Alberta three years ago. That is why you are here now. How do you answer that?"

"We will soon go back to where we belong. The buffalo will return."

Far-Off In Sight was a stubborn man. He believed what he had to believe because to believe otherwise would have meant there was no more purpose in living. His mission in life was to hunt the buffalo and if there were no more buffalo there was no more use for his life. So, in his logic, there *had* to be buffalo and that was all there was to it.



The sun was sinking and deep shadows had crawled across the east-facing slopes of the coulees when I saw a small band of elk run up out of a coulee onto the open plain, stop and look back from where they had come and then dart back down into the shadows of another deep coulee.

"Now watch," Pinukwiim said. "When the elk run that way men and horses will not be far behind."

I waited in tense stillness. Within several minutes, out of the darkness, rode two young Indians. They seemed to blink in the sunlight of the plain and then they moved ahead followed by five, then 10, and finally, in all, 27 warriors. They were wrapped in blankets, like togas, which fluttered around them from the prairie wind. Through my glass they looked hard and tired and cruel. A few had bows but most had guns, holding them at the ready, as they held their buckskin-cased shields. Slung by their sides each carried a leather cylinder inside of which he kept his sacred war bonnet. They were ready to fight.

I had never actually seen an enemy invading party this close before and I was suddenly frightened. My heart fluttered inside me like a small bird was flying in the cavity of my chest. I tried hard not to show fear because fear was for the white man, not for braves, so I remained still although I wanted badly to move down from that open butte.

"Quick. Quiet. Like me," Pinukwiim whispered and then he started down, crawling on hands and knees. We went slowly at first until we went through a cover of brush and came out in a draw. Then Pinukwiim began leaping down the steep slope so fast that I thought he, or me, had soon to be killed. When we got our horses we mounted and rode at top speed to the Blood lodges where Pinukwiim shouted:

"War party coming. Get your weapons, get your fast runners, hurry to wipe out our enemy."

That was all that was needed. The word passed through camp and at once every warrior was shouting for his herder, a son or brother, to cut out his fastest buffalo horse from the herd while he painted his body and face and ordered his women to lay before him in proper order his gun, his shield, his war bonnet and his special sacred belongings, like part of a buffalo horn or a heron's tail feather to keep him safe from the little steel that stings and kills.

Running Rabbit, chief of the Bloods, already was on his big, black war horse riding through the line of lodges hurrying the fighters on. His legs were striped with red and white paint and from his buffalo hide jacket, fringed with ermine, hung the scalps of the men he had killed. His war bonnet was made of buffalo horns and ermine skins and his weapon was a bow and arrow and a scalp-tufted lance, one that his grandfather had used. The lance had great power; it could turn aside bullets. For hunting he would use a gun but for battle he would use only his lance, powered by the Sun itself, and his sacred, feather-trimmed leather shield which could stop any arrow.

When 40 warriors had collected around him, so impatient was he for battle, he cried out, "The laggards must come after us. We alone shall get the chance to kill our enemies." With Pinukwiim and me to show the way, we headed at a fast trot toward Black Butte.

We struck up into a belt of sparse timber and brush at the foot of the butte and using it for cover went around the base until we came to the north face. A mile out on the plain, coming directly at us, was the enemy war party.

Our warriors, although my own mouth was dry and no sound came, let loose a piercing roar of threats and cries. At the sound the enemy stopped and we came out of the timber. They made no attempt to run—not one of them. Quickly they came together and studied our numbers. Then they spread out in a line in the short grass. There was no question that they knew they must die. But they were determined to die fighting and to make us pay heavy for their deaths.

Running Rabbit lowered his lance and began trotting and then running toward the line and the rest of us began to follow. I didn't know how the other warriors felt, perhaps nothing, really, since that [*Continued on page* 52]

BRAINSTORMING—

Charlie Clark, 36-year-old "Brainstorming" expert with one of the signs used to stimulate thinking.

By

MARTIN L. GROSS

At dozens of large firms throughout America this morning, little groups of men gathered in a special conference room from which no phone calls came in or went out.

A spectator sitting in on these strange conclaves would be amazed by the goings-on.

Approximately a dozen men, from machinists to vice-presidents, sat together around a large conference table, spouting forth whatever ideas came into their heads on a given subject, no matter how ridiculous they seemed. A stenographer faithfully took down their every thought. The first man to utter a word of criticism about any idea was stopped by the ringing of a bell—and in some cases, kicked a few dollars into a "killer phrase" kitty.

This strange ritual is big business' new secret weapon, an ingenious creative-thinking technique known as "brainstorming," developed by Alex F. Osborn, one of the founders of the giant BBDO (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn) advertising agency, and since adopted by dozens of the largest firms in America to sweep the cobwebs from executives' minds and turn out good dollar-making ideas on an assembly-line basis.

Thanks to help received from brainstorming, giants like General Electric, Du Pont, TWA General Foods, Corning Glass have produced new products and new sales techniques that help them keep ahead in the industrial race. Most recently, brainstorming turned up such million-dollar ideas as General Electric's Touchtron Lamp (no switch—just touch the lamp), a cheap new conveyor system at Hotpoint, an improved timetable for TWA, and the TV cartoon character, "Happy Joe Lucky" for Lucky Strike cigarettes.

Brainstorming was first developed some time ago, but early this summer a dynamic 36-year-old ex-Good Humor

Revealing the SECRET

it can make you RICH!

Ideas are the most precious assets of any business.

There are never enough ideas or "idea men."

"Brainstorming" is a simple procedure whereby more ideas can be generated quicker.

You can use "Brainstorming" in your business or in your personal life.

Use it to solve problems. Increase efficiency. Make more money

Man, Charles H. (Charlie) Clark—brainstorming's most effective disciple and salesman—shot it into the national spotlight.

One humid Washington afternoon, 200 admirals, generals, hard-bitten Marine colonels and the top administrative brass of the State Department, Air Force, Defense, and other government agencies were called to a special meeting in the Pentagon Annex No. 1 to listen to Charlie Clark.

"Gentlemen," he said irreverently at one point, "Think up or shut up!" Within 15 minutes the surprised group had miraculously produced 200 new ideas on an important government project, and Charlie Clark and brainstorming quickly became one of the most talked-about topics on the Washington scene.

Clark had been invited to the capital by Uncle Sam to stimulate bureaucratic minds only after two successful years of astounding the business world by showing them how well they could really think with the help of brainstorming.

Since 1955, Clark, a mild-mannered un-salesman-like type, has traveled the country conducting brainstorming sessions for enthusiastic companies, and has extracted some 100,000 ideas out of the heads of executives and employees. As Assistant Training Director of Ethyl Corporation (they make additives for gasoline), prize Dale Carnegie graduate Clark has brought brainstorming to the entire oil industry and to such leading corporations as Dun and Bradstreet, Union Carbon and Carbide, and Celanese Research.

Uncle Sam was so impressed by Clark's first Washington demonstration that the Navy invited him to hold a recent three-day Creative Thinking Workshop for 150 top officers and civilian chiefs, and has introduced brainstorming at

WEAPON of Big Business

their Pensacola station and other installations, while the Army has asked Clark to limber up Pentagon gray matter this fall.

What is "brainstorming?" Why all this chatter about "thinking" anyway?

"There's a hunger for creative thinking in America today," Clark explains. Industrial observers not only agree with Charlie but point out that a lot of thinking is stifled before it begins. Salesmen and young executives fear "making jerks" of themselves by offering wild imaginative ideas that may not click with the boss. In the government, chain-of-command in the services and bureaucratic red tape makes "thinking" almost the exclusive province of a handful of senior administrators.

The answer, says Charlie Clark, is brainstorming, a combination of group sessions and individual "solo thinking."

In a brainstorming session everyone, from the office boy to the Chairman of the Board, is equal. During a brainstorm, judgment—what Charlie calls the "Red Light"—is temporarily suspended. No criticism of any kind ("killer phrase") is allowed in a brainstorm room. Wild ideas are encouraged, not so much for themselves, but for the stimulation they give timid souls. "It's always easier," says Charlie, "to tame an idea *down* than to think one *up*."

Brainstorming is a simple but brilliantly-conceived technique. Large audiences like those at Clark's Washington confab, are broken up into teams of six men each. Each team chooses an appropriate name—Aristotle's Allies, Eggheads, Doubledomes. Clark whips the group into the semi-evangelistic mood needed to penetrate any mental straitjackets by holding a warm-up "buzz brainstorm." Clark flashes pictures of a mournful beagle on a screen while the audience warms its creative imagination by making up cartoon captions for it. ("We tap their subconscious," Clark dramatically says.)

The brainstorm itself, from five to 40 minutes in duration, follows directly after. After the subject to be brainstormed—anything from TWA's "How to Get More Hostesses" to AC Spark Plug's "How to Finish Off a Casting"—is announced, the participants call off any and all ideas that come into their heads, without using the acid test of self criticism. An "idea collector" writes down the ideas as rapidly as they pour out. When a pessimist utters one of the 82 "killer phrases" printed on a sheet distributed by Clark (it's ridiculous," "the boss won't like it," "it costs too much"), Clark rings a desk bell or flips a green circle poster on his display board. "I remind them that ideas need the Green Light," says Charlie.

The ideas are then turned over to the appropriate executives who apply the "Red Light" of judgment. "Experience shows that six per cent are good and useable," says Charlie. "Sometimes the ones the group thought were the most ridiculous turn out to be the best."

During a recent brainstorm session on "How to Melt Ice on Long Distance Telephone Lines," the participants howled at a thinker who suggested flying a helicopter over so that the downdraft would melt the ice. But when the phone company faced this problem in a large area in the Pacific northwest, this is *exactly* what was done to start phone service up again.

Brainstorming is gaining disciples every day, mainly because it produces a volume of good ideas in a hurry. The AC Spark Plug brainstorm brought in 100 methods of finishing the casting. "At one Navy session," says Clark, "two hundred and ten ideas on one subject were produced in eight minutes."

"We've only been using brainstorming three months," says a TWA executive, "but it has already produced good tangible results." A brainstorm luncheon on "How to Improve the TWA Timetable," attended by a dozen men from different departments (airport, research, etc.) produced 152 ideas, 25 of which were used. From now on, TWA timetables will show connections with other airlines to points they don't serve, and will include helicopter connections in Los Angeles and New York.

"Brainstorming is wonderful," says a General Foods executive. General Foods is now brainstorming the problem of how to get kiddies to drink Koolshake all year round. General Electric's name for their "Mobile-Maid Dishwasher" was the result of a brainstorm session. GE has incorporated a brainstorming technique into their Advertising and Public Relations Training and into their Creative Engineering Program. So far brainstorming has helped produce the GE Touchtron Lamp and an Ultrasonic Generator which cleans industrial parts by sound. At Campbell Soup a brainstorm session came up with the successful idea for their iced summer bullion drink, "Soup on the Rocks."

Brainstorming is usually considered a mass technique but Clark believes it is just as useful for a handful of men—three or four salesmen on the road holding an informal "bull" brainstorm in a hotel room with a two-bit fine for anyone who uses a killer phrase. Young executives could appoint one man an "idea collector," he says, and hold a brainstorm session over lunch or during a coffee break.

At Hotpoint not long ago, a plant superintendent and two foremen got together and informally brainstormed how to build a new conveyor system for which $200,000 had been appropriated. They came up with a $4,000 unit which saved the company $196,000. At GE, says a spokesman, it's not unusual for four men who work at adjacent machines to hold a quickie brainstorm during a break and send the results in to the suggestion box for a group award.

Brainstorming is packaged by Charlie Clark as part of a 42-minute spiel on "Creative Thinking," the first part of which is devoted to "Solo Thinking," a practical primer for the young man on the way up. Solo thinking, as taught by Clark, is as helpful to the garage mechanic who wants to impress his boss as it is to the executive who relies on his creative mind.

Charlie, a Harvard sociology graduate with an M.A. in business from the University of Pennsylvania, often introduces solo thinking with such varied implements as a better mouse trap, a huge paper clip, an oil can and a zipper.

"The best ideas are the simplest," Charlie explains brandishing Sanitrap, a cylindrical disposal plastic container into which mice crawl, eat poison and die. The scissors illustrate Charlie's point that ideas are all combinations: scissors are merely the result of crossing two knives. "Wild ideas can pay off too," Charlie explains by waving a foot high paper clip over his head. "The inventor sold 50,000 of these as unusual cheap Christmas gifts."

People don't like changes, Charlie warns. "A young man trying to think has to expect resistance. When Arthur Gow, now a vice-president at Curtis Publishing, was a space salesman for the *Saturday Evening Post*, he got the idea of putting zippers on the fly of men's pants. The Hookless Fastener people laughed him out of the office but eventually realized he was right. Gow is the same man who thought of cans for gas station oil." [*Continued on page* 90]

DANISH PASTRY

Christine Jorgensen gave Copenhagen a reputation for ersatz females. Here is lovely Greta Thyssen—abundant proof that the old city can deliver the real McCoy

● Believing as we do, that every growing American boy should have a cupcake in his lunch pail, we present with pride, Miss Greta Thysson, the tastiest bit of Danish pastry we've ever seen—and a confection that beats anything mother used to make. Weighing 112 lbs. without icing, Greta tapes in at 38-21-36, stands 5′ 5″ and not only defies gravity, but flabbergasts it. Us too. A native of Wonderful Wonderful Copenhagen, Greta won a "Miss Denmark" tourney in 1953, modeled in Paris, has done TV and film work here. She is currently studying acting in Hollywood, learning how to wear leopardskin (a rarity back in Denmark) and waiting to be discovered. Discovered! If we had Greta in *our* cookie jar we'd discover her sooner than you can say smorgasbord, by yumpin' yimminy!

Hauling up his double-edged axe, and hanging by a steel cored safety rope, Walt Hyman gets ready to top tree.

Toughest Logger of Them All

Hanging 100 feet up with his tail on a rope, risking death with every axe swing, the high climber has the toughest job in logging. Among high climbers, Walt Hyman tops 'em all

By DAN DIXON

PHOTOS BY HOMER PAGE

Two hundred feet straight up the trunk of a monster redwood, a man is working his way to within one little slip of sudden death. His name is Walter Hyman. He is 41 years old, has a wife, kids, and one of the most dangerous jobs in the world.

Watching from the ground, all you can make out through the fog that smothers the top of the tree is a crawling black speck. It's raining—a steady drizzle that soaks into your clothes and turns the floor of the forest, already chewed up by heavy logging equipment, into a sucking mass of mud. At ground level there isn't even a quiver of wind, but up above, where the man has started to hack at the tree with an axe, a brisk breeze is lashing the branches. Far down the slope, you can hear the grumble of a cat, a heavy-duty tractor, and, now and then, muffled in the mist, the shrill whine of a power-driven chain saw.

The sloppy weather doesn't seem to bother Hyman, the man in the redwood. He inches around and around the vast trunk, nibbling into it first with an axe, then with a saw, then with an axe again. Above him, for another hundred feet, towers the crest of the tree. From time to time, pausing to rest, he cups his hands to his mouth and yells something, but the wind grabs at his voice and blows it away into the fog. Rain begins to leak out of the grey sky a little faster.

He works on. Ten minutes later he stops, loosens the rope that secures him to the tree, and slides a few feet down the trunk. There he perches for a little while, smoking a cigarette under his tin hat. This time, when he hollers, you're able to hear what he says.

Crucial moment: falling top can split tree downward in "barber-chair," crushing Hyman against rope, or flip him loose with violent whipping.

Cables running from Hyman's topped tree (background) are used to snake giant redwoods out of forest cheaply, fast.

"One last cut to make," he shouts. "I'm waiting for the wind to fall off."

Suddenly he catches it between gusts. Whirling the axe up over his head, he chops at the trunk above him with a burst of short, punishing strokes. That does it. All at once there's the crack of rending, splintering wood. Slowly at first, and then with a plunging rush, the top of the tree breaks off and begins to fall. As it crashes down, a great roar of sound sweeps over you. And when the top hits the ground, the earth actually shudders under the impact. Echoes bounce around among the hills, then fade away into the silent forest.

Looking up, you see that the fall has left the tree naked, whipping back and forth across the sky. Hyman hangs on with everything he's got, riding out the threat to shake him loose. Then, when the pole quits pitching, he begins coming down.

Dropping three, four feet at a clip, braking himself with the steel spurs attached to his boots, he makes a quick trip of it. In a few minutes he's back on the ground, his weatherbeaten face split in a big grin. He's pooped, though; as he walks away from the tree he rubs wearily at his back, and you can see the fatigue in the droop of his shoulders. All in all, from start to finish, the topping has taken him just over an hour.

This tough, hard-handed timber jack is Walter Hyman, a high-climber. He holds down what is undoubtedly the most difficult, exhausting and dangerous job in the woods. It takes a rare kind of man, equipped with a rare kind of guts and endurance, to handle a climber's assignment. And Hyman is just that breed of cat.

A chunky, wide-shouldered, [*Continued on page* 49]

A 41-year-old Tarzan with wife and kids, Walt has no life insurance, earns only a bit more than ground men.

Having trimmed and topped giant redwood, Hyman, axe and saw swinging, descends to rest before starting to rig.

YOU SAID IT. . .

TO CAVALIER • 67 W. 44th STREET • NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

EXPERTS

. . . "Hunters And Liars" by Al Capen really stuck in my craw. Especially the part about the Chinese Ring Neck Pheasants. (*According to author Capen, pheasants are so dumb that they will squat in an open field and allow themselves to be killed by a rock*—Ed.) If Mr. Capen is a so-called expert, I'll venture to bet a wad he never hunted pheasants out here, where we really have them.

. . . I've seen full grown cock and hen pheasants hide so completely in a clump of grass or Russian Thistle that you would swear couldn't hide a cockroach. Did he ever step over a cock and have it get up behind him? If not, he's never lived or hunted, it will scare hell out of anybody. . .

Dean Dewel
Aberdeen, So. Dak.

Sounds to us, Dean, as if Al Capen is still one jump ahead of you. He didn't call himself an expert. What he said was: don't let the experts fool you; you don't have to be a genius to get game.

GUNSLINGERS OR PHONIES

I found your story "Gunslingers and Gadgets" (August) very interesting, especially that business about Cooper and Lancaster shooting it out. I'd like to try it. Can I still buy an old single-action Colt?

D. J. Rignal
Tenafly, New Jersey

Sure. Original models, some of them in shooting condition are available, as well as a new version of the traditional "Peacemaker." For catalogues, write Winchester Arms (Mr. A. F. Flandrean) New Haven, Conn., or Marlin Firearms Co., 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

Enjoyed "Gunslingers and Gadgets" despite that fact that it's almost pure fiction. You give the impression that there were lots of savage, never-miss gun toters ambling about the Wild West ready to draw at the drop of an ace. Actually, less than 200 men were killed in the whole history of the West by gun duels. Most guys got it in the back, and when two men did draw on each other, chances were excellent that neither could score a hit in all six shots from their untrusty revolvers.

J. P. Grimes
Des Moines, Iowa

Read the piece again, J. P. You're saying what we said.

IT'S THE OILY BOID

"Get There Fustest With The Leases" —whew! It's phonies like Schwarzkopf (*a fast-moving, fast-thinking, fast-talking oil lease buyer*—Ed.) that give the oil biz a bad name. It's no wonder that prospective lessors are leery of these so-called "independents." Shrewd dealing is o. k. But "conning" is something else.

N. Taylor
Casper, Wyo.

Difference between a swindle and a sharp horse-trade depends on where you sit.

MAKING ENDS MEET

In your excellent article on King Saud, "The King That Bribery Built," you told most of the story but you didn't tell all. King Saud got $270 million from Aramco last year in oil revenues. Know what he did with it? Of course you don't and neither do I. He keeps his budget a secret.

But one secret he can't keep is that no matter how much money he's getting from Aramco, his government still spends more than it earns. And you can bet your boots that this larcenous old pirate isn't spending his dough on "milk funds" for babies.

Name Withheld
(American, Saudi Arabia)

What kinda babies you mean, friend?

READY ON THE RIGHT

Thanks to Joe Stephens your gun editor, for the run-down on the T 48 and the T 44. I will be looking forward to more info concerning whichever one becomes the official Army rifle. . . One question to Joe Stephens: is it likely that the Army Colt .45 will be replaced in the near future, possibly by the .44 Magnum or the .357 Magnum?

Alfred Austin
Gunner's Mate 3rd Cl., Overseas

The rifle question is still very much in the air. The Army is "seriously considering" these new weapons but it still has plenty of Garand M 1's and they're good. The Army wants to be sure it is getting the best possible replacement before dumping millions of dollars of high class ordnance. On your second question: there is no chance that the Colt .45 will be replaced by a Magnum gun. Reason—Magnums buck and kick hard and the average soldier can't shoot them without a great deal of training.

LOTTA BULL

Your "Matador" by Barnaby Conrad is one of the best bullfight yarns I ever read. But I still don't see why people get so het up over this "sport." By the time the picador and the other guys get finished working-over that bull, he's a bleeding, battered piece of steak and a push-over for any guy with good footwork.

Cady Lastringham
Winona, Kans.

A real fighting bull is no push-over for anybody, not until he's dead, Cady. You don't believe it, give one a try some time.

NO SKIDDING

. . . In your August issue you featured an article, "Why You're A Lousy Driver." This shows that you have real guts and don't just go along with the Detroit money-makers. But your author made one deadly mistake. When in a skid, you don't pop the clutch or shift into neutral. You keep the throttle at about the same position or a little slower and steer out as you described. For their own sake, I hope no one takes Mr. Borgeson's advice.

Leonard Wells
Ellerson, Va.

Griff Borgeson probably knows as much about cars and race driving as any man alive. Anybody else want in on this argument?

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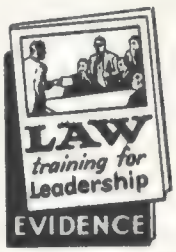

Name..... *Age*.....

Street.....

City..... *Zone*.... *State*.....

"THE BEST FIGHTER PILOT IN THE WORLD"

Continued from page 27

gain battle experience. On paper, yes. Three *luftflotten* (airfleets) comprising some 3,500 planes and operating from 400 fields had been assigned the task of knocking out the Royal Air Force.

The attack included at least 1,300 first-line *Me-109s* in addition to the slower twin-engine *Me-110* bomber escorts. Ranged against them were 600 Spitfires and Hurricanes, which could seldom be concentrated (because of their small dispersed fields) or even put into the air in time. In 1940 neither a Spitfire nor a Hurricane could climb to 25,000 feet in less than 20 minutes, and they seldom had that much warning.

And yet every RAF plane it shot down cost the Luftwaffe two. The British pilots were good and the Luftwaffe knew it.

Marseille reported in to his Normandy airfield at the end of August 1940, at the height of the Blitz. He was assigned to an experienced squadron and quickly flew two bomber-escort patrols. They were uneventful, although in each case he had seen air battles in the distance.

On the third patrol he scored his first kill. He was flying in formation at 25,000 feet over the English coast. As he told his sister Inge in a letter, "The Spitfires come at you as sudden as death here. . . I was nervous this time. Not the first time, or even much on the second patrol. I seemed to know this time that I had to kill. . ."

The sky was filled with German planes and it seemed to Marseille that he was flying in the middle of a flock of his pigeons. The two wingmen to his left engaged in a bit of horseplay. They were veterans, each with several kills. Marseille was annoyed and envious.

Suddenly the words of the squadron commander snapped in his ears: "Enemy planes below!" As one, the squadron swung down to the attack.

The first thing Marseille saw was a Spitfire just below him. He knew he must fire at once, but he could not press the gun button! Why couldn't he shoot? In an instant he would lose his right and someone else would get the Spitfire. He wished he were not there. Suddenly a great wave of anger swept over him and he knew if he did not shoot he would never be a fighter pilot. He pressed the button.

"I could see the tracer bullets ripping into his wing," Marseille said. "He began to smoke and went down. That's all there was to shooting a plane down. . . I do not suppose that everything I thought took more than a second, but it seemed a terrible eternity to me, made better by the fact that I knew that now I would never be afraid to shoot again. We regrouped. The voice of the squadron commander said: 'Congratulations on your first. . .' "

Fighter pilot Hans Marseille never again hesitated to fire his guns, apparently, as he began to pile up his record of kills. Steadily, at the rate of about one a week, he added to his score until he had seven and with them his first Iron Cross.

He was soon recognized as one of the best pilots in his squadron, although he was not especially popular. He seemed too serious, too intent. He didn't like to drink and he would have little to do with the French girls. He did not have a knack for horseplay, for small talk.

He lay silently on his cot, absorbed in his own thoughts, except when he joined the frequent discussions of tactics in the Battle of Britain. The Luftwaffe was losing too many planes and pilots.Göring was swearing madly that the fighters were not doing their jobs in protecting the bombers.

"But the tactics are all wrong!" Hans Marseille would cry, and his fellow pilots, none of them older than 23, listened to him in this. "We are too inflexible. Fighters in front, fighters above, fighters on each side of the bombers. We are so closely tied to the bombers that we get in each other's way. The fighters must be free of the bombers. We must disrupt the British formations, not they ours. Why must we always fight as squadrons, never as individuals? We must disperse them by a planned attack and pick them off one by one!"

Freedom was what Hans Marseille wanted. Free flight. Freedom to pit all his flying and shooting skill against the enemy as individuals.

By the end of October 1940 the Luftwaffe had virtually conceded that it could not knock out the RAF in concentrated battle. It settled down to a longer, smaller war of attrition. Marseille and his unit were withdrawn to Germany.

In North Africa too, the war turned temporarily to British advantage. The Desert Air Force, although outnumbered 5-1, had largely cleared the skies of the Italian Regia Aeronautica. General Wavell made the first British plunge across Cyrenaica, halting only to regroup his forces.

Then came the invasion of Greece, North Africa was stripped as the British, fulfilling a pledge of aid, rushed to the defense, and into the void stepped Rommel. On March 24, 1941, when he launched the first attack on the El Agheila line the *fliegerfuehrer afrika* had 90 Messerschmitts and 84 Stukas and Heinkel 111's to cover him.

To counter this the Desert Air Force could put into the air little more than three dozen assorted Hurricanes, Blenheims and Lysanders, the latter useless against fighters. As before, Hans Marseille was fighting an outnumbered enemy.

He shot down two British planes on his first patrol and his squadron com-

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mander, Hauptmann Neumann, called him "Young Eagle." His glory dimmed almost immediately, however (in his own eyes at least), as a result of two patrols in a row in which he was shot up and forced to belly-land on the airstrip. Marseille felt humiliated.

Perhaps, though, it pushed him to greater effort in the air, for slowly his victories mounted. Eleven . . . 13 . . . 14.

The trouble, as always, was the rigidity of tactics, the squadron against squadron. Marseille repeatedly protested to Neumann. The CO listened sympathetically. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Give me a chance to try my attack tactics in the air," Marseille answered eagerly. "I know I can—"

"Your *tactics*," Neumann interrupted scornfully. "You have no tactics—only a tactical idea. You want to fly into the center of an enemy squadron and disperse them into the gun-sights of your comrades. But you cannot apply this. Before you have mastered it you will fall victim to it. You have had luck to date. It won't last."

The squadron commander paused to let his words sink in. "But there is a way for you to succeed," he resumed in a gentler tone. "Learn to fly your plane with the instinct of a bird. Learn to fire your weapons in any situation without thinking. Learn to kill with a single burst. You can become a great fighter pilot, but you need time."

The seasoning of Hans Marseille went on. Letters from home told of the attack on Russia and optimism at the initial sweeping victories. But in Africa things were not going too well: Tobruk still held out, Rommel had been stopped at the Egyptian border, there were more British planes in the air and rumors of a counter-offensive.

On Nov. 18, 1941, the British attack "Operation Crusader" became a fact. Suddenly the air was full of British planes, including the new American-built Tomahawks. On Nov. 22 came the turning point in the war for Hans Marseille.

Over the desert town of Derna 20 Tomahawks encountered 16 *Me-10s*.

The British soon formed a defensive circle below the Germans who formed a circle above. As they flew round and round, pilots occasionally pulled out and tried to pick off one of the enemy, but most of the pilots who tried to do this were caught by the opposing circle. A deadlock was soon reached. Each side lost five planes.

That night the Luftwaffe in Africa accepted the fact that its day of numerical superiority were over. It was now an underdog and could no longer afford squadron attacks in which the casualties came out even. Marseille received the news in his tent at dawn the next morning with silent rejoicing. Henceforth fighters were allowed to hunt alone, to leave the squadron, free of orders!

The Luftwaffe in Africa was never again to regain air superiority, but as an underdog Hans Marseille began his rise to fame. His apprenticeship was past; he was complete master of his weapons. Now he was free to use them.

That morning Marseille and his squadron came upon 16 Hurricanes. The enemy

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immediately formed its defensive circle. The Messerschmitts hung off in the distance. Marseille flew high into the sun. Near the *Me's* ceiling he put his plane into a dive. This was no swerving attack on a single Hurricane. Marseille thundered down out of the sun at the circle.

He began firing at extreme range with his cannon. A Hurricane fell off crazily. He switched his aim and fired again. Then he roared through the center of the circle. So great had been his speed and so unexpected his attack that hardly a shot had been fired against him. The second Hurricane began to smoke and a moment later dropped out of the formation.

The RAF pilots closed the circle apprehensively. Here was clearly either a madman or a clever and very daring foe with a new idea. Wonderingly they watched Marseille laborously regain altitude in the distance until he finally disappeared.

They were not unprepared when he dropped down on them again. A hail of bullets focused on him but once more he was through the circle at such great speed that he went unhurt. And a third Hurricane fluttered to the desert below. How this pilot could shoot!

The circle was not going to play sitting ducks any longer, however. Three Hurricanes dove after the Messerschmitt. As the circle broke Marseille's squadron pounced, and a free-for-all developed. This was the kind of fighting Marseille had been waiting for. He had been right.

His plane was riddled when he landed, but he had scored twice more. Totals for the skirmish: eight Hurricanes, five of them to Marseille. Three *Mes* were lost.

Within 10 days Hans Marseille's kill-score had risen from 18 to 33 planes. He was promoted to first lieutenant and Field Marshal Kesselring pinned the German Cross in Gold on his chest. Two weeks later Marseille had shot down 48 enemy planes.

It was not because the Desert Air Force sat patiently in its defensive circle waiting for him. Counter-tactics were devised. Marseille, often flying alone or with one or two wingmen, went searching for smaller formations or stragglers.

Karl Kropp, a fellow squadron member, tries to recollect some of the reasons for Marseille's success: "Rommel was hard-pressed in those days and we were in the air all day long, five and six patrols a day. We were fiercely tired after days of this business, except for Marseille. He was always flying one more patrol than anyone else. He seemed to get tired only on the ground; in the air he rejuvenated. He was lucky, of course; everyone said that. But perhaps it only appeared to be luck. He had very good eyesight and could see the enemy when they were mere pinpoints in the sky.

"He also had good reflexes. Once Marseille and I flying alone were surprised by six Hurricanes. I looked up to see him in action before I hardly knew we were being attacked. And he never wasted ammunition—usually one small burst was enough. He could shoot quickly and from queer angles. Marseille repeatedly shot down two planes in a single surprise dive on a formation. I could never do that, and I never saw anyone else who could."

About this time too the RAF, confident of its superiority, began to send out medium bombers unescorted to pound Rommel's supply ports. And it began using Hurricanes with 250-lb. bombs for tactical support of advancing troops. Both of these categories were meat for Marseille, lurking high in the sun at the near extreme of his ceiling.

As his prestige grew among his fellow fliers Hans slowly began to relax. Occasionally he would join in their singing or in bull sessions. Life seemed to grow brighter. Then came a blow.

Early in 1942 a telegram announced the death of sister Inge. She had been killed in a motor accident. Devoted to Inge, Hans almost went to pieces.

Already a master killer of airplanes, Hans Marseille had yet to achieve the emotional maturity of a man. He threw himself furiously into flying. In a week of almost reckless battle he had 12 more planes. He existed only to fly and fight. He became a "solitaire" living and fighting alone. At night he spoke to no one but went directly to his tent. Hardly a month passed without adding at least 10 planes to his score. Sixty . . . 70 . . . 80. . .

Hans Marseille was taking refuge in the only secure world he knew, the "blue meadow of the airmen"—a world which he controlled and a world in which, in the forms of enemy aircraft, he could strike back.

And yet Hans Marseille was never a true killer. He lacked even the detachment of the professional hunter. Despite his daily task, he never got used to the idea that there were men in the planes he shot down, and these men might die.

Only rarely did the abstraction of an enemy airplane come to life. One of those occasions happened when he caught a lone bomber near Tobruk. British tracers zipped past him as the bomber's gunners discovered him above them. Marseille pushed the stick forward automatically. Bullets slugged into the body of his plane as he dove. Then he shot. The right motor of the bomber began to smoke. The bomber headed for the sea, which by its shimmering offered some protection against the Messerschmitt now climbing for another dive.

But Marseille, over 90 planes to his credit, was not to be denied. He found the plane again and dove on it. The bomber caught fire and spun slowly toward the sea.

"I waited for the parachutes," Hans wrote to his mother. "Why didn't the Tommies jump? I was horrified when the bomber hit the water. In the air war it is seldom possible to follow each plane down. When I had been able to do this before there had almost always been parachutes. Now there were none and I felt sick. I took no pride in this victory. . ."

Hans continued to fight his solitary war. By June 1942 he had 101 planes shot down. Göring discovered him, made him a captain and ordered a triumphant hero's return to Germany.

The small, solemn 22-year-old flier, then the youngest captain in the German air force, was not a great success as a war hero. He could not bring himself to talk of his victories, and answered questions about his exploits in monosyllables.

Even Hitler found him diffident. Hans

was guest of honor at a banquet (but spurned the delicacies of conquered Europe, eating three portions of ham and eggs instead). The Fuehrer pressed him for details of his kills but Marseille returned again and again to the need for more planes and more gas on the African front. Hitler promised reinforcements. He wanted to keep this hero in Germany.

Marseille, terrorized at the prospect of inactivity, pleaded for the right to earn the Knight's cross with Diamond, which called for 150 *abschüsse* (planes shot down). In the end Hitler agreed to another tour of duty—but only after a long leave. (Later, back in Africa, Marseille told several fellow fliers that Hitler "is the coldest person I have ever met. I felt like a dead man in my chair when I sat opposite him." But he remained the Fuehrer, and the luster of still another idol dimmed for Marseille only when the personally-promised reinforcements failed to arrive.)

At Augsburg, Marseille visited one of the Messerschmitt factories and suggested a larger gas tank for the *Me-109*, even at a slight sacrifice in the plane's performance. His suggestion was carried out.

In Augsburg too he met a girl. Her name was Hanneliese Bahar, and she looked a good deal like Inge. He fell in love with her at once; it was his first serious affair. In a few days he asked Hanneliese to marry him. She accepted and the date was set for Christmas, when Hans was to get another leave.

A very happy man, Hans took Hanneliese with him to Rome, where Mussolini in a private audience presented him with the Gold Medal, Italy's highest award. Hans was more embarrassed than honored.

"The man wasn't even shaved," he reported to his fiancée disgustedly. "He kissed me on both cheeks and it scratched. I was not prepared for such a reception. I didn't know what to do with my hands during the embracing."

The adulation in Rome, by both Germans and Italians, continued with banquets and parties. Finally on Aug. 20 Hans could stand it no longer. Bidding Hanneliese goodbye, he flew off to Africa. He had been two months out of the air.

In Africa Marseille found that he was desperately needed. Rommel's power had crested at El Alamein and now the tide was running strongly against him. True, the Afrika Korps still held positions a bare 90 miles west of Cairo. But a flood of supplies was pouring into Suez. While Axis reinforcements were a trickle.

The British had a new general named Montgomery, and fighting in the air foreshadowed things to come. On July 1, 1942, the Luftwaffe totaled 310 planes in Africa; the Allies had over 900. By the end of August the odds were lengthened to more than 6-1, and the skies over Libya were busy with British aircraft pounding at defenses which were to crumple in the final climactic 8th Army breakout of Egypt at the end of October.

This was the situation when Hauptmann Hans Marseille flew his first patrol Aug. 31. With a photo of Hanneliesse autographed "I love you," in his pocket, it might have been expected that Hans would adopt the attitude of an "old pro" and fly a little more cautiously.

But this was not so. Luftwaffe records show that he got 10 British planes that day. And the next day he shot down 17! Twenty-seven planes in 48 hours: no fighter pilot in the world had ever accomplished this. On Sept. 4 Hitler with an extravagant citation awarded him the Knight's Cross with Diamond in advance. Der Fuehrer was sure 150 victories would not be far away. He was right; Marseille achieved this figure Sept. 22.

It is probable too that Marseille—now a squadron leader—scored some victories against a brand new and inexperienced detachment of U. S. pilots flying Kittyhawks. Aside from a few U. S. Liberators thrown at Tobruk, U. S. pilots flew their first combat mission in Africa Sept. 5, 1942, as bomber escorts. On Sept. 15 Marseille and five other *Me-109s* jumped 30 Kittyhawks, according to Fritz Dettmann, a member of Marseille's squadron. Dettmann declares positively that Hans shot down seven.

Shortly after this, Field Marshal Rommel landed his personal Storch on the fighter strip to congratulate Marseille. Hans had met Rommel a number of times, and was always addressed as "Seille" because Marseille sounded too French.

His efforts in the sky alone were worth an entire panzer regiment, the German

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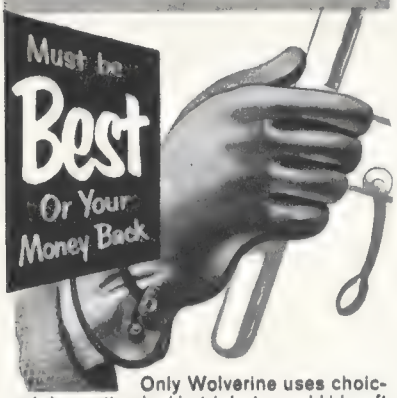

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commander told him. Seille must accompany him to Berlin for the Fuehrer's speech in the Sportpalast Sept. 30. A few days' rest would do him good, and it wouldn't hurt to remind the Fuehrer that they were fighting in Africa.

Hans begged off, however; with the British air attack mounting daily he was needed here—and anyway he'd rather take his leave at Christmas to get married. Rommel climbed back in his Storch with a rueful grin. "I can't interfere with love," he said, "but I still think you ought to come with me."

Hauptmann Hans Marseille didn't go. Fate had other plans for him on Sept. 30.

Strangely enough, his last kill, No. 158, on Sept. 28 was Marseille's hardest. It was an even battle, and a short one. But for the first time, as Marseille wrote, "I was not absolutely sure I was going to win."

The Spitfire had sprung at him like a whirlwind, and from above, too. For once Marseille had been the quarry and had had to squirm through every evasive action he knew as the Briton hung grimly behind him. Marseille had sensed from the first movement of his enemy that here was a man who also could fly. Perhaps he was one of the British desert aces the BBC talked of.

At the fighter strip Neumann, now a major but still Marseille's CO, worriedly watched the rest of the squadron come in. True, Marseille had one of the new *Me-109s* with the larger gas tank He glanced at his watch; the gas ought to be almost gone now. He moved quickly to the radio tent. The voice of the operator called repeatedly for "Elbe 1."

"Here Elbe 1," Marseille answered in an emotionless voice.

"Elbe 1, do you need help?" Neumann asked.

"Fighting," came the laconic reply, and the radio went dead. Marseille cut it off; No time now for talk with Neumann.

The warning bulb glowed red in front of him. In a few minutes he would be out of gas. Marseille turned sharply, but the Spitfire turned inside him and tracers spatted across his wing. Marseille corrected immediately; a mistake. He could afford few such mistakes with this pilot in a Spitfire.

The Spitfires had come into the western desert in squadron force for the first time in June. A dozen or so of his kills since then had been Spitfires, but none of them had been easy. There were endless comparisons of the two planes in the Luftwaffe tents after patrols, and probably on the English side as well. Marseille's opinion was that his *Me-109-F* was a better all-around plane. With a top speed of 380 mph, the Messerschmitt was slightly faster although less maneuverable.

Hans jammed his throttle forward, found it already full. In level flight he could creep away from the Englishman. But he couldn't fly away—despite the fact that the Luftwaffe Afrika—now reduced to 80 planes—could not afford to lose a ship, and he was almost out of gas.

But if he was to stay he had to win quickly. Marseille took a desperate chance. He put the *Me* into a steep climb toward the sun. For a long terrible moment he hung exposed and slow-moving as the force of the climb slowed his speed. Bullets thudded into the *Me* but slowly it began to rise above the Spitfire. Oxygen mask over his face, his eyelids half-closed against the bright early afternoon sun, Marseille strained to get his Messerschmitt higher.

Machinegun slugs raked the plane again, but the engine churned on at top rpm. The Englishman was climbing behind him, shooting almost blindly into the sun. He too was not afraid to take a chance.

Suddenly Marseille did a stall turn or wingover. Almost before his sun-blinded foe saw him he had fallen below the Spitfire and turned again. Now Marseille was behind the Englishman. The hunted had become the huntsman. For an instant the Spitfire hung black, like a insect, in the glaring light of the sun. Marseille tripped his guns. Eight-hundred shells a minute erupted from the *Me's* fast-firing cannon.

In the empty sky hung a wreath of smoke. The Spitfire whirled earthward in flames. There was no parachute.

Marseille, who had limped in to an emergency landing strip, flew again the next day but got no victories. On the 30th he led a raid to shoot up British forces concentrating east of El Alamein. They encountered no enemy planes but ran into some anti-aircraft fire. En route home, his squadron mates noted smoke drifting from the cockpit of the squadron leader.

"Elbe I?"

"Motor bucking badly," Marseille gasped. "Oil fumes. . ."

But he hung on. In a minute they would be over their own lines. To bail out now made him, at best, a prisoner of war. There would be no more flying, no more freedom. Freedom which he had cherished all his life, freedom to roam the skies, the captain of his fate.

"Over El Alamein," his wingmate, Poettgen, reported. Smoke boiled out of Marseille's cockpit now like "a soup-pot on fire."

"I've got to get out! It's unbearable in here." Marseille blinded, coughing, half-unconscious, made the only serious flying mistake of his career. He failed to get the Messerschmitt quite over on its back. And he could not see that he was in a slight dive.

"Correct! Correct!" screamed a voice in the intercom. But it was too late. Methodically Poettgen began to count as Marseille tumbled out: "Twenty-one, twenty-two—" But there was no parachute. Marseille's body was seized by a giant hand of onrushing air and flung violently against the tail assembly of his own plane.

He was probably killed instantly. Neumann's terse entry in the squadron log read: "Died bailing out 4 miles south of Sidi el Aman."

They buried Hans Marseille in a military cemetery beside the sea near Derna. Under the German flag on the coffin was a necklace of 158 shellfish, strung by a squadron Arab servant. Field Marshal Kesselring concluded his short, quiet funeral address with these words:

". . . He died in the air, as he would have wished—Hauptmann Marseille, 22 years old, still undefeated, still the best fighter pilot in the world." •

TOUGHEST LOGGER OF THEM ALL

Continued from page 41

soft-spoken man with a wry twist of humor in him, Hyman is amused by the number of people who think that he tops every tree in the woods before it's fallen. He doesn't. The truth is far less glamorous than that—and a hell of a lot more practical. These days, about seventy-five per cent of all logging operations are worked with cats. Sometimes, however, different methods become necessary.

Very often, Hyman's outfit hits a stretch of country so wild, steep and rugged that cats just won't cut the mustard. That's when a climber comes in handy—when timber can't be taken out of the woods unless a tree is topped and rigged to serve as a kind of giant hoist or cargo boom.

When this happens, Walt Hyman and his foreman go hunting for a tree. It can't be just any sort of a pole. It's got to be big—the bigger the better—and straight. And it ought to have as few limbs as possible. It's got to be strong—strong enough to resist strains and pressures that would crumple an ordinary piece of timber like a matchstick. What's more, it's got to be located in the right place—to command an unobstructed view of the terrain below, and to stand where it can be reached by some kind of a road. In making his selection Hyman sizes up the landscape as carefully as he does the tree itself.

Next comes the topping. At the base of the tree, Hyman unlimbers his equipment. Around his waist, with ropes about six feet long, he ties a saw and a double-edged axe, both of them so sharp that they slice through the skin at the faintest touch. At shin and ankle he buckles on his spurs—wicked prongs of steel which he digs into the trunk of the tree as he sweats his way up and down. Over his shoulders, like a huge cartridge belt, he carries a 400 foot length of Manila rope, ½ inch thick, which he will use later in rigging the tree. Into his back pockets he stuffs a batch of wedges. Finally, he loops a length of thick rope around the base of the tree. With his rump firmly settled into the slack, this offers him most of his support while in the air. Hyman uses a rope with a wire core, which is unwieldy and difficult to manage but which gives him greater protection.

"One time," he says, "I saw a man killed. He was about a hundred feet up, chopping off a limb, when his axe slipped and cut right through the rope. He broke his back in the fall. That's why I use the kind of rope I do. It may mean a little more work, but I'll live longer."

As Walt starts up the trunk, he talks to the tree in a profane monologue. He mutters and grumbles under his breath, scolds and curses and cajoles. "The yak don't do much good," he admits, "but it sure as hell makes me feel better."

Stage by stage, in little spurts, his climb progresses. Driving his spurs deep into the trunk, he leans forward and relaxes the tension against the rope, which he then works as far up the tree as its amount of slack will let him. Then, grunting with effort, he claws and scrambles after it. It would be hard to find tougher work. About every third hitch, he has to stop for a breather before pushing ahead.

For the first fifty feet or so, the going is relatively smooth. At that height, no branches jut out of the trunk to stall the climber's advance. A little higher up, when Hyman runs into his first limb, he's got to lop it off before he can move his climbing rope further up. Every branch between the ground and the point at which the tree is finally topped must be removed.

As he shears away the branches, Hyman inspects the cuts for any sign of hollowness in the tree. He also keeps an eye peeled for rot—"conk," he calls it. "You got to stay on the lookout for that stuff," he warns. "If you don't, you're apt to get a bad tree."

Most sharply of all, however, he watches for "widowmakers"—dead branches which, when snarled with those cut away, are pulled down on top of the climber, often knocking him loose from the tree. "Those babies can be murder," Hyman says. "Up there on the stick, you can't let down for a second."

Twenty backbreaking minutes after he leaves the ground, Hyman is high enough up the trunk to prepare for the topping. First he decides which way he wants the top to fall, and on that side he makes one cut with the saw. Next he edges around to the opposite side and makes a second cut of about the same depth. And he doesn't stop there. Before he's through, he cuts into all four sides of the trunk—not so much to fell the top but more to guard against the chances of a split.

"If," Hyman says, "there's anything that gives a climber nightmares, I guess it's what we call a 'barber-chair.' When a tree splits at the top, you see, it gathers up the slack in your rope and either cuts you in half or mangles you to death against the trunk. I've seen it happen a couple of times, and it ain't pretty. That's why I carry so much slack in my rope—so that, if I see a split shaping up, I'll have time and room enough to drop down a few feet, out of danger."

When he's finished making his four basic cuts, Walt edges back to the side that's been tabbed to take the fall and chops a pie-shaped wedge out of the trunk. This will cause the top to fall in the right direction. Sometimes, for one reason or another, he isn't able to steer the top as he wants, and then he's likely to blast it off with dynamite. In that case, he makes small notched cuts, inserts his dynamite sticks, lights a 20-minute

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fuse and gets the hell down the trunk as fast as he can.

"I'm no powder monkey," Hyman says, "but I can shoot a tree if I have to. The results don't look as clean, maybe, but they're sometimes a hell of a lot healthier, especially when the wind is blowing. For a climber, wind is trouble. The only thing worse is a barber-chair."

Although topping a tree is plenty tough and dangerous, it is only part of Walt Hyman's job. Once he's finished topping the tree, he has to rig it, to make it a high-leader.

First, he uncoils his 400 foot length of Manila rope and lays it over the top of the "mast" so that both ends dangle to the ground. Down below, a helper ties to one end of the rope a small 15-pound block and a cable with two eye splices, called a "strap." Hyman hoists these up the tree, cinching the cable around the trunk and fixing the pulley into position. When that's completed, the man on the ground knots a steel cable to the rope, which, when threaded through the block, forms what Hyman refers to as a "pass line." Every piece of equipment that he subsequently hangs on the tree is carried up on this cable, with power for the lift coming from a machine called the "yarding donkey." Now the tree is all set to be "dressed."

Says Hyman: "You dress a tree like a woman—from the ground up."

About 90 feet from the ground he hangs four guy lines of one and a half inch cable, usually 350 to 450 feet in length. Next he rigs the sail guy, which guides and supports the huge wooden boom that will later be attached to the tree. Higher up still, about 40 feet from the top, go three or four snap guy lines. Finally, eight feet from the top, he spikes four steel plates to the sides of the tree and hangs six or seven top guy lines—cables two inches thick and anywhere from 450 to 550 feet long.

After all the guys are in place, they have to be tightened. All around the tree, the cables are run out to stumps, given a wrap of two and a half or three and a half times, and secured with railroad spikes. "The stumps are as near the right angle of each line as possible," Hyman says. "We try to have two of the guys acting against the pull at all times." When the lines are finally all taut, the tree looks like a gigantic cobweb.

This done, Hyman seats himself in the pass line and sings out, "Crap in the sling!" With that, the yarding donkey begins to lower him slowly down the tree. On his way to the ground, he rigs at least five separate blocks—the main or "bull" block, which weighs better than 4,000 pounds; the squirrel block; the sail guy jack, which controls the working of the boom; the haul back block; the main line block. He also sets up a heel strap for the boom, a 60 foot piece of cable one and a half inches thick. All in all, the job takes several hours.

At last the rig is finished. Roads leading up to it are gouged out of the hills, and a landing platform is constructed. Power is supplied by a snorting diesel donkey. Down below, in the gullies and gulches, choker-setters clamp their lines around the fallen logs. The head rigger signals, and there's the squeal of a whistle. Then Hyman's rig, a typical high-leader, begins to snake timber out of country that couldn't otherwise be logged.

Hyman is now forty-one. He first went to the woods when he was only 15 lying about his age in order to get away with it. "I started as a whistle punk," he says, "at 40 cents an hour. After awhile, I got so I could chew snoose pretty good, and that made me feel mighty big, so I went and got myself a job with this outfit here, settin' chokers."

"I've done just about everything in the brush—climbed, rigged, chopped, pushed that old misery whip, the works. I've worked in a lot of places, too—California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska. For awhile, up in Idaho, I worked river drives, and I floated my hat about every time out. A few years back, I even got to Minnesota. That was a rough camp, all right—a real dog camp. It had the biggest bed bugs I ever seen and the hot cakes we got at breakfast, I remember, were kind of sweaty-like. We had to peel 'em apart."

"I AM COCHISE"

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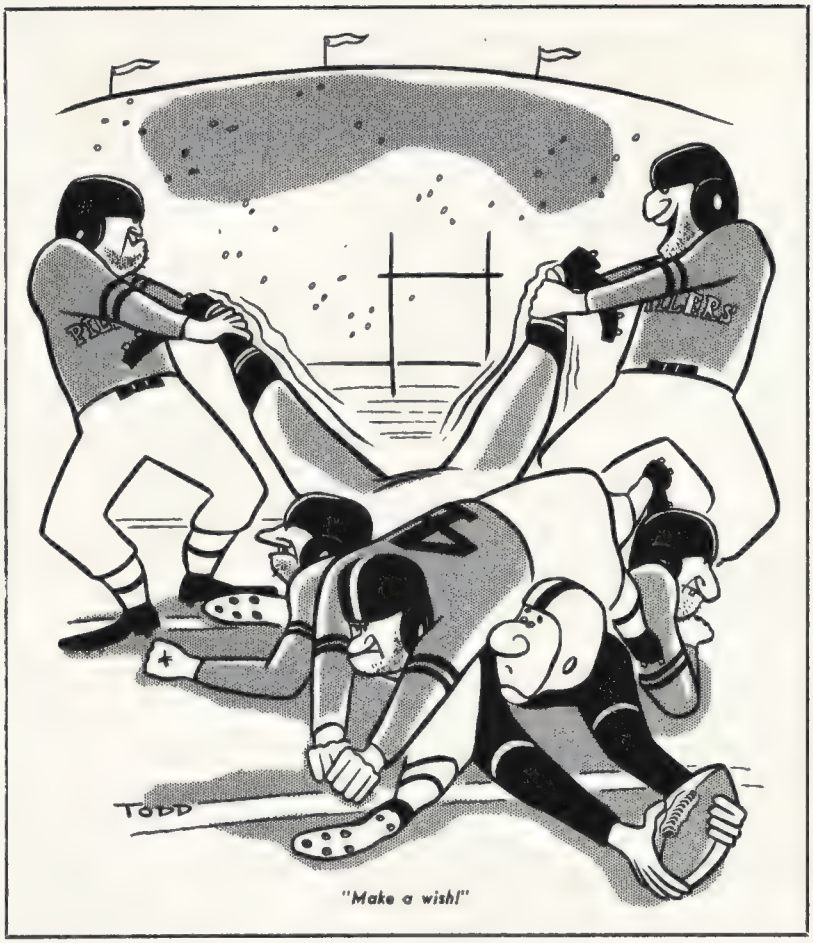
Hyman first took to climbing as the result of an accident. That was eighteen years ago, in Alaska, at a time when he'd hired out as a head rigger. "My first day on the job," he says, "a guy line busted on the high-leader pole, and the camp pusher asked me if I'd ever done any climbing. I'd watched some of these other climbers pretty close, and I'd done a little fooling around on a slack line tail crew, and I figured I could cut it. So I told him yes. Sure enough, I managed to get by, but just barely. Now," he says with a grin, "I can't get rid of the damn job."

During his twenty-five years in the woods, Hyman has seen a lot of changes take place. "When I first started out," he says, "we did almost all our logging with high-leaders. We didn't have no cats, no trucks, nothin' like that. In those days, the life was a lot rougher than what it is now. The men were mostly drifters, hard rocks, always on the move, a lot of them in trouble of one kind or another. There were a lot of fights, and there was a lot of boozing, and there was even a killing, now and again. Some of those old-time



"Make a wish!"

logging camps were hellers, I can tell you. Now it's different.

"Most of the men have wives, kids, homes. They stick in one place, in one job, sometimes for years. It's the same with me. I was pretty far gone on the hooch at one time, but now I'm an AA. I've got a wife and a family and a little livestock. It don't seem like the same business any more—not until you get up there at the top of a pole with the wind blowing up and hunching a barber-chair. That hasn't changed a bit."

There aren't many climbers kicking around the woods these days. As a matter of fact, there never were. As tough a bunch of characters as they are, damn few loggers are willing to risk their necks playing Tarzan at the top of a tree for a few extra cents an hour. Hyman makes $2.58½ an hour—26½ cents an hour more than the next man down the scale.

"That's another change," he says. "It used to be that every kid in the brush was crazy to be a climber, but you don't see that sort of thing today. The young guys now want to play it safe and take it easy. Being a climber doesn't mean as much as it did a few years back."

All the same, the climber is still a long way from being on his way out. "They can't get along without us," Hyman declares. "There's too much timber to be jerked out of places where the cats can't operate. Most big outfits, like the one I work for, keep a couple of climbers on the payroll all the time. You can talk all you want about fancy modern methods, but I'll lay you a little bet. I'll bet you that, fifty years from now, just about as many climbers will be working in the brush as there are today."

Hyman is sometimes asked why he hangs on to so tough and hazardous a job. The question makes him scratch his head. "I don't know," he admits. "Sometimes I think I ought to get my head examined. It's hard on me and it's even harder on my wife. I can't get no life insurance, you know—they price guys like me right out of the market. Every time the phone rings while I'm at work, or when a strange car drives up to the house during the day, the old lady gets the shakes. I guess I'm stuck with it, though. It's the thing I do best. I got a reputation for it. And—what the hell, I like being a climber. Why quit doing what you like?"

He grins and starts to gather together his equipment. Just then a pickup slithers through the muck and pulls up beside us. The door opens and the foreman leans out. "Hey, buckskin," he says to Hyman, "come on. I've got a job for you up the hill."

Hyman says goodbye, and you watch the truck disappear around a bend, into the fog. You know what he's going to do, the chances he's going to take, and you wonder how long he can keep it up. So far he's been lucky. So far he's always come back. •

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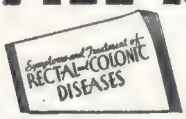

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MY LAST GREAT BUFFALO KILL

Continued from page 29

is their training, but I kept feeling my face and skin twitching in anticipation of the sting of an arrow or bullet.

Why must we attack head-on, I kept saying to myself? There were so many ways we could do this but those were white man's ways and not worthy of a Blackfeet warrior. Most of us had Henry repeating rifles, though I had a '76 Model Winchester. With our weapons the fight would be over before it started, I felt.

To my left Pinukwiim broke out into some wild strange traditional war song the words of which made no real sense but whose sound chilled the blood and soon all the warriors were singing it. Gradually the sound, so fierce and powerful, reduced my fears. Who could lose a battle with fighters like this around him? Like a dream we rode on, no longer conscious of time or space or life—just running as fast as our horses could move over the short grass, shouting, lost in the movement of something no man could now stop.

Before I had any idea that we were so close to them we were upon the crouched Indians and we were firing at them and they were firing at us. We rode 50 or 60 yards in front of their line and reality came back to me with a snap. I saw a brave on his knees reloading his muzzle-loading rifle and I shot him. He fell backwards as if he had been jerked from behind by a hook. Then another brave came up out of the grass to get better aim and I fired along with several other of my tribe. I hoped it was my bullet that sent him face down into the earth.

I had no sensation of killing a man, only the sensation of firing a rifle.

We sped on for several hundred yards and then Running Rabbit spun his powerful black horse around and headed back toward the enemy line shouting—"Now they all will die."

He was far ahead of any of us, none of us being able to turn our horses like he had done, and he rode only with his lance. It was crazy and mad, I felt. He was sure to be killed. But it was beautiful, too.

There appeared to be four enemy braves left. One rose to his feet and waited for Running Rabbit's coming and then three more rose and joined him and suddenly broke into song, proud and deep and sadly slow. When Running Rabbit was almost upon them they fired at him at once but he kept on until the tip of his lance ripped into the belly of one and tore through him. Past them he checked his horse and came back once more. The three, having no chance to re-load their rifles, raised them as clubs and ran toward the chief, knowing they would die, still singing lustily, determined at least to take a chief of the hated Blackfeet with them.

With his lance, screaming "Running Rabbit is the real, the great chief," he pierced one through the chest, caught the blows of another on his shield while his horse took the other blow.

The wounded brave sat on the ground, with both hands trying to hold his ripped insides together so he would die with grace, glaring at us while we shot down his two comrades. Then Running Rabbit turned on the wounded brave who was still shouting his strange song, touched him on the shoulder with his lance, and then thrust it back inside the man, making the greatest of all victories, that of striking a man before killing him.

They all were dead but there was no victory song from us. White Eagle, Ancient Man, Wolf Plume and Black Elk lay dead. Running Wolf was dying. Weasel Head was so badly hurt he never would hunt again.

The enemy proved to be Assiniboins. In quiet we stripped them of their weapons and clothing, smashed the heads of those badly wounded we still found alive, and those of us who could positively identify the braves they had killed cut off the scalps. I took no scalps because I had no positive proof. Death is very serious and one must be very, very sure before claiming the life of another brave.

But I felt very proud and knew I was accepted as a warrior when I came back to the village and the three wives of Pinukwiim and others came about me and cried out "Apikuni, ha. Apikuni, ho. Strong and brave is Apikuni. He has made our enemies weep."

I knew then I belonged. That was what I wanted most in the world. As much as I had gotten to admire the Blackfeet and in turn had gotten to want their admiration I was taken aback, however, when some of the warriors brought in the severed hands and feet of some of the dead enemies. The women and the children leaped upon the limbs and, screaming, reviled them with curses as if they were alive and beat and pounded the limbs to a pulp as if they could still hurt them. I wondered then if I had been wrong in my attempt to learn the attitudes and feelings of the Indian. Could I ever know or should I ever know the primitive intensity of such feelings as they had?

When I went to bed that night and rolled myself up in the warm soft luxury of my buffalo robes, I heard late into the early hours of morn the lament of the women for the dead and I was to hear it for many months to come. That was when I learned that, unlike many Indian tribes, for the Blackfeet there is no Happy Hunting Ground. They feel that the dead, like shadows, drift forever in some empty Sand Hills where one has no beginning or end, but only a for-

ever that is nothing. Small wonder they wept.

In the morning while I was taking my bath in a pool in Crooked Creek—all Blackfeet bathe outdoors every day of the year, if only by rolling in snow when the temperature is below zero—a messenger came to the pool and cried, "Come now. Get your best buffalo horse. We are going to make the great run on the herd."

This was what I had been waiting for. I liked to live hard and hunt hard with the Indians but I wasn't very fond of the way they butchered one another. Someday it might be my turn and I was damned if I wanted to spend eternity in the Sand Hills just because I was an adopted apprentice Pikuni warrior.

Lookouts, young men whose job it was to never lose sight of the buffalo herd, had reported that morning that a segment of the huge herd, one numbering maybe 40,000 buffalo, was heading toward water on Crooked Creek a few miles below our lodges. In that area the lay of the ravines and coulees meant that we could, with good wind conditions, make a close approach to the herd.

Within a half hour I was ready—among the last to be so. We rode out of camp bareback, rifles and bows and arrows ready for use, followed by the women and children with horses and travois. When we had killed they would do the work of bringing home the hides and the meat. We would need as much as we could get for winter.

We had been divided in sections and my leader was Red Bird's Tail. After winding our way for several miles down tortuous coulees we were met by a messenger.

"Wait," he said. "The animals are watered and are going back up from the creek on to the plain. When they are near the top of the rise we will all come out of hidden coulees at the same time and mix with them on the flat land."

For many minutes we sat still in the stifling bottom of a draw and at some signal which I never saw, Red Bird's Tail told us to move forward slowly. Buffalo always walk into the wind and the smell of the beasts made our good horses wild. The good buffalo horse seems to have a great hatred for the shaggy-headed beasts; their ears lay back flat when they smell them and the teeth are bared and one knows that they enjoy the sight and smell of the torrent of blood that gushes from a buffalo's nostrils and mouth when one has been pierced in the lungs.

Crawling to the lip of a coulee Red Bird's Tail waited for what seemed like hours and then he quietly crawled back down, got on his small, chestnut horse and suddenly shouted—"Ah! Kyi!"

We kicked our horses and they scrambled up over the sides of the coulees and I was nearly struck dumb to find ourselves right in the middle of an enormous number of frightened cows preparing to panic. Some were lying down, others were grazing, many were running and being run back and forth across the prairie by moaning, rampaging bulls.

At our first shots several cows fell and wherever one went down a small group, 10 or 12, would cluster about the fallen

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beast, nudging it with their horns, smelling the blood and seeming not frightened but bewildered. Others bolted and searched for a leader, finding each other and bunching up into a bigger and bigger circle with the very human feeling that in numbers there was security. This was their undoing.

We surrounded one circle, which had grown to possibly 2,000 animals and began to cut right into the group. I searched for the young fat cows because this time we were after meat. Later in the season, before the deep cold and snow, we would shoot the big bulls when their pelage was thick and full and made good robes.

I shot one plump cow through the lungs. I brought another down with a shot through the backbone. After 100 fell before us the circle suddenly broke and with a surging, seething wildness the buffalo broke for freedom.

As we rode after them, thrilling in the chase, I saw old Four Horns go into action. He was one of the old great hunters who had refused to ever make a change. He wore and ate and used the things his father had used 50 years before. By watching him I knew I would learn the way the Indian had hunted before the white man had ever even known this region existed.

In his teeth were five arrows he had snatched from an otterskin case at his side. As quickly as I could have pulled a trigger, the arrows were fitted to the bow string and sent whirring at the target. Not once did Four Horns miss the mark. In seven shots I saw seven mature cows go down, each shot in the lungs. So powerful was the thrust of the arrows that they seemed to explode inside the beasts, rupturing them in a fashion no bullet could achieve. Several of the arrows went entirely through the enormous bodies of the animals, a feat I never thought could have been done.

For two miles we rode and shot until our horses could go no more. The buffalo, ran on and on until soon no hunter could catch sight of any but the aged stragglers whose hides and meat were so tough it was not worth the powder to fire at them.

In the sudden silence after the hunt we all stood together, watching the herd disappear. I don't believe any of them but me felt that that would be the last time they would ever see such a hunt and such a spectacular array of buffalos again.

"So. The day's hunt is ended. What happiness I have today," Four Horns said. "I have waited a long time for this and I am glad it has come back to us. This is man's work."

Gradually we came back to earth and saw what we had done. On the prairie for miles around us great black lumps littered the brown grass splattered red with the blood of the beasts. There were hundreds of bodies. In some places the wounded had crawled to each other and tried like hurt children, to find comfort in each other's wounds. The young of the camp learned how to kill by practicing on the already dying. Some of the warriors were arguing about who made what kills but Four Horns merely laughed.

"That is another trouble with change, you see. There is no quarreling with my kills. My name in my arrow lies inside them."

While the women and the young butchered and dressed the carcasses the hunters passed the pipe and talked of old times when hundreds of days in a year might have passed just this way. They were so happy now, their visions had been answered—but I couldn't seem to join them. I, too, had visions and I knew they were true.

I knew that right then, along the Yellowstone and the Missouri, white men by the thousands, coming up from the south where the other three great herds were dead, were waiting for the buffalo we saw. I knew they were lying out on the plains with their big Sharp's Rifles, the ones that could shoot five miles and what the Indians called the "shoot today and kill tomorrow gun," the men disguised in gunny sacks with only holes for eyes and hands, waiting with several thousand big lead bullets, each powered by over 100 grams of powder, waiting to shoot 500,000 buffalo in one week if they could do it.

I knew all about Vic Smith who several times had shot and killed over 100 buffalo in one hour and who had killed over 5,000 in a short season. Vic was only one among thousands. They shot not for the meat—if they did they would have stopped shooting after the first day the buffalo appeared—but for the hides. Next week the valley of the Yellowstone would be stinking to high heaven from the stench of rotting meat.

But not even I could have said that day that only three years from then the great animals, who less than twenty years before had numbered some 50,000,000 would number less than 300. Or that the discovery of a herd of 29 buffalo, in 1886, huddling in a coulee only ten miles from where this last great Indian hunt took place, would be headline news in the papers of the world.

There are still living on the Blood and Blackfeet reservations in Alberta and on the Blackfeet reservation in Montana, a few—a very few—of the Indians with whom I camped and hunted over seventy years ago. Each summer I try to pay a visit with them and in the evening, around the fire in one of the lodges, we tell of our adventures in that long-ago time of plenty and wild, primitive happiness.

Then, as the hour gets late and we look for our robes—still buffalo robes but worn ragged robes now—a disgrace for a warrior to use—someone is sure to sigh aloud, "Where are they, the buffalos?"

Oh, why are they gone, those beautiful days. Where are the white buffalo days of our youth.

If Pinukwiim were still alive I know what he would say. I can hear his voice repeating it, loud and clear and believing, "Why do you doubt? Have you no heart or gods? They will be back, the buffalo will return. The gods say they will."

But we would sit in sadness and know the gods were wrong. The buffalo are gone from the land for good and no men will ever see such a sight again. •

I ACCUSE!

Continued from page 7

underground of alumni booster clubs which passed out illegal cash to hundreds of athletes. Unearthed were fake campus job set-ups, ticket-scalping practices, secret coaches' funds for wining and dining prospects and enough other conniving behind locked doors to stun league officials. The result was the record sum of $234,000 in fines imposed from Los Angeles to Seattle, plus the virtual wreckage of the Rose Bowl game. Three of the four above colleges were thrown out of the Rose Bowl for from two to three years. Players were declared ineligible in wholesale lots. Five big-wheel booster clubs were blacklisted. As this season opened, commercialized football in one of the country's richest sections seemed doomed.

The colleges still are wondering what hit them. Since—even now—the fans haven't been told the real inside facts of the scandal, I feel it's time to put the whole affair on record.

To do that, I'll go back to a September day of 1953. That day, my stepson, Ronnie, a quiet, intense 190-pound youngster with a great passing arm, enrolled at the University of California. I'd been coaching him to throw the ball since he was nine years old. At Santa Monica High School, he became known as the finest schoolboy passer in state history. After Ronnie connected for seven touchdowns in one game, averaged 61 per cent completions his senior year and won All-America prep rating, Frank Leahy, the famed ex-Notre Dame coach, told me, "He'll be a terrific star—properly handled, he can't miss."

But the way Waldorf handled him made me wince.

In one of his first games, against Stanford, the pass protection was so inept and the aerial attack so poorly plotted that Ronnie was stretched out and trampled by rushing linemen. Stanford did everything but hand the boy his ears in one of the worst beatings I've ever seen a back absorb. Even so, Ronnie managed three touchdown heaves to win the game, 19-12.

I wasted no time confronting Waldorf. Ronnie's nose was broken, his knee twisted, one eye closed and his face lacerated. As a fellow who played a spot of football (at Arkansas U.), I asked Waldorf to kindly take steps to protect my boy. "I suggest," I told him, "you change your system. Even in high school, the defense never got to Ronnie like that."

"Since when do *you* get off telling *me* how to run my club?" snapped Waldorf.

Waldorf's attitude was that the male parent of a player is an ignorant bloke with no right to inquire into his son's welfare, even though sonny has 250-pound bodies flying at his head. As I saw it, fathers have every right to know what goes on behind the high wall coaches build around themselves and label, "KEEP OUT, GENIUS AT WORK." So I began looking into the whole California set-up.

I discovered some jarring facts. For just one thing, the athletic department had fronting for it a number of wealthy Bear graduate clubs organized in such bland guises as the "San Francisco Grid Club" and the "Southern Seas." These combines roped in dozens of 'teen-age prospects with money and job promises. Extravagant hand-outs went to a few select lads, usually those with smart financial counselors in the family. But, in plenty of other cases, the promises proved entirely phony once the kids were bamboozled into signing registration papers.

My own boy, it turned out, was one of the latter.

The legal job-aid limit in the Coast Conference is $75 a month. For this an athlete is paid $1.50 an hour. Suspecting this might be one of those clock-winding, phone booth-sweeping arrangements for which colleges are famous, I'd much earlier informed Cal U. officials that I wouldn't stand for any funny business. "I want Ronnie to do something where he can learn while he works," I informed them even before Ronnie was on the campus. "He plans to major in journalism. How about some sort of apprentice writing or editing job?"

"Fine," they replied. "He'll work in a local newspaper shop and learn the rudiments of the business."

The season wasn't two weeks old when it became evident no such job was forthcoming. We'd been suckered. Ronnie was assigned to picking up campus litter and handing out locker room towels. He didn't even have to show up for work—his bosses winked at goofing off. Thus, Ronnie and other Bear players were doubly swindled. At the ages of 18 and 19, they were taught to beat the rules and sold the idea that life gives you something for nothing. That sort of education, I decided, should be stuffed back down the throat of the educators.

By now I'd worked up a fine Irish burn. Then something worse dawned on me. Before one game, I noticed some of the ballplayers had been drinking. It turned out that some very merry parties were held for the grid heroes by affluent alumni. In fact, at least three of Waldorf's top squad members had become playboys and near-alcoholics. One ace fullback had an illegitimate child and was ducking process servers all over the Bay area.

Jovial Pappy also was running a secret personal-loan service, whereby certain favored players picked up $50, $100, the "loan" of a convertible or a wardrobe—ruinous to team morale.

Ronnie said to me, "Let's get out of here."

I said, "I was a babe in the woods to ever let you get involved. Let's go."

Before we left, however, Waldorf

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heard exactly what I thought of him. At once, Cal's press agents went to work to smear the Knoxes. Without ever hearing the real facts, newspapers charged that we quit Cal because Ronnie wasn't playing first-string and because Waldorf wouldn't let Old Man Knox, that "fanatical father," dictate coaching tactics. To the public, we looked like two classic bum sports.

Actually, the proof of the corruptness and bad morale at California is obvious. You need only look at the record of a school which is one of the richest ($56,000,000 endowment) and largest (26,000 students) in the world. In the last four seasons, Waldorf's teams have won 10, lost 19 and tied 3 league games. Last season, with all its hired talent, Cal dropped 7 of 10 games and was swamped pointwise, 216 to 107.

The Knox family home is at Malibu, California, near Los Angeles. Which made it logical for Ronnie to transfer to UCLA. Also, I'd heard that Coach Red Sanders of UCLA was a fine handler of material and ran a clean operation.

But what happened to the Knoxes there in 1954 and last season was an even greater shock than the Cal experience. Presently, I'll detail this. For the moment, it's enough to say that a boy had no more chance for a normal undergraduate life or to get some fun out of football at UCLA than he did at Berkeley.

What would you have done about it?

I began blasting. I called it a "Crusade For Youth," a campaign to flush the big-money racketeers off West Coast fields and return the sport to the players. I talked on radio, TV, at club luncheons, in hotel lobbies, restaurants—anywhere I could get an audience. Some people listened; others jeered. At one game in the Los Angeles Coliseum, a big, beefy fan sitting a few rows in front of me stood up and yelled, "Why don't you shut your dam mouth, Knox? You —!"

I had a rolled-up newspaper in my hand. I went over some seats and whacked him in the face with it and invited him outside the stadium. He declined and took off in a hurry. Most of the fans who witnessed the exchange cheered me.

It was still a one-man campaign by the end of the '55 season. But by early this year, I seemed to be making progress. I'd collected facts from this source and that so damaging that not even pressure from the universities could keep them out of the press. The surprising lesson I was learning is that *the public doesn't want to know what's wrong with football. It's like throwing rocks at the Statue of Liberty.*

At times, I came close to becoming lynch-mob bait in Los Angeles. One night I appeared on Gil Stratton's TV show in Hollywood and stated:

"Coach Jess Hill at Southern California has the biggest bankroll for players in the league. Compared to his pay-off, the malpractices elsewhere are just a rumor."

At the same time, I divulged how Frank Storment, a notorious California U. alumni recruiter in Los Angeles, had peeled off 15 $100 bills and offered them to a husky Negro end if he'd enroll at Berkeley. I had witnesses and the boy's own testimony in my pocket to prove it. "All the schools are guilty in one degree or another," I told the audience. "This Conference doesn't need an inquiry. It needs a fumigation."

All hell popped. Knox was a liar, cried California U. "Kick Old Man Knox out of football!" editorialized the Los Angeles *Times.* Driving downtown, I was hissed by people who recognized me. I was hung in effigy 15 times, threatened with lawsuits and lampooned in national magazines as a publicity hound seeking to promote a movie contract for Ronnie and myself.

My critics only wish they had it that good today.

Everything I hoped would happen did happen. Once Harvey Knox had stirred up enough comment, skeletons came clattering out of closets. Ex-players injured by the system, indignant parents and others who had long prayed for reform broke silence. Up in Oakland, California on last March 1, an enterprising sportswriter named Ed Schoenfeld secured testimony from a former UCLA fulback, George Stephenson. Stephenson disclosed an $11,000-a-year private slush-fund for 40 Bruin players. In Los Angeles, a deputy district attorney, J. Miller Leavy, got busy. He turned up a $71,235 fund for 60 Southern Cal beefers, neatly disguised as "The Southern California Educational Foundation." A similar dodge for 25 Cal players was exposed, including Pappy Waldorf's phony job racket and spurious promises to bedazzled youngsters.

Coast Conference faculty athletic representatives were forced to crack down under the deluge of evidence. Currently, the score reads like this:

USC's "Educational Foundation" cost the college a $62,000 fine, a two-year Rose Bowl ban and loss of a year's eligibility for all bribed players except a few seniors.

UCLA was plastered with a $95,000 fine, a three-year Rose Bowl ban, plus loss of sophomore and junior players for one year.

The University of Washington was fined $52,000 and bounced from the Pasadena Bowl for two seasons. The head coach, Johnny Cherberg, was fired and the athletic director, Harvey Cassill, given the face-saving out of resigning.

My old chum, Pappy? He did a great job of wiggling off the hook. The Coast Conference commissioner, Vic Schmidt, could prove only enough on Waldorf to invoke a $25,000 fine against Cal U. And Pappy kept his Rose Bowl eligibility—the precious factor that today enables him to hang onto his job.

It took three months—last May through July—to bring off the game's biggest purge. And the public was assured they'd heard all the evidence. Ask any PCC player if that's true, and he'll break out laughing. Secret pay-offs and wild bidding for kids takes you only to the 10-yard line. The other 90 are boobytrapped with so many highly-refined 20th Century practices to keep the box-office booming that the Conference doesn't dare admit the whole facts.

Since it turned out that I helped short-circuit the cash register to the tune of a

world record $234,000 in penalties, I'm glad to tell the rest of it. I'm going to talk about those practices—show how low they get. And how the PCC, through money-greed, threatens to wreck all intercollegiate football.

Then I'll offer—with faint hope, only—a plan to clean up the game, put it on an ethical basis. It's obvious, this season, that cash levies and Bowl suspensions won't stop the racket boys. Unless a powerful emetic is used to disgorge the element now in control, football is finished in the West.

Let's start with a game played last October 8 before 60,000 fans at the Los Angeles Coliseum. It's UCLA vs. Oregon State. Everybody is yawning as UCLA runs up a lead of 20-0—but one person who isn't yawning is Harvey Knox.

I'm sore, clear through. Down on the field, Ronnie Knox—a boy with a phenomenal lifetime pass-completion record of 60 per cent—is throwing the ball into the ground and undershooting his receivers. The reason is a shoulder separation suffered two weeks earlier against Maryland. I've informed Coach Red Sanders of UCLA I don't want Ronnie to play—yet he's in there, wincing every time he throws. One more bad rip of those muscles and Ronnie can be through for life.

Finally, he trots out of the game. On the sideline, knocked out of his head, is Bruce Ballard, a UCLA blocking back. Ballard is getting no medical attention.

"How do you feel?" Ronnie asks Ballard.

Ballard stares at him and begins babbling about the "Washington game." The Washington game isn't scheduled until November 12—five weeks later. Ronnie anxiously goes to the team trainer and reports that Ballard is mentally racked up and needs help.

"Ah-h-h, let him lay there," snaps the trainer. "He's a paperhead."

It's almost an hour later before Ballard is treated for concussion and regains his memory.

If this appears to be an isolated case of laxity in the medical department, you don't know how callous PCC football has become. At one northern school, a halfback who was crippled for life with a smashed kneecap had to threaten a lawsuit before the school paid for the seven operations he required after graduation. Or take the Hugh McElhenny case at the University of Washington. Here, in 1950-51 was one of the mightiest running backs ever seen in football. He scored 30 points in one game, returned a kickoff 98 yards, gained 2,499 yards rushing. But he did it shot full of procaine. These hypodermic injections killed the pain in his seriously injured foot. Giving the needle to a college athlete is against every moral precept in the coaching book. Last season, playing with the San Francisco (pro) 49ers, McElhenny was a pitiful sight. He collapsed completely. He underwent two foot operations the past year in hope of repairing the damage done in college.

Last fall, a sportswriter I know asked a member of the UCLA physical education staff, "What kind of shape is Bob Davenport in this season?"

Davenport was an All-American full-

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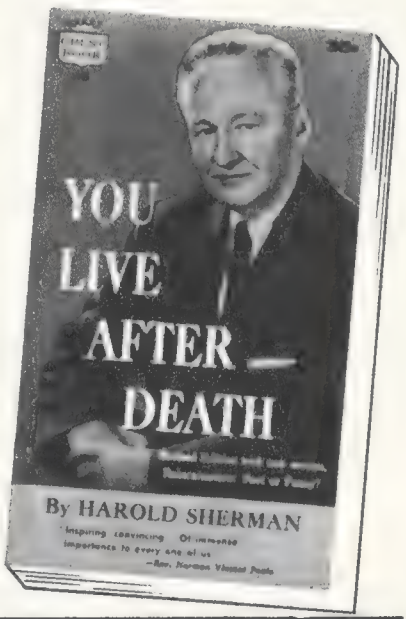

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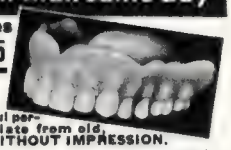
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back for Red Sanders in 1955. He has a long history of leg trouble.

"Pretty bad, but he'll play," replied the P.E. man. "He has two of the worst knees the doctors here have ever looked at."

The UCLA official didn't even blush at the remark, show any feeling of guilt. Davenport was one of the boys "being taken care of." Therefore he'd play. Through a rugged 10-game schedule, he never got a rest. He finished the year hobbling.

When you examine the reasons behind these cases, you get to the nub of one of the PCC's basic evils. It can be stated as a rule: *Nowhere else in the country are there more bitter inter-school jealousies and nowhere do colleges better capitalize on "feuds" built up by the press and fomented by alumni and athletic departments.* The two leading "hate" games are Stanford-California and USC-UCLA. Last season, the first drew the usual sell-out crowd of 90,000 at Palo Alto. USC-UCLA pulled 96,000 into the Los Angeles Coliseum. Receipts for the games ran close to $600,000. Moreover, the 17-7 win by UCLA over the Trojans was another big feather in Red Sanders' already beplumed cap (he was 1954 national "coach of the year").

Naturally, a sore-legged Davenport couldn't be excused from the blood-battle of the season. Red Sanders was hired by UCLA seven years ago for only one reason: to beat USC. A few seasons back, USC fired Jeff Cravath for the obverse of this same reason. Cravath could whip all other coaches, including Frank Leahy of Notre Dame—but not Sanders.

Mark this well: when it comes down to a choice between a boy's welfare and victory over a No. 1 rival, the boy has no more chance than a bull in a Spanish ring.

This is just one of numerous concealed abuses of the system. The more obvious reasons why the PCC lid blew off this season are:

1) The Conference is a geographical abortion. The weak Northern schools, Oregon U., Oregon State, Washington State and Idaho, plus ambitious Washington, have no chance against the colleges in thickly-populated California. For example, Southern Cal has an all-time record of 43 wins and seven losses against Oregon State and Washington State. UCLA shut out Oregon 41-0 and 12-0 and Oregon State 61-0 and 38-0 in the last two seasons. So the "have-nots" fight back by raiding California high schools and junior colleges for talent. Thus, Los Angeles athletes become nothing more than paid commuters to schools 1500 miles from their home.

2) There remains a huge glut of material in California (partly because big independents like St. Mary's, Santa Clara, Loyola, etc. long ago were forced out of football by rising PCC prices). So players who stay home have little bargaining power. They're snared with fancy promises which don't come true. Occasionally, an unusually "hot" kid will get $1500 or $2000 cash and an endowment for papa. But they are exceptions. Mostly, kids are conned and intimidated into signing with a college. The roughly 1,000 athletes in action each season realize about one-half of one per cent of the $7,000,000 the PCC grosses annually. Resentment was bound to grow to an inevitable climax—which came this year when players blew the whistle on their alma maters and told all to PCC investigators.

3) The PCC Rose Bowl contract with the Big Ten was the worst mistake any league ever made. The Midwest boys are rough, tough and professional. The pact was signed in 1946, shortly after the PCC voted to "go pure," to tightly enforce rules against recruiting. Results: 9 wins in the last 10 Rose Bowl games for the Big Ten. And usually by slaughterhouse scores: Michigan 49, USC 0; Illinois 40, Stanford 7; Ohio State 20, USC 7. The Coast's purity is strictly phony, but no semi-pro ever licked a pro. Western fans have worked up a rabid hate toward the Coast Conference for the Rose Bowl deal, which murders their pride.

4) The top-responsible men in any conference are the college presidents. I offer you four PCC savants to study: Chancellor Raymond Allen of UCLA, Dr. Fred Fagg of USC, President Robert Sproul of California and President Henry Schmitz of Washington. *Not one constructive move to keep football sane and aboveboard has come from these men.* Instead, they've allowed alumni to dictate to coaches, athletic directors to get rich off expense accounts, kid players to be perverted by off-campus influences and the cold dollar to rule everything.

To examine the foregoing four points, let's first look at the talent-raiding racket in terms of Schmitz's University of Washington.

Washington enrolls 16,000. Its 600-acre campus is the most gorgeous on the Coast. A strolling visitor sees only beauty reflected from the sun-dappled lakes and towering madrona trees.

But underneath is one of the ugliest situations in sports. A lad named Sandy Lederman, who quarterbacked the Huskies the last two years, can tell you why.

"Washington alums recruited me in Santa Monica, California," says Lederman. "They also signed up four of my teammates. It sounded like a terrific deal. We were guaranteed an education, a chance to play with a good ball club and all our expenses. Plus some pocket money. Instead, we walked into a nuthouse."

Lederman testifies that the head coach, Johnny Cherberg, wasn't the boss of the team. The head man was a roly-poly alumnus and Seattle beer magnate named Roscoe (Torchy) Torrance. All funds coming to players were paid out by Torrance. If Torrance disliked a man, he was cut off without a nickel. Campus "jobs" promised players turned out to be tours of saloons, where athletes put up posters advertising Torrance's Rainier Brewing Company. One California halfback already on hand when Lederman and his friends arrived told them, "Wait'll you see some of these alumni parties. If you don't get plastered with the old grads, you're not a sport."

The squad Lederman joined was strictly from a tourist catalogue. One fullback came from Chester, Pa. There were a pair of tackles from Minnesota and

Connecticut. A quarterback hailed from Barrington, Ill. There were 18 Californians on the roster. Many were pure football "bums." Two were kicked out in 1954 for failing to attend class. Two others stood trial for alleged rape of a 15-year-old girl behind the stadium. Player fist fights broke out frequently. Before the UCLA game of last November 10, the pre-game pep talk was given by Torchy Torrance, while Cherberg meekly stood outside in the hall!

"Cherberg finally cracked under the pressure," reports Lederman. "He'd scream insults at players, for no reason. It was against the law to joke or whistle in the showers. On the bench, you had to sit absolutely straight up—no leaning back. For punishment when we lost, Cherberg cut off second helpings of pie and ice cream. Boy, it was like playing for a Queeg."

Into this scene last season came Jim Sutherland, a new assistant coach. Sutherland had been southern California's most famous and successful high school coach, at Santa Monica. The players rallied around him, hoping Sutherland could bring order out of chaos. A dozen of them marched in to see Athletic Director Harvey Cassill. "We want Cherberg fired and Sutherland named coach," they demanded.

But it was much too late. Headlines tell what followed in 1955-56:

SUTHERLAND FIRED FOR LEADING PLAYER REVOLT

HUSKY GRIDS TO BOYCOTT 1956 SEASON; WON'T PLAY

CHERBERG OUSTED – REVEALS $28,000 "SLUSH FUND"

CASSILL RESIGNS UNDER PRESSURE

TORRANCE INFLUENCE CONDEMNED BY CONFERENCE

WASHINGTON FINED $52,000 FOR SECRET PAYOFFS

Nobody will ever entirely unravel the mess Washington made of football. But the root trouble is clear. Attempting to meet the competition of USC, UCLA and the other southern giants in the race for the Rose Bowl, this state university bought up a team and then entered into an intramural fight for control of it. Downtown alumni, headed by Torrance, won out temporarily. But when the discharged Cherberg retaliated by revealing salaries running to $800 a month for "special" athletes, almost everybody's head fell. Athletic Director Cassill was found to have known and approved of the downtown payroll—disguised as "The Greater Washington Advertising Fund." Only President Schmitz survived the scandal. He claimed no knowledge whatever of events happening all around him.

That's so much bird-seed. Schmitz would have to be deaf, dumb and blind to miss what was open gossip on Fraternity Row—and he has all his faculties.

One obvious question remains. What did Washington gain by asking for a national black eye? A Rose Bowl winner? That would have been some compensation.

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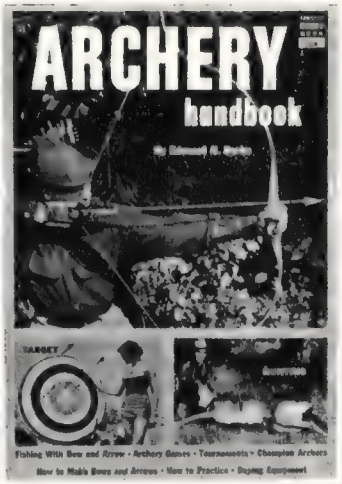

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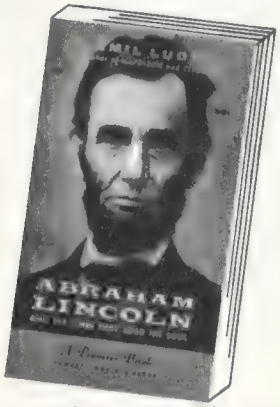

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team has reached the Rose Bowl in 12 years.

Nevertheless, school and civic ego keeps the college trying—and football players caught in a low-down, Faginlike switch.

Moving to the southern end of the league, the second of the four factors leading to the scandal can be examined, namely: cheating boys, and teaching them to cheat.

The past master at this is the University of Southern California. Since 1940, the Conference has limited player aid to a tuition grant and a $75-a-month job. USC has more gimmicks to beat the rule than Chicago has bookies. For years Troy has run the biggest and smartest recruiting program in college ball—bar nobody. More than 100 ex-Trojan players hold high school and junior college coaching jobs around the state. They funnel their finest boys toward USC's various alumni "processing" clubs, where it is decided just how expensively or cheaply a prospect can be obtained. These clubs are known as The Trojan Club, the Trojaneers and the Southern California Educational Foundation—and members include imposing names from the movies, aircraft industry, the law and medicine, even the Los Angeles Superior Court bench. Here's how they operate:

1. *When in a generous mood*

A few seasons back, a huge fullback from Santa Ana, California named Keever Jankovich was avidly sought by five PCC schools. The 220-pounder had his eye on California U. But Trojan alums moved in with a counter-bid.

"We'll fix you up with a nice bungalow near the campus," they informed Jankovich, a married man with a new baby, "free of rent. We'll also give you $200 a month, a car and a guaranteed good job after graduation."

Jankovich had similar offers elsewhere. If the ante could be tilted a little?

"Why, sure," said the alums. "We'll also throw in a job for your wife as a babysitter. The pay will be high and the hours long."

"How could she take that job?" objected Jankovich. "She's already got a baby of her own to care for."

"No trouble at all," the USC agents assured him. "That's the baby we had in mind—*yours!*"

That would have clinched it. However, the PCC commissioner got the wind up, nosed around, and found that Jankovich previously had played football at Utah State. Jankovich was ruled ineligible for the Coast Conference.

2. *When not feeling generous*

I'm thinking of two brothers and their widowed mother. All are close friends of mine. The elder brother caught a winning pass in the Rose Bowl for USC and was a great Trojan back. In his senior year, his kid brother, age 18, finished high school. Trojan alumni assumed the kid would follow his brother to USC.

But the family was poor and the kid could do a lot better than the cheap jalopy and $75 a month USC offered him. He announced, "I'm going to California."

On the basis of the older brother's stellar play, USC had been paying the widow's rent. Now they threatened to cut it off. Also, big brother wouldn't graduate. His tutoring and other school fees would be cancelled.

To the everlasting credit of this family, Junior went to California, where he wound up captain of the team. But his mother lost her rent money. And big brother—who'd fought nobly for dear old USC had to drop out of college and take a riveting job in an aircraft factory.

Until lately, anyone who sounded off against Southern Cal in this fashion was lynch-mob bait in Los Angeles. I'm the guy who proved it. One September night in 1954, I was fed up enough with these malpractices to appear on Gil Stratton's TV show in Hollywood and speak my piece. I said:

"Coach Jess Hill at USC has the biggest bankroll for players in the league. Compared to his set-up, the rackets elsewhere are just a rumor."

At the same time, I divulged how Frank Storment, a California U. alumni recruiter in Los Angeles, had peeled off 15 $100 bills and offered them to a big Negro gridder if he'd enroll at Berkeley. I had witnesses and the boy's own testimony in my pocket, to prove it. "All schools are guilty in one degree or another," I stated. "This Conference doesn't need an inquiry. It needs a fumigation."

All hell broke loose. Knox was a liar, stated California U. "Kick old man Knox out of football!" editorialized the Los Angeles *Times*. Driving downtown, I was hissed by people who recognized me. I was hung in effigy 15 times, threatened with lawsuits and lampooned in national magazines as a publicity-hound seeking to promote a movie contract for Ronnie and myself.

My critics only wish they had it that good today.

Everything I warned would happen did happen. Once I had alerted the public, ex-players injured by the system, indignant parents and others who had long prayed for a reform began to talk. Evidence in massive proportions piled up before league officials. These days, football's biggest wheels are diving for cover. They've been exposed for what they always were: conniving, hypocritical profiteers.

USC's "Educational Foundation" cost the college a two-year Rose Bowl ban and a $62,000 fine. California now is under probation, with Pappy Waldorf publicly indicted for pay-offs and phony job set-ups for pet players. UCLA was hurt the worst of all. Under present penalties, the Bruins can't perform again in the Rose Bowl until 1960.

Those two words "Rose Bowl" add up to the third, and maybe the foremost of all American football evils.

The game is billed as a wonderful pageant of flowers which all players fight like tigers to compete in. The sales-promotion tag-line in Pasadena is: "The game they'll always remember." Nobody has yet come out with what Coast Conference athletes really feel about this post-season clambake.

"It's no good for the players. Gives them the wrong ideas," says Bill McColl, the former Stanford All-American now with the Chicago Bears.

"Strictly commercial," says Bob

Mathias, the Olympic champion who played in the '52 Rose Bowl game. "Builds nothing but ill-will."

To point out how right McColl is, in 1945 the game had grown to a $400,000 in gross receipts. Earlier, there had been a revolt by Pittsburgh and Washington U. players. They demanded $100 apiece as compensation for giving up their Christmas holiday jobs to appear at Pasadena. The money reluctantly was paid over. There and then, the Pitt and Husky athletes became no less than hired gladiators, part of a vast, profligate carnival which should have no place in U.S. amateur athletics.

In 1945, fans entering one of the main gates saw a curious sight. A young man stood waving a handful of tickets.

"Get your tickets here, folks!" he cried. "Tickets, tickets, anyone want tickets?"

Seat-scalping *by players* is the most common of Rose Bowl practices—hardly the sort of ethical training sports are supposed to impart.

Last January 1, with a new national TV contract, the Tournament of Roses Association raked in a fantastic $1,000,000. The host team was UCLA. Carried away by the sight of such profits by the schools, the players felt entitled to a share. UCLA lads were busier on the phone, peddling the seats furnished them by kindly alumni, than they were on the field in losing to Michigan State, 17-14.

It's hard to pick the worst facet of the Rose Bowl. I lean to one Coast Conference team which pooled its money and bet $500 on its opponents, at 2-1, to win. The betting club lost by a solid three touchdowns. Would you call this game a "fix?"

I don't know any other word for it.

At this point, it might appear that there's no solution for the complex dilemma of college football. Junk it all, some say, and admit there's no cure. Yet it would be a shame to lose a sport so productive of rugged, male expression and so entertaining to millions. Common sense should supply an answer.

I have a formula (cynical as I am) which I think will work. It proposes four obvious changes and one earthshaking innovation:

A. The time has come to recognize the college player as a skilled and valuable individual, who should be openly compensated for his efforts. No fake jobs or alumni support are needed. Let schools set up a compensation scale geared to cost-of-campus-living which covers all necessities: tuition, books, fees, board and room, transportation, *and* spending money. In the Coast Conference, $150 a month will cover this.

B. To insure a clean new start, discharge from office all university personnel involved in the recent scandals. Washington U. already has removed its wrongdoers. Let USC, California and UCLA do the same—from athletic directors and coaches through alumni secretaries and talent scouts.

C. Abrogate the PCC-Big Ten Rose Bowl contract as soon as possible. Schedule no post-season games and, in fact, no game after December 1.

D. Rid the league of all "boosterism." Pass airtight rules rendering illegal any alumni club contact with athletes. Back it with another law which would *permanently* expel from the conference any college found harboring a slush-fund organization.

The earthshaker is an idea I've discussed with lawyers, educators and parents, like myself, of boys who want to gain an education through their football talent without exposure to hustlers, bribe-passers, unprincipled coaches and other boll-weevil types infesting locker rooms. It's a plan which insures that the $150 a month I mentioned above doesn't become $200 or $300 or $500. It would eliminate the "grease" applied to top-drawer stars which only gives the youngsters a fat head and makes them vulnerable to an ineligibility ruling if caught by league police in the act of taking gifts.

And, believe me, the "grease" is everywhere.

Last season, a high-placed UCLA athletic department functionary called my stepson into his office. "Ronnie," he said benevolently, "we feel you haven't been too well-dressed. We'd like you to spruce up a bit on road trips. It'll make a better impression on the public that comes to our games."

What he meant was that it would impress 'teen-age prospects UCLA is hustling. Seeing tailback Ronnie Knox in a $150 cashmere sports jacket would be proof enough that Bruin athletes lived high on the hog.

The official mentioned the address of a posh Beverly Hills tailor and UCLA booster. "Drop around and pick up a couple of suits, two or three sports jackets and some slacks," he urged. "Anything you need. The bill's all taken care of."

Well, Ronnie can read the PCC regulations against accepting free goods. He came home and told me, "That man is trying to bribe me."

My first impulse was to storm down to the UCLA campus and raise the roof. Then I decided to use a little applied psychology.

Ronnie didn't go near the tailor, and, sure enough the UCLA man soon phoned our house. He was worried now, afraid he'd offended us, and that I'd report the offer to the newspapers.

But I only said, in hurt tones, "I'm sorry to hear you feel Ronnie looks so

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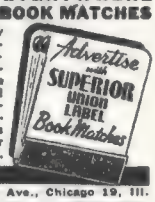

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shabby. We try very hard to keep the boy neat and clean."

I let him sweat like that for the balance of the season. And he suffered plenty, never knowing what I really intended to do about his proposition. He'll know what I think when he reads this. I think he isn't fit to hold academic office.

Ronnie, who's a senior now and free of "grease," will go right on paying for his own clothes.

Clandestine hand-outs must be stopped. The way to do it, as I see the problem, is through an organization which would act as a super-check on all football finaglers. The idea may be new, but a bold approach is essential.

This innovation would be a union of players' parents. In effect, a PTA of collegiate football—with sleeves rolled up. All it needs is for a few fathers to call a meeting, explain to the others the hazards facing their boys and to rally the adults around the Coast Conference code. Right now, I don't know one father of a ballplayer who has even seen the PCC code book. It runs to 136 pages and includes more than 200 violations—many punishable by ineligibility.

This season more than 100 senior and junior players were banned from further PCC play. Their grid careers were wrecked because there was no pressure from home to play it square. A militant posse of parents could stop the con artists in their tracks.

The Knox Plan calls for one more item: a written contract between school and athlete.

As it stands now, few colleges in America have more than an oral agreement with the youth which brings in $75,000,000 worth of business each year. It's easy for the school presidents to plead ignorance of what goes on behind their backs. So I propose that each college appoint a committee consisting of the president, athletic director and two professors of economics or law. They would affix their signatures to a $150-a-month contract for each player. The contract would be legally enforceable and could only be broken if the player failed to maintain proper classroom grades. This would eliminate another vicious habit of colleges: dropping injured or slumping boys from the scholarship roll. Once a school recruited an athlete, it would be bound to educate him for four years.

The clincher would be in this: the same presidential committee would disburse all monthly funds to players. No coach, athletic director or alumnus would get his hand into the tambourine. *And a member of the Conference Commissioner's office would be on hand when checks were drawn.*

If all this happens, we'd have honor returned to the chalk-striped field. We'd have no more such slips by ballplayers as happened one night on Ed Sullivan's TV show. Sullivan was interviewing Jim Monachino, the California U. halfback who'd galloped 40 yards for a touchdown against Ohio State in the Rose Bowl.

"Did you get good blocking on your run?" inquired Sullivan.

Monachino looked at him indignantly. "The best money could buy!"

That's a very funny line, if you're only a fan. When you're a football father, it makes you cry. •

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CALL ME KILLER

Continued from page 18

I was down in Texas roughnecking in the oil fields. I had saved enough money for a long trip and decided to see Europe. In June I set sail for France and for the next five months roamed the Continent. Around November, due to rather wild spending, I wound up broke in Istanbul.

Luckily, I landed a job instructing the children of American naval personnel stationed in Turkey as part of NATO.

By May, 1953 I had scraped together enough money to get out of Turkey and took off for Greece. One month later I managed to hitch-hike back to London. There I rendezvoused with an Australian crony with whom I had worked the currency exchange racket in Istanbul. A month in England was enough. At Bob's suggestion we decided to try to drive to Singapore. I purchased a motorcycle and spent a week picking up necessary visas. Early in July, 1953, my Aussie pal, Bob, and I started the long road to the Far East.

Our funds were limited and though we lived with the peasants the entire time, we ran out of money in Calcutta. Bob, dead broke, found a job on a Norwegian freighter and headed for Canada. I had just enough money to drive the motorcycle to Bombay and buy deck passage to East Africa. I sunk my last bit of cash in my ticket. The Immigration Officer in Kenya wasn't supposed to admit penniless characters, but he was a nice guy and I got into the country with a two-week visa. I'd hoped to sell my motorcycle in Nairobi but the rainy season was on and nobody would buy. I was stuck again.

A loan from a friend helped me out while I figured my next move. Finally, I also took my friend's advice and joined the Kenya Police Reserve. I chose the Police for several reasons. The pay was good, for Kenya, and I could sign on for a short contract and be sent to a remote area where I could save money. Besides, this was the best way for me to learn what the Mau Mau rebellion was all about.

While I waited in Nairobi for assignment, I read up on the background to Mau Mau and talked with white and black about the problem. It wasn't a pretty picture. The whites had made blunders but the blame for the insurrection could be placed squarely on the shoulders of the political leaders of the Kikuyu tribe. Over the years they had fed their ignorant, superstitious tribesmen dozens of lies until they now believed the Europeans had deprived them of large land areas. If the whites were killed or driven out, their leaders said, the Kikuyu would reap the harvest.

For those who think this is a fight of black against white, let me give you a few figures that helped set me straight. When I first got to Kenya the official count of civilians killed by the Mau Maus listed 30 Europeans and just over 1,000 Africans. And that was just the official count. As a British official said to me," No one knows how many thousands more Africans have just disappeared. Liquidated and buried somewhere."

My first assignment came through quickly. I was sent to the Fort Hall Division of the Kikuyu Reserve, center of Mau Mau violence and a maximum security area. I was attached as second in command of a striking force, a highly armed mobile unit of 30 African men led by a Welshman named Les Morgan.

My practical education was harsh and swift. While in Nairobi I had heard of the terrible oathing ceremonies practiced by the terrorists. When the Mau Mau movement got underway late in 1948, its leaders utilized black magic together with some of the ritual of the Kikuyu religion and began to administer oaths of loyalty to their followers, binding them on pain of death to carry out all orders. By 1954 the oaths had become totally depraved as I was to learn while attending an interrogation session with Ian Pritchard, the local Field Intelligence Officer.

We had gone to Nyakianga Home Guard Post where a Mau Mau was being held for questioning. At Ian's order the prisoner, a filthy, shivering bag of bones, was brought before us. Ian made it clear to the prisoner that he would not be harmed, and the interrogation began.

"What is your name and location?"

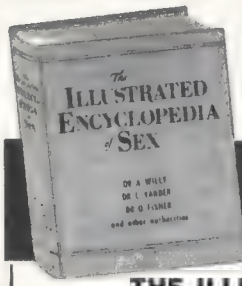
"What gang do you belong to and where is it hiding?"

The questions continued endlessly. Most of the captive's speech was too rapid to understand, but as Ian wrote it down the tale unfolded in all its savagery.

The prisoner's name was Munyau. He had surrendered not because he no longer believed in Mau Mau but because he had hurt his leg and could not do his share of the gang's work, and was gradually starving to death from lack of food. He had first gone into the forest in June, 1953. There he had joined the gang of which Kibwu Muchiri was now "General" (Mau Mau copied their ranks after those of the British Army) and had taken the "Githaka" or "Forest" oath. Ian's notes ran like this:

"I took the Githaka oath with Njugu Kamau and Stephen Gachiri and eight more men," said Munyau. "The oath administrator was Njomo Gakundi. Some of the senior gang members stood close by with *simis* (double-edged fighting knives of the Kikuyu tribe) and *pangas* (single-edged machete-like weapons). They brought out a man and a boy. They were captives from Gacherageini village.

"Njomo forced the prisoners to kneel down. He cut off the boy's head so that it splashed over the man. Then he sawed off the man's head. The head of the man was used and his blood mixed with that of those taking the oath. Then Njomo split open the two heads and scooped out the brains. These were mixed with some



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of the *mugere* tree and passed around to all the oath takers and eaten seven times.

"Each time we ate we were made to swear:

1. If I ever disclose the whereabouts of arms and ammunition, may this oath kill me.

2. Should I be ordered to burn the European crops, I will do so and not turn back.

3. If I am ordered to kill, I will—no matter who it is.

4. In the event of me killing anyone, I will cut off their heads, extract the eyeballs, and drink the liquid from them.

"After we had finished, Njomo cut out the heart of the child and it was pricked seven times with a sharp nail. That was all."

Pritchard's pencil continued to fly as the prisoner talked on. Ritualistic mixtures—such as bananas, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, beans and goat's blood—were involved. The advanced oaths were unspeakable, involving sodomy, bestiality, and other horrible perversions.

In the second oath Munyau was made to swear:

1. "I must kill Europeans or Kikuyu if so ordered, or may this oath kill me.

2. "I must hate my father and mother, or may this oath kill me.

3. "I must kill even my brother if so ordered, or may this oath kill me."

Horrible as these oaths were, there was method in the Mau Mau leaders' madness. They knew that psychologically such frightful depravities would have the effect of numbing the initiate's mind, would make him so like a beast that he would far more easily carry out any act of violence, no matter how ghastly.

Eventually the interrogation came to an end. Ian threw down his pencil in disgust. "And this is the type of creature who has the impudence to get up on his hind legs and demand that Kenya be handed over to him! God! Let's get out of here. I need a drink."

I needed a drink myself. I'd thought I was tough, but the cold facts of this oath made me sick. And I had more to learn.

The Mau Mau were no ordinary criminals. We had to deal with creatures who would slit open a pregnant woman and cram the fetus down the dying mother's throat; who at oathing ceremonies exhumed and ate putrified flesh; who cut infants to pieces and drank their blood. The Mau Mau had turned a peaceful tribal reserve into a nightmare world, and virtually any measures at all were justified if it helped to end the carnage and horror.

Thus I learned that a hardcore terrorist was often executed when captured. At first I had questioned the right of any police officer to kill even a terrorist in cold blood. But in the face of continuing Mau Mau atrocities my sense of values underwent a gradual yet inevitable transformation. Like many other British police officers I figured that when dealing with a fanatical, amoral enemy, you nailed him anyway you could so that innocent lives might be saved.

That was only the beginning. Several days later I got my first look at Mau Mau handiwork. Les Morgan, my partner and commander of our Police Striking Force got an emergency call from some nearby Kikuyu tribesmen. The Mau Mau had raided their village and had attacked a woman and a baby.

The sight that greeted us when we got to the village was enough to convince me right then that the Mau Mau were savages. The woman and baby were both dead. Blood still oozed from their deep wounds, forming dark red puddles in the dust where they lay. The woman's body had been horribly cut. One foot, hanging by a few shreds of skin, still clung stubbornly to a slashed leg. A hand, perhaps thrown up to ward off the blows, had been split down to the wrist. Where there once had been a throat now only a gaping hole appeared.

Near the mother's form lay the body of her child. It looked about a year old. One huge knife blow had sliced the infant in half.

Les grimly surveyed the scene. He turned to the Kikuyu tribesman standing nearby. "OK," Les said in Swahili, "what happened?"

"I was in my hut when I heard Wanjiku scream," he said. "I opened the door and saw three men striking her with *simis*. The child already lay on the ground. I took my *panga* and tried to drive the men away. One of them cut me with his *simi*." The man showed us his left arm. A deep gash, partly covered now by a dirty piece of makeshift bandage, ran down the length of his forearm.

"But I cut one of them, too," the man added proudly. "His leg will not be good to run on now."

We questioned the Kikuyu further and learned the victims belonged to a nearby Loyalist camp. "These Mau Mau are a gutless bunch," said Les. "They'll always go after women and kids rather than armed men."

I turned to the Kikuyu. "How long ago did this happen?"

"Twenty minutes past." The man indicated a path running down the side of the valley. "The Mau Mau ran down there."

"Let's go," said Les. "Anyone who would hack up a child doesn't deserve a chance."

A half hour later we arrived breathless at the bottom of the valley. Here a shallow stream followed a twisting course between heavily wooded embankments. The blood spoor led to the water's edge, but on the opposite side all traces of our quarry had vanished. Minutes passed and no new trail was found. Both Les and I were cursing softly as tempers grew thin with the prospect of losing the Mau Mau trio.

"Bill!"

I turned toward Les' cry and headed through the underbrush at a run. Les was standing on a small path 30 yards upstream from where we had lost the terrorists' trail. He pointed to the ground where several leaves were spotted with fresh blood. "Still wet. We're getting hot now," he said.

With two constables close at our heels, we rapidly climbed the river bank. The ground was more open now. The heavy foliage near the stream had given way to knee high grass. Overhead the sun glared

down. Our clothes clung to us and sweat irritated the many bramble scratches we had received. Still the telltale drops led the way. Suddenly, from a clump of bushes 50 feet in front of us a tattered figure bounded away. He dropped his *simi* and ran in a crouched position, weaving through the tall grass.

"Nail him!" Les yelled. The sub-machine guns began to roar, sending out short bursts of slugs. Our target continued to bob about and then flopped out of sight.

We raced forward, guns held ready. The terrorist lay where we had last seen him disappear. Bullets had shattered his kneecap. He lay on his side, moaning slightly.

I rolled our captive over to examine both legs. "No sign of a panga slash on this baby. That means at least one of his friends is still around."

"Might be in those thorn bushes." Les pointed to the spot from where the Mau Mau had first darted. Leaving the constables with the fallen prisoner, we swiftly crossed to the thorn bushes. Beneath them a small circle of bloodied grass was flattened. It was evident someone bleeding badly had lain here not a minute ago. We pressed on.

Underneath a small tree lay the man we sought. From a large gash in his thigh blood pulsated steadily. Beside him was a blood-encrusted *simi*. I bent down and picked it up.

Les spoke quietly. "Get up, you blinking murderer." The man continued to balefully glare at us, breathing hoarsely, saying nothing.

"Get up!" I roared and brought my boot down on the terrorist's good leg. He howled and slowly dragged himself to his feet. Les searched him for possible documents but found nothing. With the Mau Mau in the lead we made our way to where the constables were guarding the other prisoner. He too was hoisted to his feet. Our captives stood swaying before us, their bearded faces twisted in hate and fear.

"What's your name, monkey?" Les asked harshly.

"Waweru Kamau," the slashed Mau Mau answered bitterly.

"And yours?" Les addressed the second man.

"Daniel Kamuni. Take me to a doctor. I am hurt."

I looked at the man incredulously. "You and your friend have just killed a mother and her child and now you want us to take you to a hospital where they will make you well—"

"And you'll have a chance to escape," added Les. "No, indeed. You get doctored right here."

His gun came up. I raised mine too.

The murderers started to protest but their words were drowned out as the twin blasts cut them down. They crumpled slowly, the hail of bullets hammering them into the ground.

Then silence.

As we headed home, I turned over the day's events in my mind. A woman and her child horribly murdered by Mau Mau; the chase and capture of two of the gang; their execution. I shook my head. The Kikuyu Reserve was a totally different world from the one in which I had been raised. Its standards were not mine and I found that certain concepts fundamental in a modern democracy could not be effectively applied here.

As the weeks passed I went on more patrols and saw more atrocities. When I joined the police, someone had told me that the day would come when I would be a hearty subscriber to the belief that "the only good Mau Mau is a dead Mau Mau." He was right—and it didn't take long.

Nor did it take long to fit into the life of the Kenya Police. Grateful for help, the British policemen were very easy to get along with. And though it was nerve-wracking, I found the life exhilarating.

Quite often we lived in excellent quarters—bungalows with several bedrooms. Other times we lived in tents in the field. When in good quarters we usually had plenty of food—(the natives got just enough for themselves; we had found that surpluses usually made their way into Mau Mau hands)—and when we were in the field we lived on chocolate rations. But no matter where we were or how we lived there was always a certain grimness in the air. Typical of our humor was something like this: a man working very hard would ask for a hand from someone. The man he asked would then give him a severed Mau Mau hand.

During this period in the Mau Mau fight, the Striking Force was forever being shifted about as Mau Mau activity increased and waned in the Reserve. Now a patrol leader myself, I was ordered to man Fort Sligo, one of the small stockades set deep within the Aberdare Forest. The Aberdares was no ordinary forest. Rather it was a high altitude jungle rising to over 12,000 feet, a mass of interlacing valleys and ridges, all cloaked in a tangled wilderness of vegetation that often reduced vision to a few feet.

Every day my patrols went out to search for fresh signs of gang activity. One morning I decided to follow a small trail a mile above Fort Sligo. It was a narrow, seemingly unused path which took me and my men into extremely dense bush. The vines and thorns were so thick that we could see no more than five feet ahead, and at times we were forced to crawl on all fours.

After an hour of wriggling through the bush, we emerged onto a slope covered in deep Kikuyu grass. We hadn't gone 20 paces when we encountered a large path. There in the mud was the clear print of a naked foot!

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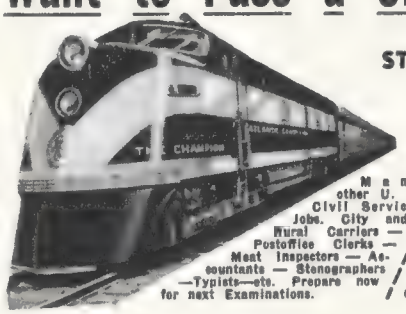
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Corporal Cheptoo examined the print closely. "Somebody passed here today, effendi." My heart began to beat more rapidly. Perhaps our luck had changed at last!

A minute later Cheptoo held up his hand for silence. Above the gentle rustle of wind stirred bracken came the sound of voices. Cautiously we crawled forward. Thirty yards away and slightly below our position loomed a huge eucalyptus tree. Nestled at its base was the thatch and bamboo hut of a terrorist gang. As we crouched watching, a man emerged from an entrance and emptied a pan of water. He looked about casually and then went back inside.

The hut appeared to be perched on the edge of a small gully and no doubt had two exits. I whispered, "Corporal, take two men and get behind the hut. Move in when you hear me fire and cut down anybody escaping your way. You've got five minutes to get in position."

"Ndiyo, effendi!" Cpl. Cheptoo and two constables glided silently away.

The five minutes were up. With my two remaining constables close behind, I flattened out on my stomach and began to slowly worm my way down the mud slick path. If one of the gang came out now, he couldn't help seeing me. I breathed a prayer to the gods and kept moving. Seconds later I came to rest beside the eucalyptus. Beyond it I could hear the murmur of voices. Peering around the tree I could see a small clearing. Five yards from the hut sat a Mau Mau sentry.

Pointing to the sentry, I whispered final instructions to my men. "I'm going into the hut. When I start firing, you shoot the sentry—and don't miss!" Then I rose to my feet and swiftly stepped around the eucalyptus and ducked into the darkened Mau Mau hideout.

In the brief instant I had I made out four figures squatting around a low fire. They turned, startled at the intrusion.

"Greetings!" I said and cut loose with the Sterling. In the confines of the hut the deafening blast nearly drowned out the terrorists' screams as they piled up at the opposite exit in a fierce struggle to escape. I continued to move the flaming gun muzzle back and forth—and still the men kept moving!

Then they burst out of the trap and made for the edge of the gully and the safety of the jungle. Hurdling a body, I emerged from the hut in time to see the sentry had fallen to the bullets of my men. I snapped a burst at another. He lurched and slipped over the edge of the ravine.

Down the path the roar of guns signaled that Corporal Cheptoo was holding up his end. I ran to the edge of the embankment and peered into the bush. Below a tattered figure dodged through the undergrowth.

"Keep one alive!" I yelled to my men and plunged down the steep slope after the fleeing Mau Mau. My quarry was wounded—there was no doubt of that. Even at the speed I was moving I could see splashes of blood on the fern leaves.

The little stream bed was uneven and slippery, and several times I nearly fell on the treacherous ground. Just ahead I caught sight of a flitting brown object as it disappeared around a corner in the rocks. Exultant, I dashed around the bend and went hurtling over a two-foot drop to crash face down in the streambed.

I took the shock of the fall on my left arm and shoulder and rolled onto my back in the bottom of the gully. Then, before I could gather my wits, the figure of the fugitive Mau Mau rose out of the bushes not ten feet away. He was bleeding from the mouth and his left arm hung useless at his side. In his right hand he held a *simi*, and as he lunged toward me I knew he was going to slice me before he died.

Desperately I swung the Sterling to meet his charge, flipping off the safety and clamping down hard on the trigger before the gun was in line. With only one hand to control it, the little machine-gun rose in the air. Bullets sprayed the narrow river bed and then stopped. The clip was empty.

But a few slugs found their target. My would-be killer sagged a yard away, groaning and thrashing about. Shaken, I pulled myself erect. I fitted a fresh clip into place and emptied all 34 rounds into the still moving figure. This was one Mau Mau I would make certain was dead.

Ten minutes later I climbed wearily back to the scene of the raid. Corporal Cheptoo was waiting with a wounded terrorist. The man was in bad shape and suffering, but he was able to give me the names of his comrades. I thanked him for his cooperation and shot him twice through the head. Five more Mau Mau could be written off the wanted lists at Fort Hall.

The months rolled by swiftly and each day saw additional terrorists killed or captured. But they were becoming more wary, more difficult to find. Their main camps lay deep within the Aberdare Forest, and the chances of a Police patrol catching a gang by surprise were very slim. A more efficient system had to be devised to diminish Mau Mau ranks in the jungle.

It was Ian Pritchard, our local Field Intelligence Officer, who came up with a solution to our problem. Ian's job was to amass information on terrorist activity, names of gang members, and their underground contacts in the Reserve. One day he called Les Morgan and me together and unfolded his plan to us.

"Outside of locating the Mau Mau in the forest," he said, "the hardest job is to get close enough to them without them suspecting we're part of the Security Forces. Right?"

Les and I nodded.

"OK. I think I know how we might solve this problem." Quickly Ian outlined his plan with Les or I asking an occasional question.

"I think it will work," said Les at last. I agreed.

"Fine," replied Ian. "Then meet me at Mioro Police Post tonight. We'll sleep there and start out before dawn."

At 3 the next morning the Mioro sentry awakened us and we commenced to put Ians' idea into operation. The beauty of it lay in its simplicity. The Mau Mau could always recognize Security

Force patrols by their uniforms, white skin, and excessive number of weapons. Change these three factors and Ian reckoned one had a pretty good chance of fooling the terrorists.

The problem of clothing was easy. We simply donned tattered, dirty shirts and pants similar to those worn by both Kikuyu loyalist and terrorist. The greatest difficulty was blackening our skins. For this job Ian produced a small metal container. On its side were the letters ZEBO.

"Zebo!" exclaimed Les. "That's what British housewives use to blacken stove grates!"

"Exactly!" replied Ian triumphantly. "I've experimented with it and it works damn well."

We began to apply our new make-up.

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First we thoroughly rubbed face cream into our pores and then spread on the Zebo. It went on easily, and soon our faces, necks, and hands were covered by a thin dark film. In the glare of a burning Coleman lantern we touched up each others' faces, obliterating the last traces of pale skin. Make-up complete, we buckled on grenades and ammunition clips. Next the 9mm. Sterlings were slipped into place. Suspended from a shoulder strap, its collapsible stock folded away, the little sub-machine gun nestled close to the body. When covered by our loose cotton overcoats, the weapons were efficiently hidden. Lastly, Les and I each put on broad brimmed hats to help cover our hair and facial features. Ian wore a special wig he had made from a sheep's bladder and black darning wool. From a short distance it gave the plaited hair effect that many of the Mau Mau wore.

Outside our door we heard a soft "Tiare, bwana."

"Guess the boys are ready," said Ian. During the course of his work Ian had gathered about him half a dozen ex-terrorists—men and women who had either been captured or had surrendered to Security Forces. After careful testing, he had chosen those few whom he felt had sufficiently renounced Mau Mau to now work for him in tracking down their former comrades. Now outside we found Muribasha, Maina, and Stephan, former hardcore killers, and Mwangi, Ian's loyal Kikuyu aide. All were dressed in ragged pants and jackets made from bushbuck hide. Mwangi carried his .303 rifle while the others held *simis*.

"I hope you can trust these characters, Ian," said Les. So did I. If Ian was wrong, the chances were good that we would be dead before nightfall.

We were well into the forest before daylight. Here our Mau Mau aides led the way. As few Europeans speak Kikuyu, it was essential that the ex-terrorists be the first to encounter any forest gangs so that they could speak to them in the local language.

For the next seven hours our pseudo Mau Mau gang wended its way over the torturous terrain of the Aberdare Range. We were stalking the most fascinating and dangerous game in the world—man! Our antagonists could also reason, and we had to out think them or suffer the consequences. In the Aberdares this could only mean death for the loser.

Suddenly, Stephan, who was leading, signaled for the utmost caution. We crept forward and peered through a screen of bushes. Fifty yards away by a small brook was a Mau Mau grass hut.

As we approached the hut three men and a woman emerged. The leader held a home-made rifle on us while his comrades gripped their *simis*.

Muribasha began chatting in Kikuyu with the leader, inviting him to meet a "General" of the Mau Mau (Ian) who was passing through this area. The gang was now only 10 yards away. I eased the safety off my Sterling, ready to cut down the leader if he started shooting.

As the gang leader looked full into Ian's face, he realized something was wrong. But it was too late. At Ian's command his Kikuyu aides each grabbed a terrorist while Les and I covered them with our guns.

We were in high spirits. Our ruse had worked far better than expected. The prisoners were firmly bound and the interrogation began. Swiftly Ian noted down their names and former homes in the Reserve. All had been living in the forest for at least 18 months.

"Where are more Mau Mau?" asked Ian. The captives remained sullenly silent or said there were no more Mau Mau in the area. This was an absurd lie. After traveling the jungle trails for a year and a half, it would have been impossible for them not to know of other hide-outs.

"They're being difficult. Well, that can work two ways," said Ian. "We'll take the bitch first." At his signal the woman—Wainja—was untied and hauled to her feet and led a few yards away to where the ridge plunged steeply into the tangled foliage below.

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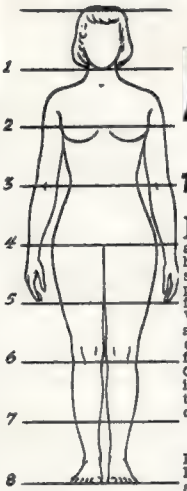

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"Tell us where we can find more Mau Mau and you will not be hurt, Wainja. Keep silent and you will die." Either way Ian was as good as his word. Wainja continued to stand mutely. Suddenly, Mwangi cried out, "She's bad bwana. Shoot her!" With that he pushed Wainja over the embankment and slammed a bullet into the chamber of his .303.

"For God's sake, NO!" yelled Ian and knocked the barrel aside. A shot would warn other terrorists of our presence, and they would either disperse or try to ambush us.

I grabbed the gun from the agitated Mwangi and went hurtling down the slope after our prisoner. My momentum was too great and I struck her a glancing blow that sent us both sprawling. I regained my balance as Wainja lunged for the underbrush. Feet spread wide, I gripped the rifle by the barrel and swung it in a great whistling arc. The butt caught the woman just above the bridge of the nose. There was a solid "crunch," and Wainja sagged limply and lay still.

Minutes later Wainja's corpse was dumped in front of her former companions. Tersely Ian explained his terms to the three Mau Mau. "You have one minute to decide." We stood looking remorselessly at the prisoners. They knew they had only one chance—but would they take it?

The minute was up. Ian faced the gang leader. "Will you help us to find more Mau Mau?" The bearded thug remained silent.

"Muribasba, Maina, Stephan!" Ian pointed to the leader. "Cut his throat."

Swiftly the three ex-terrorists dragged their victim into a prone position. One held his legs; another pulled the bound hands forward and down on the stomach. Bracing the heels of his hand against the gang leader's jaw, Muribasha drew his bush knife across the exposed throat. The leader's face screwed up in a terrible grimace as the blade worked back and forth. Then the throat opened up in a wide red smile. Blood shot forth from the severed arteries, spraying the executioners in a scarlet mist. The dying man strained forward emitting several bubbling rasps, then collapsed.

I looked at Ian and Les. Their faces were frozen masks. I noticed my jaws ached from being ground together. This was grim, horrible work and was not being done because we enjoyed it. The rules of warfare in the Aberdares were harsh. The terrorists had information and we wanted it. Sportsmanship had no place here.

We turned from the dead Mau Mau to the second man. "Will you lead us to another forest camp?" asked Ian.

"I know nothing," the gangster mumbled and fell silent. At Ian's gesture Muribasha and his associates again stepped forward, and the bloody process was repeated.

Muribasha stood up and indicated the remaining terrorist. "And now this one, bwana?" His eyes sought Ian's face questioningly.

The last prisoner stared at the corpses. "Don't cut me," he pleaded. "I will show you where three Mau Mau live."

But for once we were careless. At a curve in the trail the prisoner let a branch snap back, temporarily obstructing Les's vision. At the same instant the Mau Mau dived down the embankment into the undergrowth. The ganster had no more than three seconds grace, but it was enough. We raked the swaying bamboo with machine gun fire to no avail. The dense terrain had swallowed up the fugitive in the flick of an eyelid.

"A bird in the hand. . ." quoted Les. We vowed it wouldn't happen again.

In the succeeding months Ian went on many "Pseudo Gang" patrols, I or one of the other Police officers joining him when our regular duties permitted. His unit was deadly efficient and killed terrorists when they thought themselves most safe.

Near the end of June, 1955 I made my final patrol with the Kenya Police. I had served for over a year and now felt it was time to be moving on. Through the efforts of a friend in Nairobi I managed to wangle free plane passage to England. One pitch black night we took off and headed for Khartoum, the first leg of our journey.

As the ship roared northward I continued to stare out the window. Not far off in the darkness the fight against Mau Mau still went on. Men continued to tramp forest wilderness and Reserve, seeking out those who would destroy the Colony.

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Page 12, INP; Page 13, UP; Page 6, INP;

I wished them luck in their endeavor.

I've been away from the Mau Mau and the Fort Hall Reserve for nearly a year now. Many people have asked me how I, who have been raised in a civilized, democratic country, could do the things I did. Didn't it give my conscience trouble or affect me in any way?

To the first question my answer is that if a mad animal threatens the community, you eliminate it as swiftly as possible for the safety of all concerned. You can't effectively apply a twentieth century code of law and ethics to savages 5,000 years behind in social development. The Mau Mau played very rough, so they had no gripe coming if they were dished up some of their own medicine. Alive, a terrorist was a problem; dead, he wasn't. So he died.

As for my conscience, I can't say my work in Kenya gives me any introspective troubles. Just because man stands upright and has the ability to reason is no argument in my book for giving him special treatment. If he endangers the lives of innocent people, liquidate him. The fact that I was killing colored persons has nothing to do with my attitude. I would cheerfully have done the same to any white man if he had committed crimes similar to those carried out by the Mau Mau.

Killing human beings is pretty much like any other job—you get used to it. And to those who ask how many Mau Mau I killed, I can only answer, "Not enough." ●

TYPEE

Continued from page 15

into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us.

When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a tablespoon might hold. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.

There was no place near us which would in any way answer our purpose; so turning our backs upon Nukuheva, we commenced exploring the unknown regions which lay upon the other side of the mountain. The whole landscape seemed one unbroken solitude, the interior of the island having apparently been untenanted since the morning of the creation; and as we advanced through this wilderness, our voices sounded strangely in our ears, as though human accents had never before disturbed the fearful silence of the place, interrupted only by the low murmurings of distant waterfalls.

We wandered along, casting eager glances into every bush we passed, until just as we had succeeded in mounting one of the many ridges that intersected the ground, I saw in the grass before me something like an indistinctly traced footpath, which appeared to lead along the top of the ridge, and to descend with it into a deep ravine about half a mile in advance of us. The track becoming more and more visible the farther we proceeded, until it conducted us to the verge of the ravine, where it abruptly terminated.

Advancing to the edge of the cliff upon which we had been standing, I proceeded to lower myself down by the tangled roots which clustered about all the crevices of the rock. Toby followed my example, and dropping himself with the activity of a squirrel from point to point, he quickly outstripped me, and effected a landing at the bottom before I had accomplished two-thirds of the descent.

We decided to spend the night in this gorge. Shall I ever forget that horrid night! The rain descended in such torrents that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me; by protecting one part I only exposed another, and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us.

It will not be doubted that the next morning we were early risers, and as soon as I could catch the faintest glimpse of anything like daylight I shook my companion by the arm, and told him it was sunrise. The rain had ceased, but everything around us was dripping with moisture. We stripped off our saturated garments, and wrung them as dry as we could. We contrived to make the blood circulate in our benumbed limbs by rubbing them vigorously with our hands; and after performing our ablutions in the stream, and putting on our still wet clothes, we began to think it advisable to break our long fast, it being now twenty-four hours since we had tasted food, and so we ate our tiny meal.

I now proposed to Toby that instead of rambling about the island, exposing ourselves to discovery at every turn, we should select some place as our fixed abode for as long a period as our food should hold out, build ourselves a comfortable hut, and be as prudent and circumspect as possible. To all this my companion assented, and we at once set about carrying the plan into execution.

With this view, after exploring without success a little glen near us, we crossed several ridges and about noon found ourselves ascending a long and gradually rising slope, but still without having discovered any place adapted to our purpose. Low and heavy clouds betokened an approaching storm, and we hurried on to gain a covert in a clump of thick bushes, which appeared to terminate the long ascent. We threw ourselves under the lee of these bushes, and pulling up the long grass that grew around, covered ourselves completely with it, and awaited the shower.

But it did not come as soon as we had expected, and before many minutes down came the rain with a violence. Although in some measure sheltered, our clothes soon became as wet as ever; this, after all the trouble we had taken to dry them, was provoking enough: but there was no help for it.

After an hour or so the shower passed away. During the hour or two spent under the shelter of these bushes, I began to feel symptoms which I at once attributed to the exposure of the preceding night. Cold shiverings and a burning fever succeeded one another at intervals, while one of my legs was swelled to such a degree, and pained me so acutely, that I half suspected I had been bitten by some venomous reptile, the congenial inhabitant of the chasm from which we had lately emerged.

As the feverish sensation increased upon me I tossed about, still unwilling to disturb my slumbering companion, from whose side I removed two or three yards. I chanced to push aside a branch, and by so doing suddenly disclosed to my view a scene which even now I can recall with all the vividness of the first impression. Had a glimpse of the gardens of Paradise been revealed to me, I could scarcely have been more ravished with the sight.

From the spot where I lay tranfixed with surprise and delight, I looked straight down into the bosom of a valley, which swept away in long wavy undulations to the blue waters in the distance. Midway toward the sea, and peering here and there amidst the foliage, might be seen the palmetto-thatched houses of its inhabitants, glistening in the sun that bleached them to a dazzling whiteness. The vale was more than three leagues in length, and about a mile across at its greatest width.

Over all the landscape there reigned the most hushed repose, which I almost feared to break, lest, like the enchanted gardens in the fairy tale, a single syllable might dissolve the spell. For a long time, forgetful alike of my own situation, and the vicinity of my still slumbering companion, I remained gazing around me, hardly able to comprehend by what means I had thus suddenly been made a spectator of such a scene.

CHAPTER FOUR

Recovering from my astonishment at the beautiful scene before me, I quickly awakened Toby, and informed him of the discovery I had made. Together we now repaired to the border of the precipice, and my companion's admiration was equal to my own. A little reflection, however, abated our surprise at coming so unexpectedly upon this valley, since the large vales of Happar and Typee, lying upon this side of Nukuheva, and extending a considerable distance from the sea toward the interior, must necessarily terminate somewhere about this point.

The question now was as to which of those two places we were looking down upon. The point was one of vital importance, as the natives of Happar were not only at peace with Nukuheva, but cultivated with its inhabitants the most friendly relations. On the other hand, the very name of Typee struck a panic into my heart which I did not attempt to disguise. The thought of voluntarily throwing ourselves into the hands of these cruel savages, seemed to me an act of mere madness; and almost equally so the idea of venturing into the valley, uncertain by which of these two tribes it was inhabited. I was for staying out of that vale until starvation forced us to it.

My companion, however, was incapable of resisting the tempting prospect, which the place held out, of an abundant supply of food and other means of enjoyment.

"What's to be done?" inquired I, rather dolefully.

"Descend into that same valley," said Toby, with a rapidity

and loudness of utterance that almost led me to suspect he had been slyly devouring the broadside of an ox in some of the adjoining thickets. "What else," he continued, "remains for us to do but that, to be sure? Why, we shall both starve, to a certainty, if we remain here. Let us proceed at once; come, throw away all those stupid ideas about the Typees, and hurrah for the lovely valley of the Happars!"

"You will have it to be Happar, I see, my dear fellow; pray Heaven, you may not find yourself deceived," observed I, with a shake of my head.

"Amen to all that, and much more," shouted Toby, rushing forward; "but Happar it is, for nothing else than Happar can it be. So glorious a valley—such forests of bread-fruit trees—such groves of coconut—such wilderness of guava-bushes! Ah, shipmate! don't linger behind: in the name of all delightful fruits, I am dying to be at them.

CHAPTER FIVE

The fearless confidence of Toby was contagious, and I began to adopt the Happar side of the question. I could not, however, overcome a certain feeling of trepidation, as we made our way along these gloomy solitudes. Our progress, at first comparatively easy, became more and more difficult. The bed of the watercourse was covered with fragments of broken rocks, which had fallen from above, offering so many obstructions to the course of the rapid stream, which vexed and fretted about them, —forming at intervals small waterfalls, pouring over into deep basins, or splashing wildly upon heaps of stones. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing.

I will not recount every hairbreadth escape, and every fearful difficulty that occurred before we succeeded in reaching the bosom of the valley. As I have already described similar scenes, it will be sufficient to say that at length, after great toil and great dangers, we both stood with no limbs broken, at the head of that magnificent vale which five days before had so suddenly burst upon my sight, and almost beneath the shadow of those very cliffs from whose summits we had gazed upon the prospect.

The part of the valley in which we found ourselves appeared to be altogether uninhabited. An almost impenetrable thicket extended from side to side, without presenting a single plant affording the nourishment we had confidently calculated upon; and with this object, we followed the course of the stream, casting quick glances as we proceeded into the thick jungles on either hand.

At last my companion paused, and directed my attention to a narrow opening in the foliage. We struck into it, and it soon brought us by an indistinctly traced path to a comparatively clear space, at the farther end of which we described a number of the trees, the native name of which is "annuee," and which bear a most delicious fruit.

What a race! I hobbling over the ground like some decrepit wretch, and Toby leaping forward like a greyhound. He quickly cleared one of the trees on which there were two or three of the fruit, but to our chagrin they proved to be much decayed; the rinds partly opened by the birds, and their hearts half devoured. However, we quickly despatched them, and no ambrosia could have been more delicious.

We looked about us uncertain whither to direct our steps, since the path we had so far followed appeared to be lost in the open space around us. At last we resolved to enter a grove near at hand, and had advanced a few rods, when, just upon its skirts, I picked up a slender bread-fruit shoot perfectly green, and with the tender bark freshly stripped from it. It was slippery with moisture, and appeared as if it had been but that moment thrown aside. I said nothing, but merely held it up to Toby, who started at this undeniable evidence of the vicinity of the savages.

The plot was now thickening. A short distance farther lay a little faggot of the same shoots bound together with a strip of bark. Could it have been thrown down by some solitary native, who, alarmed at seeing us, had hurried forward to carry the tidings of our approach to his countrymen?—Typee or Happar? But it was too late to recede, so we moved on slowly, my companion in advance casting eager glances under the trees on either side, until all at once I saw him recoil as if stung by an adder. Sinking on his knee, he held aside some intervening leaves, and gazed intently at some object.

I quickly approached him and caught a glimpse of two figures partly hidden by the dense foilage; they were standing close together, and were perfectly motionless. They must have previously perceived us, and withdrawn into the depths of the wood to elude our observation.

My mind was at once made up. Dropping my staff, and tearing open the package of things we had brought from the ship, I unrolled the cotton cloth, and holding it in one hand, plucked with the other a twig from the bushes beside me, and telling Toby to follow my example, I broke through the covert and advanced, waving the branch in token of peace toward the shrinking forms before me.

They were a boy and a girl, slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended at opposite points two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit tree. They stood together, their heads inclined forward, catching the faint noise we made in our progress, and with one foot in advance, as if half inclined to fly from our presence.

As we drew near, their alarm evidently increased. Apprehensive that they might fly from us altogether, I stopped short and motioned them to advance and receive the gift I extended toward them, but they would not; I then uttered a few words of their language with which I was acquainted, scarcely expecting that they would understand me, but to show that we had not dropped from the clouds upon them. This appeared to give them a little confidence, so I approached nearer, presenting the cloth with one hand, and holding the bough with the other, while they slowly retreated. At last they suffered us to approach so near to them that we were enabled to throw the cotton cloth across their shoulders, giving them to understand that it was theirs, and by a variety of gestures endeavoring to make them understand that we entertained the highest possible regard for them.

At this juncture it began to rain violently, and we motioned them to lead us to some place of shelter. With this request they appeared willing to comply, but nothing could evince more strongly the apprehension with which they regarded us, than the way in which, whilst walking before us, they kept their eyes constantly turned back to watch every movement we made, and even our very looks.

"Typee or Happar, Toby?" asked I, as we walked after them.

"Of course, Happar," he replied, with a show of confidence which was intended to disguise his doubts.

They hurried on, and we followed them; until suddenly they set up a strange halloo, which was answered from beyond the grove through which we were passing, and the next moment we entered upon some open ground, at the extremity of which we descried a long, low hut, and in front of it were several young girls. As soon as they perceived us they fled with wild screams into the adjoining thickets, like so many startled fawns. A few moments after the whole valley resounded with savage outcries, and the natives came running toward us from every direction.

At last we reached a large and handsome building of bamboos, and were by signs told to enter it, the natives opening a lane for us through which to pass; on entering, without ceremony we threw our exhausted frames upon the mats that covered the floor. In a moment the slight tenement was completely full of people, whilst those who were unable to gain admittance gazed at us through its open cane-work.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were, of course, the one only theme: whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable questions which every one put to them.

Close to where we lay, squatting upon their haunches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs—for such they subsequently proved to be—who, more reserved than the rest, regarded us with a fixed and stern attention, which not a little discomposed our equanimity. One of them in particular, who appeared to be the highest in rank, placed himself directly facing me, looking at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I absolutely quailed. Never before had I been subjected to so

strange and steady a glance; it revealed nothing of the mind of the savage, but it appeared to be reading my own.

With a view of diverting it if possible, and conciliating the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock, and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, and without speaking, motioned me to return it to its place.

Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? Typee or Happar? I asked within myself. I started, for at the same moment this identical question was asked by the strange being before me. I turned to Toby; the flickering light of a native taper showed me his countenance pale with trepidation at this fatal question. I paused for a second, and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered, "Typee."

What a transition! The dark figures around us leaped to their feet, clapped their hands in transport, and shouted again and again the talismanic syllables, the utterance of which appeared to have settled everything.

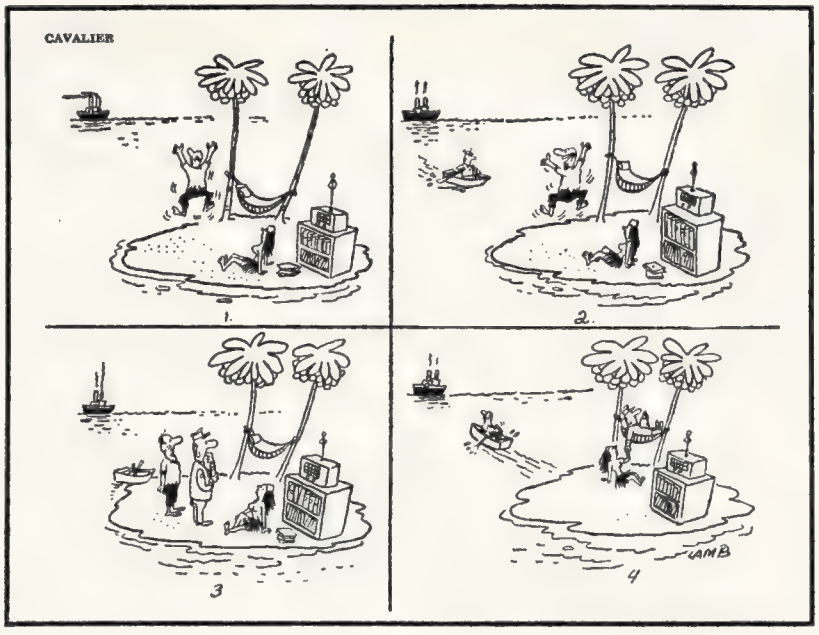
When this commotion had a little subsided, the principal chief squatted once more before me, and throwing himself into a sudden rage, poured forth a string of philippics, which I was at no loss to understand, from the frequent recurrence of the word Happar, as being directed against the natives of the adjoining valley. In all these denunciations my companion and I acquiesced, while we extolled the character of the warlike Typees. To be sure our panegyrics were somewhat laconic, consisting in the repitition of that name, united with the potent adjective, "Mortarkee." But this was sufficient, and served to conciliate the good will of the natives, with whom our congeniality of sentiment on this point did more toward inspiring a friendly feeling than anything else that could have happened.

At last the wrath of the chief evaporated, and in a few moments he was as placid as ever. Laying his hand upon his breast, he gave me to understand that his name was "Mehevi," and that, in return, he wished me to communicate my appellation. I hesitated for an instant, thinking that it might be difficult for him to pronounce my real name, and then, with the most praiseworthy intentions, intimated that I was known as "Tom." But I could not have made a worse selection; the chief could not master it: "Tommo," "Tomma," "Tommee," everything but plain "Tom." As he persisted in garnishing the word with an additional syllable, I compromised the matter with him at the word "Tommo"; and by that name I went during the entire period of my stay in the valley. The same proceeding was gone through with Toby, whose mellifluous appellation was more easily caught.

All this occupied about an hour, when the throng having a little diminished, I turned to Mehevi, and gave him to understand that we were in need of food and sleep. Immediately the attentive chief addressed a few words to one of the crowd, who disappeared, and returned in a few moments with three young coconuts stripped of their husks, and with their shells partly broken. We both of us forthwith placed one of those natural goblets to our lips, and drained it in a moment of the refreshing draught it contained.

The intercourse occurring with Europeans being so restricted, no wonder that the inhabitants of the valley manifested so much curiosity with regard to us, appearing as we did among them under such singular circumstances. I have no doubt that we were the first white men who ever penetrated thus far back into their territories, or at least the first who had ever descended from the head of the vale. What had brought us thither must have appeared a complete mystery to them, and from our ignorance of the language it was impossible for us to enlighten them.

During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest, when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned from a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the Line. They felt our skin, much in the same way that a silk mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ.



Their singular behaviour almost led me to imagine that they never before had beheld a white man; but a few moments' reflection convinced me that this could not have been the case; and a more satisfactory reason for their conduct has since suggested itself to my mind.

Deterred by the frightful stories related of its inhabitants, ships never enter this bay, while their hostile relations with the tribes in the adjoining valleys prevent the Typees from visiting that section of the island where vessels occasionally lie.

They plied us with a thousand questions, of which we could understand nothing more than that they had reference to the recent movements of the French who had recently occupied the island and against whom they seemed to cherish the most fierce hatred.

After awhile the group around us gradually dispersed, and we were left about midnight (as we conjectured) with those who appeared to be permanent residents of the house. These individuals now provided us with fresh mats to lie upon, covered us with several folds of tappa, and then extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down beside us, and after a little desultory conversation were soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER SIX

In the silent hours that followed, Toby, wearied with the fatigues of the day, slumbered heavily by my side; but the pain under which I was suffering effectually prevented my sleeping, and I remained distressingly alive to all the fearful circumstances of our present situation. Was it possible that, after all our vicissitudes, we were really in the terrible valley of Typee, and at the mercy of its inmates, a fierce and unrelenting tribe of savages? From the excitement of these fearful thoughts, I sank, toward morning, into an uneasy slumber; and on awaking, with a start, in the midst of an appalling dream, looked up into the eager countenances of a number of the natives, who were bending over me.

It was broad day; and the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to

the adorable sex.

As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honoured us, and so uproarious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity.

These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane; fanning aside the insects that occasionaly lighted on our brows; presenting us with food; and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum.

Having diverted themselves to their hearts' content, our young visitants now withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking toward the house until near noon; by which time I have no doubt that the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances.

At last, when their numbers began to diminish, a superb-looking warrior stooped the towering plumes of his headdress beneath the low portal, and entered the house. I saw at once that he was some distinguished personage, the natives regarding him with the utmost deference, and making room for him as he approached. His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropical bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plummage of the cock, were disposed in an immense upright semicircle upon his head, their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads which spanned the forehead. Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boar's tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest. Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely shaped sperm-whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garnished in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, resembled not a little a pair of cornucopias.

The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark-coloured tappa, hanging before and behind in clusters of braided tassels, while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume.

But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of this splendid islander, was the elaborate tattooing displayed on every noble limb. The most simple and remarkable of all these ornaments was that which decorated the countenance of the chief. Two broad stripes of tattooing, diverging from the center of his shaven crown, obliquely crossed both eyes—staining the lids—to a little below either ear, where they united with another stripe, which swept in a straight line along the lips, and formed the base of the triangle. The warrior, from the excellence of his physical proportions, might certainly have been regarded as one of nature's noblemen, and the lines drawn upon his face may possibly have denoted his exalted rank.

As soon as his full face was turned upon me, I immediately, in spite of the alteration in his appearance, recognized the noble Mehevi. On addressing him, he advanced at once in the most cordial manner, and greeting me warmly, seemed to enjoy not a little the effect his barbaric costume had produced upon me.

I forthwith determined to secure, if possible, the good will of this individual. In the endeavor I was not repulsed; for nothing could surpass the friendliness he manifested toward both my companion and myself. The almost insuperable difficulty in communicating to one another our ideas, affected the chief with no little mortification. He evinced a great desire to be enlightened with regard to the customs and peculiarities of the far-off country we had left behind us, and to which, under the name of Maneeka, he frequently alluded.

But that which more than any other subject engaged his attention, with the late proceedings of the "Franee," as he called the French, in the neighbouring bay of Nukuheva. This seemed a never-ending theme with him, and one concerning which he was never weary of interrogating us. All the information we succeeded in imparting to him on this subject was little more than that we had seen six men-of-war lying in the hostile bay at the time we had left it. When he received this intelligence, Mehevi, by the aid of his fingers, went through a long numercial calculation, as if estimating the number of Frenchmen the squadron might contain.

It was just after employing his faculties in this way that he happened to notice the swelling in my limb. He immediately examined it with the utmost attention, and after doing so, dispatched a boy, who happened to be standing by, with some message.

After the lapse of a few moments the stripling re-entered the house with an aged islander, who might have been taken for old Hippocrates himself. His head was as bald as the polished surface of a coconut shell, while a long silvery beard swept almost to his girdle of bark. His tottering steps were supported by a long slim staff, resembling the wand with which a theatrical magician appears on the stage, and in one hand he carried a freshly-plaited fan of the green leaflets of the coconut tree.

Mehevi, saluting this old gentleman, motioned him to a seat between us, and then uncovering my limb, desired him to examine it. The leech gazed intently from me to Toby, and then proceeded to business. After diligently observing the ailing member, he commenced manipulating it; and on the supposition probably that the complaint had deprived the leg of all sensation, began to pinch and hammer it in such a manner that I absolutely roared with the pain. But it was not so easy a matter to get out of the clutches of the old wizard; he fastened on the unfortunate limb as if it were something for which he had been long seeking, and muttering some kind of incantation continued his discipline, pounding it after a fashion that set me well-nigh crazy; while Mehevi, upon the same principle which prompts an affectionate mother to hold a struggling child in a dentist's chair, restrained me in his powerful grasp, and actually encouraged the wretch in this infliction of torture.

Almost frantic with rage and pain, I yelled like a bedlamite; while Toby vainly endeavoured to expostulate with the natives by signs and gestures. Whether my tormentor yielded to Toby's entreaties, or paused from sheer exhaustion, I do not know; but all at once he ceased his operations, and at the same time the chief relinquishing his hold upon me, I fell back, faint and breathless with the agony I had endured.

My unfortunate limb was now left much in the same condition as a rump steak after undergoing the castigating process which precedes cooking. My physician, having recovered from the fatigues of his exertions, now took some herbs out of a little wallet that was suspended from his waist, and moistening them in water, applied them to the inflamed part. My limb was now swathed in leafy bandages, and grateful to Providence for the cessation of hostilities, I was suffered to rest.

Mehevi shortly after rose to depart; but before he went he spoke authoritatively to one of the natives, whom he addressed as Kory-Kory; and from the little I could understand of what took place, pointed him out to me as a man whose peculiar business henceforth would be to attend upon my person. I am not certain that I comprehended as much as this at the time, but the subsequent conduct of my trusty body-servant fully assured me that such must have been the case.

Mehevi having now departed, and the family physician having likewise made his exit, we were left about sunset with the ten or twelve natives, who by this time I had ascertained composed the household of which Toby and I were members. As the dwelling to which we had been first introduced was the place of my permanent abode while I remained in the valley I may as well here enter into a little description of it and its inhabitants.

Near one side of the valley, and about midway up the ascent of a rather abrupt rise of ground waving with the richest verdure, a number of large stones were laid in successive courses, to the height of nearly eight feet, and disposed in such a manner that their level surface corresponded in shape with the habitation which was perched upon it. A narrow space, however, was reserved in front of the dwelling, upon the summit of this pile of stones (called by the natives a "pi-pi"), which, being enclosed by a little picket of canes, gave it somewhat the appearance of a veranda. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted uprightly, and secured together at intervals by transverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark.

In length this picturesque building was perhaps twelve yards, while in breadth it could not have exceeded as many feet. So much for the exterior; which, with its wire-like reed-twisted sides, not a little reminded me of an immense aviary.

Stooping a little, you passed through a narrow aperture in its front; and facing you, on entering, lay two long, perfectly straight, and well-polished trunks of the coconut tree, extending the full length of the dwelling; one of them placed closely against the rear, and the other lying parallel with it some two yards distant, the interval between them being spread with a multitude of gaily-worked mats, nearly all of a different pattern. This space formed the common couch and lounging-place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here would they slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. The remainder of the floor presented only the cool shining surfaces of the large stones of which the "pi-pi" was composed.

From the ridge-pole of the house hung suspended a number of large packages enveloped in coarse tappa; some of which contained festival dresses, and various other matters of the wardrobe, held in high estimation. These were easily accessible by means of a line, which, passing over the ridge-pole, had one end attached to a bundle, while with the other, which led to the side of the dwelling and was there secured, the package could be lowered or elevated at pleasure.

Thus much for the house, and its appurtenances; and it will be readily acknowledged that a more commodious and appropriate dwelling for the climate and the people could not possibly be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, scrupulously clean, and elevated above the dampness and impurities of the ground.

But now to sketch the inmates; and here I claim for my tried servitor and faithful valet Kory-Kory the precedence of a first description. Though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, he was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust and well made, and of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. With the view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, he had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal stripes of tattooing. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His entire body, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history.

The father of my attached follower was a native of gigantic frame, and had once possessed prodigious physical powers; but the lofty form was now yielding to the inroads of time, though the hand of disease seemed never to have been laid upon the aged warrior. Marheyo—for such was his name—appeared to have retired from all active participation in the affairs of the valley, seldom or never accompanying the natives in their various expeditions; and employing the greater part of his time in throwing up a little shed just outside the house, upon which he was engaged to my certain knowledge for four months, without appearing to make any sensible advance. I suppose the old gentleman was in his dotage, for he manifested in various ways the characteristics which mark this particular stage of life.

But despite his eccentricities, Marheyo was a most paternal and warm-hearted old fellow, and in this particular not a little resembled his son Kory-Kory. The mother of the latter was the mistress of the family, and a notable housewife, and a most industrious old lady she was. She was a genuine busybody; bustling about the house like a country landlady at an unexpected arrival; forever giving the young girls tasks to perform, which the little hussies as often neglected.

To tell the truth, Kory-Kory's mother was the only industrious person in all the valley of Typee; and she could not have employed herself more actively had she been left an exceedingly muscular and destitute widow, with an inordinate supply of young children, in the bleakest part of the civilized world. There was not the slightest necessity for the greater portion of the labour performed by the old lady: but she seemed to work from some irresistible impulse, as if there were some indefatigable engine concealed within her body which kept her in perpetual motion.

Besides the individuals I have mentioned, there belonged to the household three young men, dissipated, good-for-nothing, roistering blades of savages, who were either employed in prosecuting love affairs with the maidens of the tribe, or grew boozy on "arva" and tobacco in the company of congenial spirits, the scapegraces of the valley.

Among the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who instead of thrumming pianos and reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these employments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa; but for the greater portion of the time were skipping from house to house, gadding and gossiping with their acquaintances.

From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph Fayaway, who was my particular favourite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the "arta," a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, embedded in the red and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom.

Were I asked if the beauteous form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. But the practitioners of this barbarous art, so remorseless in their inflictions upon the brawny limbs of the warriors of the tribe, seem to be conscious that it needs not the resources of their profession to augment the charms of the maidens of the vale.

The females are very little embellished in this way, and Fayaway, and all the other young girls of her age, were even less so than those of their sex more advanced in years. All the tattooing that the nymph in question exhibited upon her person may be easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pinheads, decorated either lip, and at a little distance were not at all discernible. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines half an inch apart, and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures. These narrow bands of tattooing, thus placed, always reminded me of those stripes of gold lace worn by officers in undress, and which are in lieu of epaulettes to denote their rank.

Thus much was Fayaway tattooed. The audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting the heart to proceed.

But I have neglected to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley.

Fayaway—I must avow the fact—for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage; and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. On ordinary occasions she was habited precisely as I have described the two youthful savages whom we had met on first entering the valley. At other times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintances, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about the person. Flowers were her jewelry, as it was for all the maidens of the islands.

Though in my eyes, at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given

of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley. Judge then what beautiful creatures they must have been.

CHAPTER SEVEN

When Mehevi had departed from the house, Kory-Kory commenced the functions of the post assigned him. He brought us various kinds of food; and, as if I were an infant, insisted upon feeding me with his own hands. To this procedure I, of course, most earnestly objected, but in vain. As for Toby, he was allowed to help himself after his own fashion.

The repast over, my attendant arranged the mats for repose, and, bidding me lie down, covered me with a large robe of tappa, at the same time exclaiming, "Ki-Ki, muee muee, ah! moee moee mortarkee," (eat plenty, ah! sleep very good.) The philosophy of this sentiment I did not pretend to question; for deprived of sleep for several preceding nights, and the pain in my limb having much abated, I now felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me.

The next morning, on waking, I found Kory-Kory stretched out on one side of me, while my companion lay upon the other. I felt sensibly refreshed after a night of sound repose, and immediately agreed to the proposition of my valet that I should repair to the water and wash, although dreading the suffering that the exertion might produce. From this apprehension, however, I was quickly relieved; for Kory-Kory, with loud vociferations, and a superabundance of gestures gave me to understand that I was to mount upon his back, and be thus transported to the stream, which flowed perhaps two hundred yards from the house.

Our appearance upon the veranda in front of the habitation drew together quite a crowd, who stood looking on, and conversing with one another in the most animated manner. As soon as I clasped my arms about the neck of the devoted fellow, and he jogged off with me, the crowd—composed chiefly of young girls and boys—followed after, shouting and capering with infinite glee, and accompanied us to the banks of the stream.

On gaining it, Kory-Kory, wading up to his hips in the water, carried me half-way across and deposited me on a smooth black stone, which rose a few inches above the surface. I felt somewhat embarrassed by the presence of the female portion of the company, but, nevertheless, removed my frock, and washed myself down to my waist in the stream. As soon as Kory-Kory comprehended from my motions that this was to be the extent of my performance, he appeared perfectly aghast with astonishment, and rushing toward me, poured out a torrent of words in eager deprecation of so limited an operation, enjoining me by unmistakable signs to immerse my whole body. To this I was forced to consent; and the honest fellow regarding me as a froward, inexperienced child, whom it was his duty to serve at the risk of offending, lifted me from the rock, and tenderly bathed my limbs.

We spent the rest of the day feasting, inspecting the Typee religious shrines and that evening we smoked the soporific Typean pipe, sleeping in one of their temples. The next morning, after being again abundantly feasted by the hospitable Mehevi, Toby and myself arose to depart. But the chief requested us to postpone our intention. "Abo, abo" (Wait, wait), he said, and accordingly we resumed our seats, while, assisted by the zealous Kory-Kory, he appeared to be engaged in giving directions to a number of the natives outside, who were busily employed in making arrangements, the nature of which we could not comprehend. But we were not left long in our ignorance, for a few moments only had elapsed, when the chief beckoned us to approach, and we perceived that he had been marshalling a kind of guard of honour to escort us on our return to the house of Marheyo.

As we proceeded on our way, bands of young girls, darting from the surrounding groves, hung upon our skirts, and accompanied us with shouts of merriment and delight. On approaching old Marheyo's domicile, its inmates rushed out to receive us; and the superannuated warrior did the honours of his mansion with all the warmth of hospitality evinced by an English squire, when he regales his friends at some fine old patrimonial mansion.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Amidst these novel scenes a week passed away almost imperceptibly. The natives, actuated by some mysterious impulse, day after day redoubled their attention to us. Surely, thought I, they would not act thus if they meant us any harm.

We were fairly puzzled. But, despite the apprehensions I could not dispel, the horrible character imputed to these Typees appeared to be wholly undeserved.

"Why, they are cannibals!" said Toby, on one occasion when I eulogized the tribe.

"Granted," I replied, "but a more humane, gentlemanly, and amiable set of epicures do not probably exist in the Pacific."

But, notwithstanding the kind treatment we received, I was too familiar with the fickle disposition of savages not to feel anxious to withdraw from the valley, and put myself beyond the reach of that fearful death which, under all these smiling appearances, might yet menace us. But here there was an obstacle in the way of doing so. It was idle for me to think of moving from the place until I should have recovered from the severe lameness that afflicted me; indeed my malady began seriously to alarm me; for, despite the herbal remedies of the natives, it continued to grow worse and worse. Their mild applications, though they soothed the pain, did not remove the disorder, and I felt convinced that, without better aid, I might anticipate long and acute suffering.

But how was this aid to be procured? From the surgeons of the French fleet, which probably still lay in the bay of Nukuheva, it might easily have been obtained, could I have made my case known to them. But how could that be effected?

At last, in the exigency to which I was reduced, I proposed to Toby that he should endeavour to go round to Nukuheva, and if he could not succeed in returning to the valley by water in one of the boats of the squadron, and taking me off, he might at least procure me some proper medicines, and effect his return overland.

My companion listened to me in silence, and at first did not appear to relish the idea. As he could not think of leaving me in my helpless condition, he implored me to be of good cheer; assured me that I should soon be better, and enabled in a few days to return with him to Nukuheva. At last I overcame his scruples, and he agreed to make the attempt.

As soon as we succeeded in making the natives understand our intention, they broke out into the most vehement opposition to the measure. At the bare thought of one of us leaving them, they manifested the most lively concern. The grief and consternation of Kory-Kory, in particular, was unbounded; he threw himself into a perfect paroxysm of gestures, which were intended to convey to us, not only his abhorrence of Nukuheva and its uncivilized inhabitants, but also his astonishment that, after becoming acquainted with the enlightened Typees, we should evince the least desire to withdraw, even for a time, from their agreeable society.

However, I overbore his objections by appealing to my lameness; from which I assured the natives I should speedily recover, if Toby were permitted to obtain the supplies I needed.

It was agreed that on the following morning my companion should depart, accompanied by some one or two of the household, who should point out to him an easy route, by which the bay might be reached before sunset.

At early dawn of the next day, our habitation was astir. The preparations being completed, with no little emotion I bade my companion adieu. He promised to return in three days at farthest; and, bidding me keep up my spirits in the interval, turned around the corner of the pi-pi, and, under the guidance of the venerable Marheyo, was soon out of sight. His departure oppressed me with melancholy, and, re-entering the dwelling, I threw myself almost in despair upon the matting of the floor.

In two hours' time the old warrior returned, and gave me to understand, that after accompanying my companion a little distance, and showing him the route, he had left him journeying on his way.

It was about noon of this same day, a season which these people are wont to pass in sleep, that I lay in the house, surrounded by its slumbering inmates, and painfully affected by the strange silence which prevailed. All at once I thought I heard a faint shout, as if proceeding from some persons in the depth

"Don't feel so bad. Your first mink is always the toughest!"

of the grove which extended in front of our habitation.

The sounds grew louder and nearer, and gradually the whole valley rang with wild outcries. The sleepers around me started to their feet in alarm, and hurried outside to discover the cause of the commotion. Kory-Kory, who had been the first to spring up, soon returned almost breathless, and nearly frantic with the excitement under which he seemed to be labouring. All that I could understand from him was, that some accident had happened to Toby. Apprehensive of some dreadful calamity, I rushed out of the house, and caught sight of a tumultuous crowd, who, with shrieks and lamentations, were just emerging from the grove, bearing in their arms some object, the sight of which produced all this transport of sorrow. As they drew near, the men redoubled their cries, while the girls, tossing their bare arms in the air, exclaimed plaintively, "Awha! awha! Toby muckee moee!"—Alas! alas! Toby is killed!

In a moment the crowd opened, and disclosed the apparently lifeless body of my companion borne between two men, the head hanging heavily against the breast of the foremost. The whole face, neck, and bosom were covered with blood, which still trickled slowly from a wound behind the temple. In the midst of the greatest uproar and confusion, the body was carried into the house and laid on a mat. Waving the natives off to give room and air, I bent eagerly over Toby, and, laying my hand upon the breast, ascertained that the heart still beat. Overjoyed at this, I seized a calabash of water, and dashed its contents upon his face, then, wiping away the blood, anxiously examined the wound. It was about three inches long, and, on removing the clotted hair from about it, showed the skull laid completely bare. Immediately with my knife I cut away the heavy locks, and bathed the part repeatedly in water.

In a few moments Toby revived, and opening his eyes for a second, closed them again, without speaking. Kory-Kory, who had been kneeling beside me, now chafed his limbs gently with the palms of his hands, while a young girl at his head kept fanning him, and I still continued to moisten his lips and brow. Soon my poor comrade showed signs of animation, and I succeeded in making him swallow from a coconut shell a few mouthfuls of water.

I thought it best to leave Toby undisturbed until he should have had time to rally his faculties. In the course of two or three hours he sat up, and was sufficiently recovered to tell me what had occurred.

"After leaving the house with Marheyo," said Toby, "we struck across the valley, and ascended the opposite heights. Just beyond them, my guide informed me, lay the valley of Happar, while along their summits was my route to Nukuheva. After mounting a little way up the elevation my guide paused, and by various signs intimated that he was afraid to approach any nearer the territories of the enemies of his tribe. He, however, pointed out my path, which now lay clearly before me, and, bidding me farewell, hastily descended the mountain.

"Quite elated at being so near the Happars, I pushed up the acclivity, and soon gained its summit. Suddenly I saw three of the islanders, who must have just come out of Happar valley, standing in the path ahead of me. They were each armed with a heavy spear, and one, from his appearance, I took to be a chief. They sung out something, I could not understand what, and beckoned me to come on.

"Without the least hesitation I advanced toward them, and had approached within about a yard of the foremost, when, pointing angrily into the Typee valley, and uttering some savage exclamation, he wheeled round his weapon like lighting, and struck me in a moment to the ground. As soon as I came to myself, I perceived the three islanders standing a little distance off, and apparently engaged in some violent altercation respecting me.

"My first impulse was to run for it; but, in endeavouring to rise, I fell back, and rolled down a little grassy precipice. The shock seemed to rally my faculties; so, starting to my feet, I fled down the path I had just ascended. I had no need to look behind me, for, from the yells I heard, I knew that my enemies were in full pursuit. In a short time I had descended nearly a third of the distance, when suddenly a terrific howl burst upon my ear, and at the same moment a heavy javelin darted past me as I fled, and stuck quivering in a tree close to me. Another yell followed, and a second spear and a third shot through the air within a few feet of my body, both of them piercing the ground obliquely in advance of me. The fellows gave a roar of rage and disappointment; but they were afraid, I suppose, of coming down farther into the Typee valley, and so abandoned the chase. I saw them recover their weapons and turn back; and I continued my descent as fast as I could.

"As long as I was in danger I scarcely felt the wound I had received; but when the chase was over I began to suffer from it. I had lost my hat in the flight, and the sun scorched my bare head. I staggered on as well as I could, and at last gained the level of the valley, and then down I sunk; and I knew nothing more until I found myself lying upon these mats, and you stooping over me with the calabash of water."

Such was Toby's account. I afterwards learned that fortunately he had fallen close to a spot where the natives go for fuel. A party of them caught sight of him as he fell, and, sounding the alarm, had lifted him up; and after ineffectually endeavouring to restore him at the brook, had hurried forward with him to the house.

This incident threw a dark cloud over our prospects. It reminded us that we were hemmed in by hostile tribes, whose territories we could not hope to pass, on our route to Nukuheva.

without encountering the effects of their savage resentment. There appeared to be no avenue opened to our escape but the sea, which washed the lower extremity of the vale.

CHAPTER NINE

In the course of a few days Toby had recovered from the effects of his adventure with the Happar warriors. Less fortunate than my companion, however, I still continued to languish under a complaint, the origin and nature of which was still a mystery. I now gave up all hopes of recovery, and became a prey to the most gloomy thoughts. A deep dejection fell upon me, which neither the friendly remonstrances of my companion, the devoted attentions of Kory-Kory, nor all the soothing influences of Fayaway, could remove.

One morning, as I lay on the mats in the house plunged in melancholy reverie, Toby, who had left me about an hour, returned in haste, and with great glee told me to cheer up and be of good heart, for he believed, from what was going on among the natives, that there were boats approaching the bay.

These tidings operated upon me like magic. The hour of our deliverance was at hand, and, starting up, I was soon convinced that something unusual was about to occur. The word "botee! botee!" was vociferated in all directions; and shouts were heard in the distance, at first feebly and faintly, but growing louder and nearer at each successive repetition, until they were caught up by a fellow in a coconut tree a few yards off, who, sounding them in turn, they were reiterated from a neighbouring grove, and so died away gradually from point to point, as the intelligence penetrated into the farthest recesses of the valley. This was the vocal telegraph of the islanders; by means of which, condensed items of information could be carried in a very few minutes from the sea to their remotest habitation, a distance of at least eight or nine miles.

The greatest commotion now appeared to prevail. Never before had we seen the islanders in such a state of bustle and excitement; and the scene furnished abundant evidence of the fact—that it was only at long intervals any such events occur.

When I thought of the length of time that might intervene before a similar chance of escape would be presented, I bitterly lamented that I had not the power of availing myself effectually of the present opportunity.

Sick and lame as I was, I would have started with Toby at once, had not Kory-Kory not only refused to carry me, but manifested the most invincible repugnance to our leaving the neighbourhood of the house. The rest of the savages were equally opposed to our wishes, and seemed grieved and astonished at the earnestness of my solicitations.

Toby, who had made up his mind to accompany the islanders if possible as soon as they were in readiness to depart, and who for that reason had refrained from showing the same anxiety that I had done, now represented to me that it was idle for me to entertain the hope of reaching the beach in time to profit by any opportunity that might then be presented.

"Do you not see," said he, "the savages themselves are fearful of being too late, and I should hurry forward myself at once, did I not think that, if I showed too much eagerness, I should destroy all our hopes of reaping any benefit from this fortunate event. If you will only endeavour to appear tranquil or unconcerned, you will quiet their suspicions, and I have no doubt they will then let me go with them to the beach, supposing that I merely go out of curiosity. Should I succeed in getting down to the boats, I will make known the condition in which I have left you, and measures may then be taken to secure our escape."

In the expediency of this I could not but acquiesce; and as the natives had now completed their preparations, I watched with the liveliest interest the reception that Toby's application might meet with. As soon as they understood from my companion that I intended to remain, they appeared to make no objection to this proposition, and even hailed it with pleasure. Their singular conduct on this occasion not a little puzzled me at the time, and imparted to subsequent events an additional mystery.

The islanders were now to be seen hurrying along the path which led to the sea. I shook Toby warmly by the hand, and gave him my Payta hat to shield his wounded head from the sun, as he had lost his own. Solemnly promising to return as soon as the boats should leave the shore, he sprang from my side, and the next minute disappeared in a turn of the grove.

In a short time the last straggler was seen hurrying on his way, and the faint shouts of those in advance died insensibly upon the ear. Our part of the valley now appeared nearly deserted by its inhabitants, Kory-Kory, his aged father, and a few decrepit old people being all that were left.

Toward sunset, the islanders in small parties began to return from the beach, and among them, as they drew near to the house, I sought to descry the form of my companion. But one after another they passed the dwelling, and I caught no glimpse of him. Filled with a thousand alarms, I eagerly sought to discover the cause of his delay.

My earnest questions appeared to embarrass the natives greatly. All their accounts were contradictory: one giving me to understand that Toby would be with me in a very short time; another, that he did not know where he was; while a third, violently inveighing against him, assured me that he had stolen away, and would never come back. It appeared to me, at the time, that in making these various statements they endeavoured to conceal from me some terrible disaster, lest the knowledge of it should overpower me.

Fearful lest some fatal calamity had overtaken him, I sought out young Fayaway, and endeavoured to learn from her, if possible, the truth.

This gentle being had early attracted my regard, not only from her extraordinary beauty, but from the attractive cast of her countenance, singularly expressive of intelligence and humanity. Of all the natives, she alone seemed to appreciate the effect which the peculiarity of the circumstances in which we were placed had produced upon the minds of my companion and myself. In addressing me—especially when I lay reclining upon the mats suffering from pain—there was a tenderness in her manner which it was impossible to misunderstand or resist.

My questions evidently distressed her. She looked round from one to another of the bystanders, as if hardly knowing what answer to give me. At last, yielding to my importunities, she overcame her scruples, and gave me to understand that Toby had gone away with the boats which had visited the bay, but had promised to return at the expiration of three days. At first I accused him of perfidiously deserting me; but as I grew more composed, I upbraided myself for imputing so cowardly an action to him, and tranquillized myself with the belief that he had availed himself of the opportunity to go round to Nukuheva, in order to make some arrangement by which I could be removed from the valley. At any rate, thought I, he will return with the medicines I require, and then, as soon as I recover, there will be no difficulty in the way of our departure.

Consoling myself with these reflections, I lay down that night in a happier frame of mind than I had done for some time. The next day passed without any allusion to Toby on the part of the natives, who seemed desirous of avoiding all reference to the subject. This raised some apprehensions in my breast; but, when night came, I congratulated myself that the second day had now gone by, and that on the morrow Toby would again be with me. But the morrow came and went, and my companion did not appear. Ah! thought I, he reckons three days from the morning of his departure—tomorrow he will arrive. But that weary day also closed upon me without his return. Even yet I would not despair. I thought that something detained him—that he was waiting for the sailing of a boat at Nukuheva, and that in a day or two, at farthest, I should see him again. But day after day of renewed disappointment passed by; at last hope deserted me, and I fell a victim to despair.

Yes, thought I, gloomily, he has secured his own escape, and cares not what calamity may befall his unfortunate comrade. Fool that I was, to suppose that anyone would willingly encounter the perils of this valley, after having once got beyond its limits! He has gone, and has left me to combat alone all the dangers by which I am surrounded. Thus would I sometimes seek to derive a desperate consolation from dwelling upon the perfidy of Toby; whilst, at other times, I sunk under the bitter remorse which I felt at having, by my own imprudence, brought upon myself the fate which I was sure awaited me.

At other times I thought that perhaps, after all, these treacherous savages had made away with him, and thence the confusion into which they were thrown by my questions, and their contradictory answers. But all these speculations were vain;

no tidings of Toby ever reached me—he had gone never to return.

The conduct of the islanders appeared inexplicable. All reference to my lost comrade was carefully evaded, and if at any time they were forced to make some reply to my frequent inquiries on the subject, they would uniformly denounce him as an ungrateful runaway, who had deserted his friend, and taken himself off to that vile and detestable place Nukuheva.

But whatever might have been his fate, now that he was gone the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention toward myself, treating me with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had I been some celestial visitant. Kory-Kory never for one moment left my side, unless it were to execute my wishes.

Frequently, in the afternoon, he would carry me to a particular part of the stream, where the beauty of the scene produced a soothing influence upon my mind. At this place the waters flowed between grassy banks, planted with enormous bread-fruit trees, whose vast branches, interlacing overhead, formed a leafy canopy; near the stream were several smooth black rocks. One of these, projecting several feet above the surface of the water, had upon its summit a shallow cavity, which, filled with freshly-gathered leaves, formed a delightful couch.

Here I often laid for hours, covered with a gauze-like veil of tappa, while Fayaway, seated beside me, and holding in her hand a fan woven from the leaflets of a young coconut bough, brushed aside the insects that occasionally lighted on my face.

As my eye wandered along this romantic stream, it would fall upon the half-immersed figure of a beautiful girl, standing in the transparent water, and catching in a little net a species of diminutive shell-fish, of which these people are extravagantly fond. Sometimes a chattering group would be seated upon the edge of a low rock in the midst of the brook, busily engaged in thinning and polishing the shells of coconuts.

But the tranquillizing influences of beautiful scenery, and the exhibition of human life under so novel and charming an aspect, were not my only sources of consolation.

Every evening the girls of the house gathered about me on the mats, and, after chasing away Kory-Kory from my side—who, nevertheless, retired only to a little distance, and watched their proceedings with the most jealous attention—would anoint my body with a fragrant oil. I used to hail with delight the daily recurrence of this luxurious operation, in which I forgot all my troubles, and buried for the time every feeling of sorrow.

CHAPTER TEN

Day after day wore on, and still there was no perceptible change in the conduct of the islanders toward me. Gradually I lost all knowledge of the regular recurrence of the days of the week, and sunk insensibly into that kind of apathy which ensues after some violent outbreak of despair. My limb suddenly healed, the swelling went down, and I had every reason to suppose I should soon completely recover from the affliction that had so long tormented me.

As soon as I was enabled to ramble about the valley in company with the natives, troops of whom followed me whenever I sallied out of the house, I began to experience an elasticity of mind which placed me beyond the reach of those dismal forebodings to which I had so lately been a prey. Received wherever I went with the most deferential kindness; regaled perpetually with the most delightful fruits; ministered to by dark-eyed nymphs; and enjoying besides all the services of the devoted Kory-Kory, I thought that, for a sojourn among cannibals, no man could have well made a more agreeable one.

To be sure, there were limits set to my wanderings. Toward the sea, my progress was barred by an express prohibition of the savages; and after having made two or three ineffectual attempts to reach it, as much to gratify my curiosity as anything else, I gave up the idea. It was in vain to think of reaching it by stealth, since the natives escorted me in numbers wherever I went, and not for one single moment that I can recall to mind was I ever permitted to be alone.

The green and precipitous elevations that stood ranged around the head of the vale where Marheyo's habitation was situated, effectually precluded all hope of escape in that quarter, even if I could have stolen away from the thousand eyes of the savages.

As I extended my wanderings in the valley and grew more familiar with the habits of its inmates, I was fain to confess that, despite the disadvantages of his condition, the Polynesian savage, surrounded by all the luxurious provisions of nature, enjoyed an infinitely happier, though certainly a less intellectual existence, than the self-complacent European.

In this frame of mind, every object that presented itself to my notice struck me in a new light, and the opportunities I now enjoyed of observing the manners of the natives, tended to strengthen my favourable impressions. One peculiarity that fixed my admiration was the perpetual hilarity reigning through the whole extent of the vale. There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles, or vexations in all Typee. The hours tripped along as gaily as the laughing couples down a country dance.

Here you would see a parcel of children frolicking together the live-long day, and no quarreling, no contention among them. There you might have seen a throng of young females, not filled with envyings of each other's charms, nor displaying the ridiculous affectations of gentility, nor yet moving in whalebone corsets, like so many automatons, but free, inartificially happy and unconstrained.

With the young men there seemed almost always some matter of diversion or business on hand, that afforded a constant variety of enjoyment.

As for the warriors, they maintained a tranquil dignity of demeanour, journeying occasionally from house to house, where they were always sure to be received with the attention bestowed upon distinguished guests. The old men, of whom there were many in the vale, seldom stirred from their mats, where they would recline for hours and hours, smoking and talking to one another with all the garrulity of age.

I could not avoid thinking that I had fallen in with a greatly traduced people, and I moralized not a little upon the disadvantage of having a bad name, which in this instance had given a tribe of savages, who were as pacific as so many lambkins, the reputation of a confederacy of giant-killers.

But subsequent events proved that I had been a little too premature in coming to this conclusion.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Returning health and peace of mind gave a new interest to everything around me. I sought to diversify my time by as many enjoyments as lay within my reach. Bathing in company with troops of girls formed one of my chief amusements. We sometimes enjoyed the recreation in the waters of a miniature lake, into which the central stream of the valley expanded. This lovely sheet of water was almost circular in figure, and about three hundred yards across. Its beauty was indescribable. All around its banks waved luxuriant masses of tropical foliage, soaring high above which were seen, here and there, the symmetrical shaft of the coconut tree, surmounted by its tuft of graceful branches, drooping in the air like so many waving ostrich plumes.

The ease and grace with which the maidens of the valley propelled themselves through the water, and their familiarity with the element, were truly astonishing. Sometimes they might be seen gliding along just under the surface, without apparently moving hand or foot; then throwing themselves on their sides, they darted through the water, revealing glimpses of their forms, as, in the course of their rapid progress, they shot for an instant partly into the air; at one moment they dived deep down into the water, and the next they rose bounding to the surface.

I remember upon one occasion plunging in among a parcel of these river-nymphs, and counting vainly on my superior strength, sought to drag some of them under the water; but I quickly repented my temerity. The amphibious young creatures swarmed about me like a shoal of dolphins, and seizing hold of my devoted limbs, tumbled me about and ducked me under the surface, until from the strange noises which rang in my ears, and the supernatural visions dancing before my eyes, I thought I was in the land of spirits. I stood indeed as little chance among them as a cumbrous whale attacked on all sides by a legion of swordfish. When at length they relinquished their hold of me, they swam away in every direction, laughing at my clumsy endeavours to reach them.

There was no boat on the lake; but at my solicitation, and for my special use, some of the young men attached to Marheyo's household, under the direction of the indefatigable Kory-Kory, brought up a light and tastefully carved canoe from the sea. It was launched upon the sheet of water, and floated there as gracefully as a swan. But, melancholy to relate, it produced an effect I had not anticipated. The sweet nymphs, who had sported with me before in the lake, now all fled its vicinity. The prohibited craft, guarded by the edicts of the "taboo," extended the prohibition to the waters in which it lay.

For a few days, Kory-Kory, with one or two other youths, accompanied me in my excursions to the lake and, while I paddled about in my light canoe, would swim after me shouting and gambolling in pursuit. But this was far from contenting me. Indeed, I soon began to weary of it, and longed more than ever for the pleasant society of the mermaids, in whose absence the amusement was dull and insipid. One morning I expressed to my faithful servitor my desire for the return of the nymphs. The honest fellow looked at me, bewildered for a moment, and then shook his head solemnly, and murmured *"toboo! taboo!"* giving me to understand that unless the canoe was removed, I could not expect to have the young ladies back again. But to this procedure I was averse; I not only wanted the canoe to stay where it was, but I wanted the beauteous Fayaway to get into it, and paddle with me about the lake.

However, although the "taboo" was a ticklish thing to meddle with, I determined to test its capabilities of resisting an attack. I consulted the chief Mehevi, who endeavoured to persuade me from my object, but I was not to be repulsed. At last he intimated that, out of the abundant love he bore me, he would consult with the priests and see what could be done.

How it was that the priesthood of Typee satisfied the affair with their consciences, I know not; but so it was, and Fayaway's dispensation from this portion of the taboo was at length procured.

The first day after Fayaway's emancipation, I had a delightful little party on the lake—the damsel, Kory-Kory, and myself. My zealous body-servant brought from the house a calabash of poee-poee, half a dozen young coconuts—stripped off their husks—three pipes, as many yams, and me on his back a part of the way. We had a very pleasant day; my trusty valet plied the paddle and swept us gently along the margin of the water, beneath the shades of the overhanging thickets. Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, the gentle nymph occasionally placing her pipe to her lips, and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume. Strange as it may seem, there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking. How captivating is a Peruvian lady, swinging in her gaily-woven hammock of grass, extended between two orange trees, and inhaling the fragrance of a choice cigarro!

One day, after we had been paddling about for some time, I disembarked Kory-Kory, and paddled the canoe to the windward side of the lake. As I turned the canoe, Fayaway, who was with me, seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft.

In a moment the tappa was distended by the breeze—the long brown tresses of Fayaway streamed in the air—and the canoe glided rapidly through the water, and shot toward the shore. Seated in the stern, I directed its course with my paddle until it dashed up the soft sloping bank, and Fayaway, with a light spring, alighted on the ground; whilst Kory-Kory, who had watched our manoeuvres with admiration, now clapped his hands in transport, and shouted like a madman. Many a time afterwards was this feat repeated.

One day a new acquaintance was introduced to me. In the afternoon I was lying in the house, when I heard a great uproar outside; but being by this time pretty well accustomed to the wild halloos which were almost continually ringing through the valley, I paid little attention to it, until old Marheyo, under the influence of some strange excitement, rushed into my presence and communicated the astounding tidings, "Marnoo pemi!" which being interpreted, implied that an individual by the name of Marnoo was approaching. My worthy old friend evidently expected that this intelligence would produce a great effect upon me, and for a time he stood earnestly regarding me, as if curious to see how I should conduct myself, but as I remained perfectly unmoved, the old gentleman darted out of the house again, in as great a hurry as he had entered it, as the excited throng came within view, convoying one of the most striking specimens of humanity that I ever beheld.

The stranger could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and was a little above the ordinary height; had he been a single hair's breadth taller, the matchless symmetry of his form would have been destroyed. His unclad limbs were beautifully formed; whilst the elegant outline of his figure, together with his beardless cheeks, might have entitled him to the distinction of standing for the statue of the Polynesian Apollo. His cheek was of a feminine softness, and his face was free from the least blemish of tattooing, although the rest of his body was drawn all over with fanciful figures, which—unlike the unconnected sketching usual among these natives—appeared to have been executed in conformity with some general design.

A slight girdle of white tappa, scarcely two inches in width, but hanging before and behind in spreading tassels, composed the entire costume of the stranger.

He advanced surrounded by the islanders, carrying under one arm a small roll of the native cloth, and grasping in his other hand a long and richly-decorated spear. His manner was that of a traveller conscious that he is approaching a comfortable stage in his journey. Every moment he turned good-humouredly to the throng around him, and gave some dashing sort of reply to their incessant queries, which appeared to convulse them with uncontrollable mirth.

Struck by his demeanour, and the peculiarity of his appearance, so unlike that of the shaven-crowned and face-tattooed natives in general, I involuntarily rose as he entered the house, and proffered him a seat on the mats beside me. But without deigning to notice the civility, or even the more incontrovertible fact of my existence, the stranger passed on, utterly regardless of me, and flung himself upon the farther end of the long couch that traversed the sole apartment of Marheyo's habitation.

I was thrown into utter astonishment. The conduct of the savages had prepared me to anticipate from every newcomer the same extravagant expression of curiosity and regard. The singularity of his conduct, however, only roused my desire to discover who this remarkable personage might be, who now engrossed the attention of everyone.

Marnoo, this all-attractive personage, inhaled a few whiffs from a pipe which was handed to him, launched out into an harangue which completely enchained the attention of his auditors.

Little as I understood of the language, yet from his animated gestures and the varying expression of his features—reflected as from so many mirrors in the countenances around him—I could easily discover the nature of those passions which he sought to arouse. From the frequent recurrence of the words, "Nukuheva" and "Franee" (French), and some others with the meaning of which I was acquainted, he appeared to be rehearsing to his auditors events which had recently occurred in the neighboring bays. But how he had gained the knowledge of these matters, I could not understand, unless it were that he had just come from Nukuheva—a supposition which his travel-stained appearance not a little supported. But, if a native of that region, I could not account for his friendly reception at the hands of the Typees.

Never, certainly, had I beheld so powerful an exhibition of natural eloquence as Marnoo displayed during the course of his oration.

The effect he produced upon his audience was electric; one and all they stood regarding him with sparkling eyes and trembling limbs, as though they were listening to the inspired voice of a prophet.

But it soon appeared that Marnoo's powers were as versatile

as they were extraordinary. As soon as he had finished his vehement harangue, he threw himself again upon the mats, and, singling out individuals in the crowd, addressed them by name, in a sort of bantering style, the humour of which, though nearly hidden from me, filled the whole assembly with uproarious delight.

During all this time, he had never for one moment deigned to regard me. He appeared, indeed, to be altogether unconscious of my presence. I was utterly at a loss how to account for this extraordinary conduct.

It seemed evident that he was not a permanent resident of the vale, and yet, whence could he have come? On all sides the Typees were girt in by hostile tribes, and how could he possibly, if belonging to any of these, be received with so much cordiality?

At length, from certain indications, I suspected that he was making me the subject of his remarks, although he appeared cautiously to avoid either pronouncing my name, or looking in the direction where I lay. All at once he rose from the mats where he had been reclining, and, still conversing, moved toward me, his eye purposely evading mine, and seated himself within less than a yard of me. I had hardly recovered from my surprise, when he suddenly turned round, and with a most benignant countenance, extended his right hand gracefully toward me. Of course I accepted the courteous challenge, and, as soon as our palms met, he bent toward me, and murmured in musical accents—"How you do? How long have you been in this bay? You like this bay?"

Had I been pierced simultaneously by three Happar spears, I could not have started more than I did at hearing these simple questions. As soon as I regained my self-possession, the thought darted through my mind that from this individual I might obtain that information regarding Toby which I suspected the natives had purposely withheld from me. Accordingly, I questioned him concerning the disappearance of my companion, but he denied all knowledge of the matter. I then inquired from whence he had come. He replied, from Nukuheva. When I expressed my surprise, he looked at me for a moment, as if enjoying my perplexity, and then, with his strange vivacity, exclaimed—"Ah! me taboo—me go Nukuheva—me go Tior—me go Typee—me go everywhere—nobody harm me—taboo."

This explanation would have been altogether unintelligible to me, had it not recalled to my mind something I had previously heard concerning a singular custom among these islanders. Though the country is possessed by various tribes, whose mutual hostilities almost wholly preclude any intercourse between them, yet there are instances where a person having ratified friendly relations with some individual belonging to the valley, whose inmates are at war with his own, may, under particular restrictions, venture with impunity into the country of his friend, where, under other circumstances, he would have been treated as an enemy. In this light are personal friendships regarded among them, and the individual so protected is said to be "taboo" and his person, to a certain extent, is held as sacred. Thus the stranger informed me he had access to all the valleys in the island.

Curious to know how he had acquired his knowledge of English, I questioned him on the subject. At first, for some reason or other, he evaded the inquiry, but afterwards told me that, when a boy, he had been carried to sea by the captain of a trading vessel, with whom he had stayed three years, living part of the time with him in Australia. The natural quickness of the savage had been wonderfully improved by his intercourse with the white men, and his partial knowledge of a foreign language gave him a great ascendancy over his less accomplished countrymen.

Marnoo now sought to learn my version of the story as to how I came to be an inmate of the Typee valley. When I related to him the circumstances under which Toby and I had entered it, he listened with evident interest; but as soon as I alluded to the absence, yet unaccounted for, of my comrade, he endeavoured to change the subject, as if it were something he desired not to agitate. It seemed, indeed, as if everything connected with Toby was destined to beget distrust and anxiety in my bosom. Notwithstanding Marnoo's denial of any knowledge of his fate, I could not avoid suspecting that he was deceiving me; and this suspicion revived those frightful apprehensions with regard to my own fate, which, for a short time past, had subsided in my breast.

Influenced by these feelings, I now felt a strong desire to avail myself of the stranger's protection, and under his safeguard to return to Nukuheva. But as soon as I hinted at this, he unhesitatingly pronounced it to be entirely impracticable; assuring me that the Typees would never consent to my leaving the valley.

When I endeavoured to learn from him the motives which prompted them to hold me a prisoner, Marnoo again assumed that mysterious tone which had tormented me with apprehensions when I had questioned him with regard to the fate of my companion.

Thus repulsed, in a manner which only served, by arousing the most dreadful forebodings, to excite me to renewed attempts, I conjured him to intercede for me with the natives, and endeavour to procure their consent to my leaving them. To this he appeared strongly averse; but, yielding at last to my importunities, he addressed several of the chiefs, who with the rest had been eyeing us intently during the whole of our conversation. His petition, however, was at once met with the most violent disapprobation, manifesting itself in angry glances and gestures, and a perfect torrent of passionate words, directed to both him and myself. Marnoo, evidently repenting the step he had taken, earnestly deprecated the resentment of the crowd, and in a few moments succeeded in pacifying, to some extent, the clamours which had broken out as soon as his proposition had been understood.

With the most intense interest had I watched the reception his intercession might receive; and a bitter pang shot through my heart at the additional evidence, now furnished, of the unchangeable determination of the islanders.

Marnoo, apparently desirous of making a diversion in my favour, exerted himself to amuse with his pleasantries the crowd about him; but his lively attempts were not so successful as they had previously been, and, foiled in his efforts, he rose gravely to depart. No one expressed any regret at this movement, so seizing his roll of tappa, and grasping his spear, he advanced to the front of the pi-pi, and waving his hand in adieu to the now silent throng, cast upon me a glance of mingled pity and reproach, and flung himself into the path which led from the house. I watched his receding figure until it was lost in the obscurity of the grove, and then gave myself up to the most desponding reflections.

The knowledge I had now obtained as to the intention of the savages deeply affected me.

Marnoo, I perceived, was a man who, by reason of his superior acquirements, and the knowledge he possessed of the events which were taking place in the different bays of the island, was held in no little estimation by the inhabitants of the valley. He had been received with the most cordial welcome and respect. The natives had hung upon the accents of his voice, and had manifested the highest gratification at being individually noticed by him. And yet, despite all this, a few words urged in my behalf, with the intent of obtaining my release from captivity, had sufficed not only to banish all harmony and good will, but, if I could believe what he told me, had gone nigh to endanger his own personal safety.

How strongly rooted, then, must be the determination of the Typees with regard to me, and how suddenly could they display the strangest passions!

In vain I racked my invention to find out some motive for the strange desire these people manifested to retain me among them; but I could discover none.

But however this might be, the scene which had just occurred admonished me of the danger of trifling with the wayward and passionate spirits against whom it was vain to struggle, and might even be fatal to do so. My only hope was to induce the natives to believe that I was reconciled to my detention in the valley, and by assuming a tranquil and cheerful demeanour, to allay the suspicions which I had so unfortunately aroused. Their confidence revived, they might in a short time remit in some degree their watchfulness over my movements, and I should then be the better enabled to avail myself of any opportunity which presented itself for escape. I resolved to regard the future without flinching, I flung myself anew into all the social pleasures of the valley, and sought to bury all regrets, and all remembrances of my previous existence, in the wild enjoyments it afforded.

CHAPTER TWELVE

From the time that my lameness had decreased I had made a daily practice of visiting Mehevi at the Ti, who invariably gave me a most cordial reception. I was always accompanied in these excursions by Fayaway and the ever-present Kory-Kory. The former, as soon as we reached the vicinity of the Ti—which was rigorously tabooed to the whole female sex—withdrew to a neighbouring hut, as if her feminine delicacy restrained her from approaching a habitation which might be regarded as a sort of Bachelor's Hall.

And in good truth it might well have been so considered. Although it was the permanent residence of several distinguished chiefs, and of the noble Mehevi in particular, it was still at certain seasons the favourite haunt of all the jolly, talkative, and elderly savages of the vale, who resorted thither in the same way that similar characters frequent a tavern in civilized countries. There they would remain hour after hour, chatting, smoking, eating poee-poee, or busily engaged in sleeping for the good of their constitutions.

One day, on drawing near to the Ti, I observed that extensive preparations were going forward, plainly betokening some approaching festival. Some of the symptoms reminded me of the stir produced among the scullions of a large hotel, where a grand jubilee dinner is about to be given. Hogs and poee-poee were baking in numerous ovens, which, heaped up with fresh earth into slight elevations, looked like so many ant hills. Scores of the savages were vigorously plying their stone pestles in preparing masses of poee-poee, and numbers were gathering green bread-fruit and young coconuts in the surrounding groves; while an exceeding great multitude, with a view of encouraging the rest in their labours, stood still, and kept shouting most lustily without intermission.

Having for some time attentively observed these demonstrations of good cheer, I entered the Ti, where Mehevi sat complacently looking out upon the busy scene, and occasionally issuing his orders. The chief appeared to be in an extraordinary flow of spirits, and gave me to understand that on the morrow there would be grand doings in the groves generally, and at the Ti in particular; and urged me by no means to absent myself. In commemoration of what event, however, or in honour of what distinguished personage, the feast was to be given, altogether passed my comprehension. Mehevi sought to enlighten my ignorance, but he failed as signally as when he had endeavoured to initiate me into the perplexing arcana of the taboo.

The following morning, awakening rather late, I perceived the whole of Marheyo's family busily engaged in preparing for the festival. The old warrior himself was arranging in round balls the two grey locks of hair that were suffered to grow from the crown of his head; his earrings and spear, both well polished, lay beside him.

The young men were similarly employed; and the fair damsels, including Fayaway, were anointing themselves with "aka," arranging their long tresses, and performing other matters connected with the duties of the toilet.

Having completed their preparations, the girls now exhibited themselves in gala costume; the most conspicuous feature of which was a necklace of beautiful white flowers, with the stems removed, and strung closely together upon a single fiber of tappa.

Corresponding ornaments were inserted in their ears, and woven garlands upon their heads. About their waist they wore a short tunic of spotless white tappa, and some of them superadded to this a mantle of the same material, tied in an elaborate bow upon the left shoulder, and falling about the figure in picturesque folds.

Thus-arrayed, I would have matched the charming Fayaway against any beauty in the world.

It was not long before Kory-Kory and myself were left alone in the house, the rest of its inmates having departed for the Taboo Groves.

My valet was all impatience to follow them; at last, yielding to his importunities, I set out for the Ti. As we passed the houses peeping out from the groves through which our route lay, I noticed that they were entirely deserted by their inhabitants.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

When we reached the grove, I saw that the whole population of the valley seemed to be gathered within its precincts. In the distance could be seen the long front of the Ti, its immense piazza swarming with men, arrayed in every variety of fantastic costume, and all vociferating with animated gestures; while the whole interval between it and the place where I stood was enlivened by groups of females fancifully decorated, dancing, capering, and uttering wild exclamations. As soon as they descried me they set up a shout of welcome; and a band of them came dancing toward me, chanting as they approached some wild recitative.

As soon as I mounted to the pi-pi I saw at a glance that the revels were fairly under way.

What lavish plenty reigned around! All along the piazza of the Ti were arranged elaborately-carved canoe-shaped vessels, some twenty feet in length, filled with newly-made poee-poee, and sheltered from the sun by the broad leaves of the banana. At intervals were heaps of green bread-fruit, raised in pyramidical stacks, resembling the regular piles of heavy shot to be seen in the yards of an arsenal. Inserted into the interstices of the huge stones which formed the pi-pi were large boughs of trees; hanging from the branches of which, and screened from the sun by their foliage, were innumerable little packages with leafy coverings containing the meat of the numerous hogs which had been slain, done up in this manner to make it more accessible to the crowd. Leaning against the railing of the piazza were an immense number of long, heavy bamboos, plugged at the lower end, and with their projecting muzzles stuffed with a wad of leaves. These were filled with water from the stream, and each of them might hold from four to five gallons.

Within the building itself was presented a most extraordinary scene. The immense lounge of mats lying between the parallel rows of the trunks of coconut trees, and extending the entire length of the house, at least two hundred feet, was covered by the reclining forms of a host of chiefs and warriors, who were eating at a great rate, or soothing the cares of Polynesian life in the sedative fumes of tobacco.

There were many in the Ti for whom the tobacco did not furnish a sufficient stimulus, and who accordingly had recourse to "arva," as a more powerful agent in producing the desired effect.

"Arva" is a root very generally dispersed over the South Seas, and from it is extracted a juice, the effects of which upon the system are at first stimulating in a moderate degree; but it soon relaxes the muscles, and, exerting a narcotic influence, produces a luxurious sleep. In the valley this beverage was universally prepared in the following way:—Some half-dozen young boys seated themselves in a circle around an empty wooden vessel, each one of them being supplied with a certain quantity of the roots of the "arva," broken into small bits and laid by his side. A coconut goblet of water was passed around the juvenile company, who rinsing their mouth with its contents, proceeded to the business before them. This merely consisted in thoroughly masticating the "arva," and throwing it mouthful after mouthful into the receptacle provided. When a sufficient quantity had been thus obtained, water was poured upon the mass, and being stirred about with the forefinger of the right hand, the preparation was soon in readiness for use. The "arva" has medicinal qualities.

Upon the Sandwich Islands it has been employed with no small success in the treatment of scrofulous affections, and in combating the ravages of a disease for whose frightful inroads the ill-starred inhabitants of that group are indebted to their foreign benefactors. But the tenants of the Typee valley, as yet exempt from these inflictions, generaly employ the "arva" as a minister to social enjoyment, and a calabash of the liquid circulates among them as the bottle with us.

The second day of the Feast of Calabashes was ushered in by still more uproarious noises than the first. The skins of innumerable sheep seemed to be resounding to the blows of an army of drummers. Startled from my slumbers by the din, I leaped up, and found the whole household engaged in making preparations for immediate departure. Curious to discover of what strange events these novel sounds might be the precursors, and not a little desirous to catch a sight of the instruments which

produced the terrific noise, I accompanied the natives as soon as they were in readiness to depart for the Taboo Groves.

The comparatively open space that extended from the Ti toward the rock, was now altogether deserted by the men; the whole distance being filled by bands of females, shouting and dancing under the influence of some strange excitement.

I was amused at the appearance of four or five old women, who in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the surface, after being pressed perpendicularly into the water. They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. They did not appear to attract the observation of the crowd around them, but I must candidly confess that, for my own part, I stared at them most pertinaciously.

Desirous of being enlightened in regard to the meaning of this peculiar diversion, I turned inquiringly to Kory-Kory: that learned Typee immediately proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly. But all that I could comprehend from what he said was, that the leaping figures before me were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously: and who, at every festival, gave public evidence in this manner of their calamities. It was evident that Kory-Kory considered this an all-sufficient reason for so indecorous a custom; but I must say that it did not satisfy me as to its propriety.

"Tell her this is a helluva time to want to go to the Ladies' Room!"

Leaving these afflicted females, we passed on to the Hoolah Hoolah ground. Within the spacious quadrangle, the whole population of the valley seemed to be assembled, and the sight presented was truly remarkable. Beneath the sheds of bamboo which opened toward the interior of the square, reclined the principal chiefs and warriors, while a miscellaneous throng lay at their ease under the enormous trees, which spread a majestic canopy overhead.

Precisely in the middle of the quadrangle were placed perpendicularly in the ground a hundred or more slender, fresh-cut poles, stripped of their bark, and decorated at the end with a floating pennon of white tappa, the whole being fenced about with a little picket of canes. For what purpose these singular ornaments were intended, I in vain endeavoured to discover.

Another most striking feature of the performance was exhibited by a score of old men, who sat cross-legged in the little pulpits, which encircled the trunks of the immense trees growing in the middle of the inclosure. These venerable gentlemen, who I presume were the priests, kept up an uninterrupted monotonous chant, which was nearly drowned in the roar of drums. In the right hand they held a finely-woven grass fan, with a heavy black wooden handle, curiously chased: these fans they kept in continual motion.

But no attention whatever seemed to be paid to the drummers or to the old priests, the individuals who composed the vast crowd present being entirely taken up in chatting and laughing with one another, smoking, drinking arva, and eating. All that day the drums resounded, the priests chanted, and the multitude feasted and roared till sunset, when the throng dispersed, and the Taboo Groves were again abandoned to quiet and repose. The next day the same scene was repeated until night, when this singular festival terminated.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Although I had been unable during the late festival to obtain information on many interesting subjects which had much excited my curiosity, still that important event had not passed by without adding materially to my general knowledge of the islanders.

I was especially struck by the physical strength and beauty which they displayed, by their great superiority in these respects over the inhabitants of the neighbouring bay of Nukuheva, and by the singular contrasts they presented among themselves in their various shades of complexion.

In beauty of form they surpassed anything I had ever seen. Not a single instance of natural deformity was observable in all the throng attending the revels. When I remembered that these islanders derived no advantage from dress, but appeared in all the naked simplicity of nature, I could not avoid comparing them with the fine gentlemen and dandies who promenade such unexceptional figures in our frequented thoroughfares. Stripped of the cunning artifices of the tailor, and standing forth in the garb of Eden—what a sorry set of round-shouldered, spindle-shanked, crane-necked varlets would civilized men appear! Stuffed calves, padded breasts, and scientifically cut pantaloons would then avail them nothing, and the effect would be truly deplorable.

The men, in almost every instance, are of lofty stature, scarcely ever less than six feet in height, while the other sex are uncommonly diminutive. The early period of life at which the human form arrives at maturity in this generous tropical climate likewise deserves to be mentioned. A little creature, not more than thirteen years of age, who in other particulars might be regarded as a mere child, is often seen nursing her own baby, whilst lads who, under less ripening skies, would be still at school, are here responsible fathers of families.

On first entering the Typee valley, I had been struck with the marked contrast presented by its inhabitants with those of the bay I had previously left. But the hereditary hostility which has existed between them for ages fully accounts for this.

The revels had brought together all the warriors whom I had seen individually and in groups at different times and places. Among them Mehevi moved with an easy air of superiority which was not to be mistaken; and he whom I had only looked at as the hospitable host of the Ti, and one of the military leaders of the tribe, now assumed in my eyes the dignity of royal station. His striking costume, no less than his naturally commanding figure, seemed indeed to give him pre-eminence over the rest. The towering helmet of feathers that he wore raised him in height above all who surrounded him; and though some others were similarly adorned, the length and luxuriance of their plumes were far inferior to his.

Mehevi was in fact the greatest of the chiefs—the head of his clan—the sovereign of the valley; and the simplicity of the social institutions of the people could not have been more completely proved than by the fact, that after having been several weeks in the valley, and almost in daily intercourse with Mehevi, I should have remained until the time of the festival ignorant of his regal character. But a new light had now broken in upon me. The Ti was the palace—and Mehevi the king. Both the one

and the other of a most simple and patriarchal nature it must be allowed, and wholly unattended by the ceremonious pomp which usually surrounds the purple.

After having made this discovery I could not avoid congratulating myself that Mehevi had from the first taken me as it were under his royal protection, and that he still continued to entertain for me the warmest regard, as far at least as I was enabled to judge from appearances. For the future I determined to pay most assiduous court to him, hoping that eventually through his kindness I might obtain my liberty.

Previously to seeing the Dancing Widows I had little idea that there were any matrimonial relations subsisting in Typee, and I should as soon have thought of a platonic affection being cultivated between the sexes, as of the solemn connection of man and wife. To be sure, there were old Marheyo and Tinor, who seemed to have a sort of nuptial understanding with one another; but for all that, I had sometimes observed a comical-looking old gentleman dressed in a suit of shabby tattooing, who had the audacity to take various liberties with the lady, and that too in the very presence of the old warrior her husband, who looked on, as good-naturedly as if nothing were happening.

As for Mehevi, I had supposed him a confirmed bachelor, as well as most of the principal chiefs. At any rate, if they had wives and families, they ought to have been ashamed of themselves; for sure I am, they never troubled themselves about any domestic affairs. In truth, Mehevi seemed to be the president of a club of hearty fellows who kept "Bachelor's Hall" in fine style at the Ti. I had no doubt but that they regarded children as odious incumbrances; and their ideas of domestic felicity were sufficiently shown in the fact, that they allowed no meddlesome housekeepers to turn topsy-turvy those snug little arrangements they had made in their comfortable dwelling. I strongly suspected, however, that some of those jolly bachelors were carrying on love intrigues with the maidens of the tribe, although they did not appear publicly to acknowledge them. I happened to pop upon Mehevi three or four times when he was romping—in a most undignified manner for a warrior king—with one of the prettiest little witches in the valley. She lived with an old woman and a young man in a house near Marheyo's; and although in appearance a mere child herself, had a noble boy about a year old, who bore a marvelous resemblance to Mehevi, whom I should certainly have believed to have been the father, were it not that the little fellow had no triangle on his face—but on second thoughts, tattooing is not hereditary. Mehevi, however, was not the only person upon whom the damsel Moonoony smiled—the young fellow of fifteen, who permanently resided in the house with her, was decidedly in her good graces. I sometimes beheld both him and the chief making love at the same time. Is it possible, thought I, that the valiant warrior can consent to give up a corner in the thing he loves? This too was a mystery which, with others of the same kind, was afterwards satisfactorily explained.

During the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, Kory-Kory—being determined that I should have some understanding on these matters—had, in the course of his explanations, directed my attention to a peculiarity I had frequently marked among many of the females—principally those of a mature age and rather matronly appearance. This consisted in having the right hand and the left foot most elaborately tattooed; while the rest of the body was wholly free from the operation of the art, with the exception of the minutely dotted lips and slight marks on the shoulders, to which I have previously referred as comprising the sole tattooing exhibited by Fayaway, in common with other young girls of her age. The hand and foot thus embellished, were, according to Kory-Kory, the distinguishing badge of wedlock, so far as that social and highly commendable institution is known among these people. It answers, indeed, the same purpose as the plain gold ring worn by our fairer spouses.

After Kory-Kory's explanation of the subject, I was for some time studiously respectful in the presence of all females thus distinguished, and never ventured to indulge in the slightest approach to flirtation with any of their number.

A further insight, however, into the peculiar domestic customs of the inmates of the valley did away in a measure with the severity of my scruples, and convinced me that I was deceived in some at least of my conclusions. A regular system of polygamy exists among the islanders, but of a most extraordinary nature—a plurality of husbands, instead of wives; and this solitary fact speaks volumes for the gentle disposition of the male population.

The males considerably outnumber the females. This holds true of many of the islands of Polynesia, although the reverse of what is the case in most civilized countries. The girls are first wooed and won, at a very tender age, by some stripling in the household in which they reside. This, however, is a mere frolic of the affections, and no formal engagement is contracted. By the time his first love has a little subsided, a second suitor presents himself, of graver years, and carries both boy and girl away to his own habitation. This disinterested and generous-hearted fellow now weds the young couple—marrying damsel and lover at the same time—and all three thenceforth live together as harmoniously as so many turtles. I have heard of some men who in civilized countries rashly marry large families with their wives, but had no idea that there was any place where people married supplementary husbands with them. Infidelity on either side is very rare. No man has more than one wife, and no wife of mature years has less than two husbands—sometimes she has three, but such instances are not frequent. The marriage tie, whatever it may be, does not appear to be indissoluble; for separations occasionally happen. These, however, when they do take place, produce no unhappiness, and are preceded by no bickerings: for the simple reason, that an ill-used wife or a hen-pecked husband is not obliged to file a bill in chancery to obtain a divorce. As nothing stands in the way of a separation, the matrimonial yokes sits easily and lightly, and a Typee wife lives on very pleasant and sociable terms with her husbands. On the whole, wedlock, as known among these Typees, seems to be of a more distinct and enduring nature than is usually the case with barbarous people.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

There seemed to be no rogues of any kind in Typee. In the darkest nights the natives slept securely, with all their worldly wealth around them, in houses the doors of which were never fastened. The disquieting ideas of theft or assassination never disturbed them. Each islander reposed beneath his own palmetto-thatching, or sat under his own bread-fruit, with none to molest or alarm him. There was not a padlock in the valley, nor anything that answered the purpose of one: still there was no community of goods.

Some individuals, of course, are more wealthy than others. For example: the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house bends under the weight of many a huge packet of tappa; his long couch is laid with mats placed one upon the other seven deep. Outside, Tinor has ranged along in her bamboo cupboard—or whatever the place may be called—a goodly array of calabashes and wooden trenchers. Now, the house just beyond the grove, and next to Marheyo's, occupied by Ruaruga, is not quite so well furnished. There are only three moderate-sized packages swinging overhead; there are only two layers of mats beneath; and the calabashes and trenchers are not so numerous, nor so tastefully stained and carved. But then, Ruaruga has a house—not so pretty a one, to be sure—but just as commodious as Marheyo's; and, I suppose, if he wished to vie with his neighbour's establishment, he could do so with very little trouble. These, in short, constitute the chief differences perceivable in the relative wealth of the people in Typee.

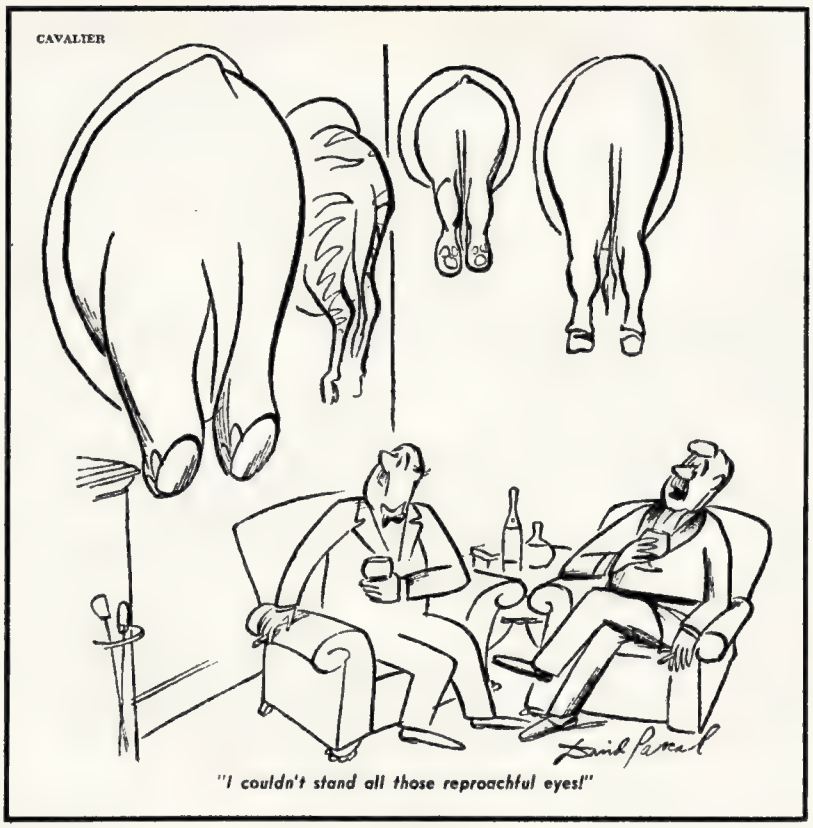
Civilization does not engross all the virtues of humanity: she has not even her full share of them. They flourish in greater abundance and attain greater strength among many barbarous people. The hospitality of the wild Arab, the courage of the North American Indian and the faithful friendships of some of the Polynesian nations, far surpass anything of a similar kind among the polished communities of Europe. If truth and justice, and the better principles of our nature, cannot exist unless enforced by the statute book, how are we to account for the social condition of the Typees? So pure and upright were they in all the relations of life, that entering their valley, as I did, under the most erroneous impressions of their character, I was soon led to exclaim in amazement: "Are these the ferocious savages, the bloodthirsty cannibals of whom I have heard such frightful tales! They deal more kindly with each other, and are more humane, than many who study essays on virtue and benevolence, and who repeat every night that beautiful prayer

breathed first by the lips of the divine and gentle Jesus." I will frankly declare, that after passing a few weeks in this valley of the Marquesas, I formed a higher estimate of human nature than I had ever before entertained. But alas! Since then I have been one of the crew of a man-of-war, and the pent-up wickedness of five hundred men has nearly overturned all my previous theories.

There was one admirable trait in the general character of the Typees which, more than anything else secured my admiration: it was the unanimity of feeling they displayed on every occasion.

One day, on returning with Kory-Kory from my accustomed visit to the Ti, we passed by a little opening in the grove; on one side of which, my attendant informed me, was that afternoon to be built a dwelling of bamboo. At least a hundred of the natives were bringing materials to the ground, some carrying in their hands one or two of the canes which were to form the sides, other slender rods of the Hibiscus, strung with palmetto leaves, for the roof. Every one contributed something to the work; and by the united, but easy, and even indolent, labours of all, the entire work was completed before sunset.

Not a single female took part in this employment: and if the degree of consideration in which the ever-adorable sex is held by the men be—as the philosophers affirm—a just criterion of the degree of refinement among a people, then I may truly pronounce the Typees to be as polished a community as ever the sun shone upon. The religious restrictions of the taboo alone excepted, the women of the valley were allowed every possible indulgence. Nowhere are the ladies more assiduously courted; nowhere are they better appreciated as the contributors to our highest enjoyments; and nowhere are they more sensible of their power. Far different from their condition among many rude nations, where the women are made to perform all the work, while their ungallant lords and masters lie buried in sloth, the gentle sex in the valley of Typee were exempt from toil—if toil it might be called—that, even in that tropical climate, never distilled one drop of perspiration. Their light household occupations, together with the manufacture of tappa, the plaiting of mats, and the polishing of drinking vessels, were the only employments pertaining to the women. Indeed, these wilful, care-killing damsels were averse to all useful employment. Like so many spoiled beauties, they ranged through the groves—bathed in the stream—danced—flirted—played all manner of mischievous pranks, and passed their days in one merry round of thoughtless happiness.



"I couldn't stand all those reproachful eyes!"

Let it not be supposed that I have overdrawn this picture. I have not done so. Nor let it be urged, that the hostility of this tribe to foreigners, and the hereditary feuds they carry on against their fellow-islanders beyond the mountains, are facts which contradict me. Not so; these apparent discrepancies are easily reconciled. By many a legendary tale of violence and wrong, as well as by events which have passed before their eyes, these people have been taught to look upon white men with abhorrence. The cruel invasion of their country has alone furnished them with ample provocation; and I can sympathize in the spirit which prompts the Typee warrior to guard all the passes to his valley with the point of his levelled spear, and, standing upon the beach, with his back turned upon his green home, to hold at bay the intruding European.

The reader will, ere long, have reason to suspect that the Typees are not free from the guilt of cannibalism; and he will then, perhaps, charge me with admiring a people against whom so odious a crime is chargeable. But this only enormity in their character is not half so horrible as it is usually described. According to the popular fictions, the crews of vessels, shipwrecked on some barbarous coast, are eaten alive like so many dainty joints by the uncivil inhabitants; and unfortunate voyagers are lured into smiling and treacherous bays; knocked on the head with outlandish war clubs; and served up without any preliminary dressing. But here, Truth, who loves to be centrally located, is again found between the two extremes; for cannibalism to a certain moderate extent is practiced among several of the primitive tribes in the Pacific, but it is upon the bodies of slain enemies alone; and horrible and fearful as the custom is, immeasurably as it is to be abhorred and condemned, still I assert that those who indulge in it are in other respects humane and virtuous.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

In one of my strolls with Kory-Kory, in passing along the border of a thick growth of bushes, my attention was arrested by a singular noise. On entering the thicket, I witnessed for the first time the operation of tattooing as performed by these islanders.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back, on the ground, and despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the world like a stone-cutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the colouring matter in which the instrument was dipped. A coconut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candlenut, always preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of bone and wood, used in the various divisions of his art. A few terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case of the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw. These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in

straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few, the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum. Altogether, the sight of these strange instruments recalled to mind that display of cruel-looking mother-of-pearl-handled things which one sees in their velvet-lined cases at the elbow of a dentist.

So deeply engaged was he in his work, that he had not observed our approach, until, after having enjoyed an unmolested view of the operation, I chose to attract his attention. As soon as he perceived me, supposing that I sought him in his professional capacity, he seized hold of me in a paroxysm of delight, and was all eagerness to begin the work. When, however, I gave him to understand that he had altogether mistaken my views, nothing could exceed his grief and disappointment.

The idea of engrafting his tattooing upon my white skin filled him with all a painter's enthusiasm: again and again he gazed into my countenance, and every fresh glimpse seemed to add to the vehemence of his ambition. When his forefinger swept across my features, in laying out the borders of those parallel bands which were to encircle my countenance, the flesh fairly crawled upon my bones. At last, half wild with terror and indignation, I succeeded in breaking away, and fled toward old Marheyo's house, pursued by the indomitable artist, who ran after me, implements in hand. Kory-Kory, however, at last interfered, and drew him off from the chase.

This incident opened my eyes to a new danger; and I now felt convinced that in some luckless hour I should be disfigured in such a manner as never more to have the *face* to return to my countrymen, even should an opportunity offer.

These apprehensions were greatly increased by the desire which King Mehevi and several of the inferior chiefs now manifested that I should be tattooed. The pleasure of the king was first signified to me some three days after my casual encounter with Karky the artist. Several times I met him in various parts of the valley, and, invariably, whenever he descried me, he came running after me with his mallet and chisel, flourishing them about my face as if he longed to begin.

When the king first expressed his wish to me, I made known to him my utter abhorrence of the measure, and worked myself into such a state of excitement, that he absolutely stared at me in amazement. It evidently surpassed his majesty's comprehension how any sober-minded and sensible individual could entertain the least possible objection to so beautifying an operation.

Soon afterwards he repeated his suggestion, and meeting with a like repulse, showed some symptoms of displeasure at my obduracy. On his a third time renewing his request, I plainly perceived that something must be done, or my visage was ruined forever; I therefore screwed up my courage to the sticking point, and declared my willingness to have both arms tattooed from just above the wrist to the shoulder. His majesty was greatly pleased at the proposition, and I was congratulating myself with having thus compromised the matter, when he intimated that as a thing of course my face was first to undergo the operation.

The only consolation afforded me was a choice of patterns: I was at perfect liberty to have my face spanned by three horizontal bars, after the fashion of my serving-man's; or to have as many oblique stripes slanting across it: or if, like a true courtier, I chose to model my style on that of royalty, I might wear a sort of freemason badge upon my countenance in the shape of a mystic triangle. However, I would have none of these, though the king most earnestly impressed upon my mind that my choice was wholly unrestricted. At last, seeing my unconquerable repugnance, he ceased to importune me.

But not so some other of the savages. Hardly a day passed but I was subjected to their annoying requests, until at last my existence became a burden to me; the pleasures I had previously enjoyed no longer afforded me delight, and all my former desire to escape from the valley now revived with additional force.

A fact which I soon afterwards learned augmented my apprehension. The whole system of tattooing was, I found, connected with their religion; and it was evident, therefore, that they were resolved to make a convert of me.

Although convinced that tattooing was a religious observance, still the nature of the connection between it and the superstitious idolatry of the people was a point upon which I could never obtain any information. Like the still more important system of the "taboo," it always appeared inexplicable to me.

There was one singular custom, observed in old Marheyo's domestic establishment, which often excited my surprise. Every night, before retiring, the inmates of the house gathered together on the mats, and squatting upon their haunches, after the universal practice of these islanders, would commence a low, dismal, and monotonous chant, accompanying the voice with the instrumental melody produced by two small half-rotten sticks tapped slowly together, a pair of which were held in the hands of each person present. Thus would they employ themselves for an hour or two, sometimes longer. Lying in the gloom which wrapped the farther end of the house, I could not avoid looking at them, although the spectacle suggested nothing but unpleasant reflections. The flickering rays of the "armor" nut just served to reveal their savage lineaments, without dispelling the darkness that hovered about them.

Sometimes when, after falling into a kind of doze, and awaking suddenly in the midst of these doleful chantings, my eye would fall upon the wild-looking group engaged in their strange occupation, with their naked tattooed limbs, and shaven heads disposed in a circle, I was almost tempted to believe that I gazed upon a set of evil beings in the act of working a frightful incantation.

What was the meaning or purpose of this custom, whether it was practiced merely as a diversion, or whether it was a religious exercise, a sort of family prayers, I never could discover.

The sounds produced by the natives on these occasions were of a most singular description; and had I not actually been present, I never would have believed that such curious noises could have been produced by human beings.

Although these savages are remarkably fond of chanting, still they appear to have no idea whatever of singing, at least as the art is practiced among other nations.

I never shall forget the first time I happened to roar out a stave in the presence of the noble Mehevi. It was a stanza from the "Bavarian Broomseller." His Typean majesty, with all his court, gazed upon me in amazement, as if I had displayed some preternatural faculty which Heaven had denied to them. The king was delighted with the verse; but the chorus fairly transported him. At his solicitation, I sang it again and again, and nothing could be more ludicrous than his vain attempts to catch the air and the words. The royal savage seemed to think that by screwing all the features of his face into the end of his nose, he might possibly succeed in the undertaking, but it failed to answer the purpose; and in the end he gave it up, and consoled himself by listening to my repetition of the sounds fifty times over.

Previous to Mehevi's making the discovery, I had never been aware that there was anything of the nightingale about me; but I was now promoted to the place of court minstrel, in which capacity I was afterwards perpetually called upon to officiate.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

From the time of my casual encounter with Karky the artist, my life was one of absolute wretchedness. Not a day passed but I was persecuted by the solicitations of some of the natives to subject myself to the odious operation of tattooing. Their importunities drove me half wild, for I felt how easily they might work their will upon me regarding this, or anything else which they took into their heads. Still, however, the behaviour of the islanders toward me was as kind as ever. Fayaway was quite as engaging; Kory-Kory as devoted; and Mehevi the king just as gracious and condescending as before. But I had now been three months in their valley, as nearly as I could estimate; I had grown familiar with the narrow limits to which my wanderings had been confined; and I began bitterly to feel the state of captivity in which I was held.

It was during the period I was in this unhappy frame of mind, that the painful malady under which I had been labouring—after having almost completely subsided—began again to show itself, and with symptoms as violent as ever. This added calamity nearly unmanned me; the recurrence of the complaint proved

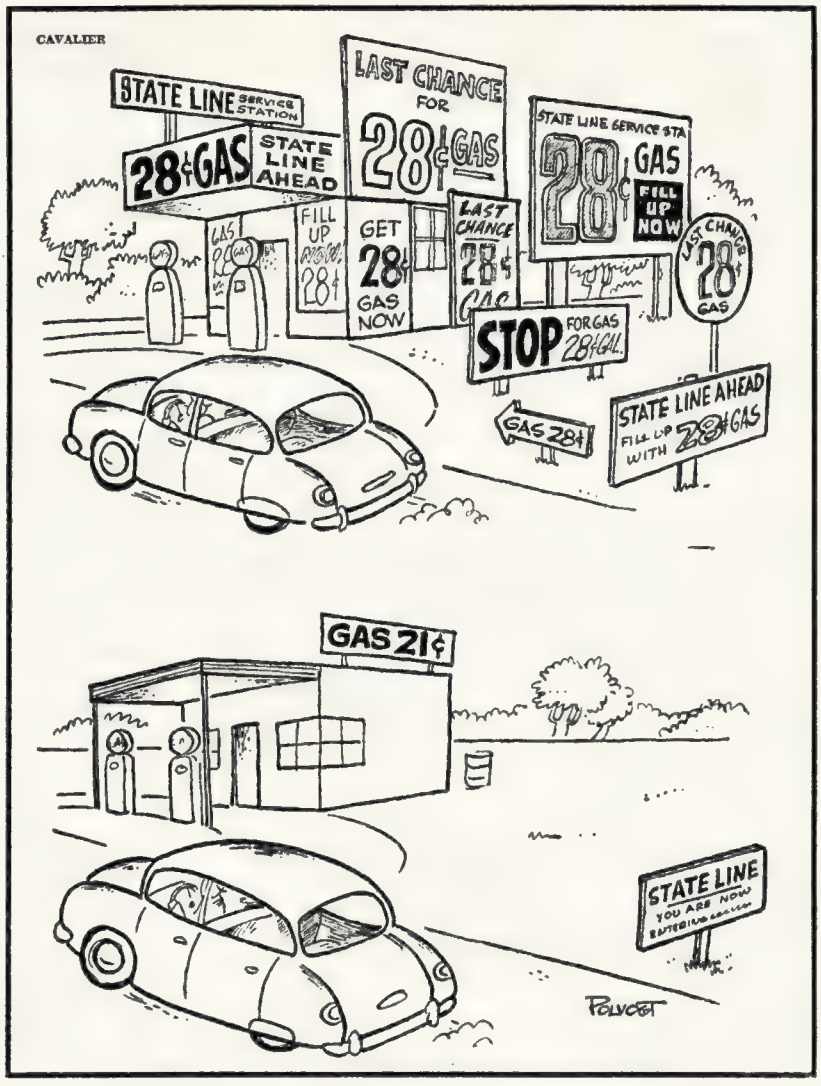
that, without powerful remedial applications, all hope of cure was futile; and when I reflected that just beyond the elevations which bound me in, was the medical relief I needed, and that, although so near, it was impossible for me to avail myself of it, the thought was misery.

In this wretched situation, every circumstance which evinced the savage nature of the beings at whose mercy I was, augmented the fearful apprehensions that consumed me. An occurrence which happened about this time affected me most powerfully.

I have already mentioned, that from the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which from their remarkable appearance had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the Ti, my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were, for some purpose or other, under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken.

One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head, in the same way that the individual had worn them during life. The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes—filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the center—heightened the hideousness of its aspect.



Two of the three were heads of the islanders, but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken.

Gracious God! what dreadful thoughts entered my mind. In solving this mystery, perhaps I had solved another, and the fate of my lost companion might be revealed in the shocking spectacle I had just witnessed. I longed to have torn off the folds of cloth, and satisfied the awful doubts under which I laboured. But before I had recovered from the consternation into which I had been thrown, the fatal packages were hoisted aloft and once more swung over my head. The natives now gathered around me tumultuously, and laboured to convince me that what I had just seen were the heads of three Happar warriors, who had been slain in battle. This glaring falsehood added to my alarm, and it was not until I reflected that I had observed the packages swinging from their elevation before Toby's disappearance, that I could at all recover my composure.

But although this horrible apprehension had been dispelled, I had discovered enough to fill me, in my present state of mind, with the most bitter reflections. It was plain that I had seen the last relic of some unfortunate wretch, who must have been massacred on the beach by the savages, in one of those perilous trading adventures which I have before described.

It was not, however, alone the murder of the stranger that overcame me with gloom. I shuddered at the idea of the subsequent fate his inanimate body might have met with. Was the same doom reserved for me? Was I destined to perish like him—like him, perhaps, to be devoured, and my head to be preserved as a fearful memento of the event? My imagination ran riot in these horrid speculations, and I felt certain that the worst possible evils would befall me. But whatever were my misgivings, I studiously concealed them from the islanders, as well as the full extent of the discovery I had made.

Although the assurances which the Typees had often given me, that they never ate human flesh, had not convinced me that such was the case, yet, having been so long a time in the valley without witnessing anything which indicated the existence of the practice, I began to hope that it was an event of very rare occurrence, and that I should be spared the horror of witnessing it during my stay among them: but, alas! these hopes were soon destroyed.

About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages, I happened to be at the Ti, when another war alarm was sounded, and the natives, rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist an incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains

during the time that the skirmish lasted. An hour or two after its termination, loud pæans chanted through the valley announced the approach of the victors. I stood with Kory-Kory leaning against the railing of the pi-pi, awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamours from the neighboring groves. In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length, extending from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly plucked palm leaves, tacked together with slivers of bamboo. Here and there upon these green windingsheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and the clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in dry patches around it. The savage seemed to be sinking under the weight he bore. The bright tattooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

These four individuals, having been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honour of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti. Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me.

The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happars, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foes beyond the summit of the mountain. When the crowd drew up opposite the Ti, I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retreating before him, as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount.

I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they were determined I should not be present.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, assured me that the savages were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity.

All the inmates of the house, with the exception of Marheyo, his son, and Tinor, after assuming their gala dresses, departed in the direction of the Taboo Groves.

Although I did not anticipate a compliance with my request, still, with a view of testing the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to Kory-Kory that, according to our usual custom in the morning, we should take a stroll to the Ti: he positively refused; and when I renewed the request, he evinced his determination to prevent my going there; and, to divert my mind from the subject, he offered to accompany me to the stream. We accordingly went, and bathed. On our coming back to the house, I was surprised to find that all its inmates had returned, and were lounging upon the mats as usual, although the drums still sounded from the groves.

The rest of the day I spent with Kory-Kory and Fayaway, wandering about a part of the valley situated in an opposite direction from the Ti, and whenever I so much as looked toward that building, although it was hidden from view by intervening trees, and at the distance of more than a mile, my attendant would exclaim, "Taboo, taboo!"

Everything, in short, strengthened my suspicions with regard to the nature of the festival they were now celebrating; and which amounted almost to a certainty. While in Nukuheva I had frequently been informed that the whole tribe were never present at these cannibal banquets, but the chiefs and priests only; and everything I now observed agreed with the account.

The sound of the drums continued without intermission the whole day, and falling continually upon my ear, caused me a sensation of horror which I am unable to describe. On the following day, hearing none of those noisy indications of revelry, I concluded that the inhuman feast was terminated, and feeling a kind of morbid curiosity to discover whether the Ti might furnish any evidence of what had taken place there, I proposed to Kory-Kory to walk there. To this proposition he replied by pointing with his finger to the newly-risen sun, and then up to the zenith, intimating that our visit must be deferred until noon. Shortly after that hour we accordingly proceeded to the Taboo Groves, and as soon as we entered their precincts, I looked fearfully round in quest of some memorial of the scene which had so lately been acted there; but everything appeared as usual. On reaching the Ti, we found Mehevi and a few chiefs reclining on the mats, who gave me as friendly a reception as ever. No allusions of any kind were made by them to the recent events; and I refrained, for obvious reasons, from referring to them myself.

After staying a short time, I took my leave. In passing along the piazza, previously to descending from the pi-pi, I observed a curiously carved vessel of wood, of considerable size, with a cover placed over it, of the same material, and which resembled in shape a small canoe. It was surrounded by a low railing of bamboos, the top of which was scarcely a foot from the ground. As the vessel had been placed in its present position since my last visit, I at once concluded that it must have some connection with the recent festival; and, prompted by a curiosity I could not repress, in passing it I raised one end of the cover; at the same moment the chiefs, perceiving my design, loudly ejaculated, "Taboo! taboo!" But the slight glimpse sufficed; my eyes fell upon the disordered members of a human skeleton, the bones still fresh with moisture, and with particles of flesh clinging to them here and there!

Kory-Kory, who had been a little in advance of me, attracted by the exclamations of the chiefs, turned round in time to witness the expression of horror on my countenance. He now hurried toward me, pointing at the same time to the canoe, and exclaiming, rapidly, "Puarkee! puarkee!" (Pig, pig.) I pretended to yield to the deception, and repeated the words after him several times, as though acquiescing in what he said. The other savages, either deceived by my conduct, or unwilling to manifest their displeasure at what could not now be remedied, took no further notice of the occurrence, and I immediately left the Ti.

All that night I lay awake, revolving in my mind the fearful situation in which I was placed. The last horrid revelation had now been made, and the full sense of my condition rushed upon my mind with a force I had never before experienced.

Where, thought I, desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to possess the ability to assist me was the stranger, Marnoo; but would he ever return to the valley? and if he did, should I be permitted to hold any communication with him? It seemed as if I were cut off from every source of hope, and that nothing remained but passively to await whatever fate was in store for me.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

"Marnoo, Marnoo pemi!" Once more the approach of the stranger was heralded, and the intelligence operated upon me like magic. Again I should be able to converse with him in

my own language; and I resolved, at all hazards, to concert with him some scheme, however desperate, to rescue me from a condition that had now become insupportable.

As he drew near, I remembered with many misgivings the inauspicious termination of our former interview; and when he entered the house, I watched with intense anxiety the reception he met with from its inmates. To my joy, his appearance was hailed with the liveliest pleasure; and accosting me kindly, he seated himself by my side, and entered into conversation with the natives around him. It soon appeared, however, that on this occasion he had not any intelligence of importance to communicate. I inquired of him from whence he had last come. He replied, from Puecrka, his native valley, and that he intended to return to it the same day.

At once it struck me that, could I but reach that valley under his protection, I might easily from thence reach Nukuheva by water; and, animated by the prospect which this plan held out, I disclosed it in a few brief words to the stranger, and asked him how it could be best accomplished. My heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered me that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said, "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihenee (young girls). Oh, very good place, Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come."

These words distressed me beyond belief; and when I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming, passionately, "Me no hear you talk anymore; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. Now you listen—but no talk anymore. By by I go—you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep)—you run away—you come Pueearka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka—he no harm you—ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more." With these words, enforced by a vehemence of gesture I cannot describe, Marnoo started from my side, and immediately engaged in conversation with some of the chiefs who had entered the house.

It would have been idle for me to have attempted resuming the interview so peremptorily terminated by Marnoo, but the plan he had suggested struck me as one which might possibly be accomplished, and I resolved to act upon it as speedily as possible.

Accordingly, when he arose to depart, I accompanied him, with the natives, outside of the house, with a view of carefully noting the path he would take in leaving the valley. Just before leaping from the pi-pi, he clasped my hand, and, looking significantly at me, exclaimed, "Now you see you do what I tell you—ah! then you do good—you no do so—ah! then you die." The next moment he waved his spear in adieu to the islanders, and, following the route that conducted to a defile in the mountains lying opposite the Happar side, was soon out of sight.

A mode of escape was now presented to me; but how was I to avail myself of it? I was continually surrounded by the savages; I could not stir from one house to another without being attended by some of them; and even during the hours devoted to slumber, the slightest movement which I made seemed to attract the notice of those who shared the mats with me. In spite of these obstacles, however, I determined forthwith to make the attempt. To do so with any prospect of success, it was necessary that I should have at least two hours' start before the islanders should discover my absence; I could not hope, lame and feeble as I was, and ignorant of the route, to secure my escape unless I had this advantage. It was also by night alone that I could hope to accomplish my object, and then only by adopting the utmost precaution.

The entrance to Marheyo's habitation was through a low narrow opening in its wickerwork front. This passage, for no conceivable reason that I could devise, was always closed after the household had retired to rest, by drawing a heavy slide across it, composed of a dozen or more bits of wood, ingeniously fastened together by seizings of sinnate. When any of the inmates chose to go outside, the noise occasioned by the removing of this rude door awakened everybody else; and on more than one occasion I had remarked that the islanders were nearly as irritable as more civilized beings under similar circumstances.

The difficulty thus placed in my way I determined to obviate in the following manner. I would get up boldly in the course of the night, and, drawing the slide, issue from the house, and pretend that my object was merely to procure a drink from the calabash, which always stood without the dwelling on the corner of the pi-pi. On re-entering I would purposely omit closing the passage after me, and trusting that the indolence of the savages would prevent them from repairing my neglect, would return to my mat, and waiting patiently until all were again asleep, I would then steal forth, and at once take the route to Puecarka.

The very night which followed Marnoo's departure, I proceeded to put this project into execution. About midnight, as I imagined, I arose and drew the slide. The natives, just as I had expected, started up, while some of them asked, "Arware poo awa, Tommo?" (where are you going, Tommo?) "Wai," (water), I laconically answered, grasping the calabash. On hearing my reply they sank back again, and in a minute or two I returned to my mat, anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment.

One after another the savages, turning restlessly, appeared to resume their slumbers, and, rejoicing at the stillness which prevailed, I was about to rise again from my couch, when I heard a slight rustling—a dark form was intercepted between me and the doorway—the slide was drawn across it, and the individual, whoever he was, returned to his mat. This was a sad blow to me; but as it might have aroused the suspicions of the islanders to have made another attempt that night, I was reluctantly obliged to defer it until the next. Several times after I repeated the same manoeuvre, but with as little success as before. As my pretence for withdrawing from the house was to allay my thirst, Kory-Kory, either suspecting some design on my part, or else prompted by a desire to please me, regularly every evening placed a calabash of water by my side.

Even under these inauspicious circumstances I again and again renewed the attempt; but when I did so, my valet always rose with me, as if determined I should not remove myself from his observation. For the present, therefore, I was obliged to abandon the attempt; but I endeavoured to console myself with the idea, that by this mode I might yet effect my escape.

Shortly after Marnoo's visit I was reduced to such a state, that it was with extreme difficuty I could walk, even with the assistance of a spear, and Kory-Kory, as formerly, was obliged to carry me daily to the stream.

For hours and hours, during the warmest part of the day, I lay upon my mat, and while those around me were nearly all dozing away in careless ease, I remained awake, gloomily pondering over the fate which it appeared now idle for me to resist. When I thought of the loved friends who were thousands and thousands of miles from the savage island in which I was held a captive—when I reflected that my dreadful fate would forever be concealed from them, and that, with hope deferred, they might continue to await my return long after my inanimate form had blended with the dust of the valley, I could not repress a shudder of anguish.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, and it must have been more than four months since I entered the valley, when one day, about noon, and whilst everything was in profound silence, Mow-Mow, the one-eyed chief, suddenly appeared at the door, and leaning forward toward me as I lay directly facing him, said, in a low tone, "Toby pemi ena," (Toby has arrived here). What a tumult of emotions rushed upon me at this startling intelligence! Insensible to the pain that had before distracted me, I leaped to my feet, and called wildly to Kory-Kory, who was reposing by my side. The startled islanders sprang from their mats; the news was quickly communicated to them; and the next moment I was making my way to the Ti on the back of Kory-Kory, and surrounded by the excited savages.

All that I could comprehend of the particulars which Mow-Mow rehearsed to his auditors as we proceeded, was that my long-lost companion had arrived in a boat which had just en-

tered the bay. These tidings made me most anxious to be carried at once to the sea, lest some untoward circumstance should prevent our meeting; but to this they would not consent, and continued their course toward the royal abode. As we approached it, Mehevi and several chiefs showed themselves from the piazza, and called upon us loudly to come to them.

As soon as we had approached, I endeavoured to make them understand that I was going down to the sea to meet Toby. To this the king objected, and motioned Kory-Kory to bring me into the house. It was in vain to resist; and in a few moments I found myself within the Ti, surrounded by a noisy group engaged in discussing the recent intelligence. Toby's name was frequently repeated, coupled with violent exclamations of astonishment. It seemed as if they yet remained in doubt with regard to the fact of his arrival, and at every fresh report that was brought from the shore they betrayed the liveliest emotions.

Almost frenzied at being held in this state of suspense, I passionately besought Mehevi to permit me to proceed. Whether my companion had arrived or not, I felt a presentiment that my own fate was about to be decided. Again and again I renewed my petition to Mehevi. He regarded me with a fixed and serious eye, but at length, yielding to my importunity, reluctantly granted my request.

Accompanied by some fifty of the natives, I now rapidly continued my journey, every few moments being transferred from the back of one to another, and urging my bearer forward all the while with earnest entreaties. As I thus hurried forward, no doubt as to the truth of the information I had received ever crossed my mind. I was alive only to the one overwhelming idea, that a chance of deliverance was now afforded me, if the jealous opposition of the savages could be overcome.

Having been prohibited from approaching the sea during the whole of my stay in the valley, I had always associated with it the idea of escape. It was evident that a boat had entered the bay, and I saw little reason to doubt the truth of the report that it had brought my companion. Every time, therefore, that we gained an elevation, I looked eagerly around, hoping to behold him.

In the midst of an excited throng, who by their violent gestures and wild cries appeared to be under the influence of some excitement as strong as my own, I was now borne along at a rapid trot, frequently stooping my head to avoid the branches which crossed the path, and never ceasing to implore those who carried me to accelerate their already swift pace.

In this manner we had proceeded about four or five miles, when we were met by a party of some twenty islanders, between whom and those who accompanied me ensued an animated conference. Impatient of the delay occasioned by this interruption, I was beseeching the man who carried me to proceed without his loitering companions, when Kory-Kory, running to my side, informed me, in three fatal words, that the news had all proved false—that Toby had not arrived—"Toby owlee permi." Heaven only knows how, in the state of mind and body I then was, I ever sustained the agony which this intelligence caused me; not that the news was altogether unexpected, but I had trusted that the fact might not have been made known until we should have arrived upon the beach. As it was, I at once foresaw the course the savages would pursue. They had only yielded thus far to my entreaties, that I might give a joyful welcome to my long-lost comrade; but now that it was known he had not arrived, they would at once oblige me to turn back.

My anticipations were but too correct. In spite of the resistance I made, they carried me into a house which was near the spot, and left me upon the mats. Shortly afterward, several of those who had accompanied me from the Ti, detaching themselves from the others, proceeded in the direction of the sea. Those who remained gathered about the dwelling, and appeared to be awaiting their return.

This convinced me that strangers—perhaps some of my own countrymen—had for some cause or other entered the bay. Distracted at the idea of their vicinity, and reckless of the pain which I suffered, I heeded not the assurances of the islanders that there were no boats at the beach, but, starting to my feet, endeavoured to gain the door. Instantly the passage was blocked by several men, who commanded me to resume my seat.

Guided by this consideration, I turned to Mow-Mow, the only chief present, and carefully concealing my real design, tried to make him comprehend that I still believed Toby to have arrived on the shore, and besought him to allow me to go forward to welcome him. To all his repeated assertions that my companion had not been seen, I pretended to turn a deaf ear: while I urged my soliciations with an eloquence of gesture which the one-eyed chief appeared unable to resist. He spoke a few words to the natives, who at once retreated from the door, and I immediately passed out of the house.

Here I looked earnestly round for Kory-Kory; but that hitherto faithful servitor was nowhere to be seen. Unwilling to linger even for a single instant when every moment might be so important, I motioned to a muscular fellow near me to take me upon his back; to my surprise he angrily refused. I turned to another, but with a like result. A third attempt was as unsuccessful, and I immediately perceived what had induced Mow-Mow to grant my request, and why the other natives conducted themselves in so strange a manner. It was evident that the chief had only given me liberty to continue my progress toward the sea, because he supposed that I was deprived of the means of reaching it.

Convinced by this of their determination to retain me a captive, I became desperate; and almost insensible to the pain which I suffered, I seized a spear which was leaning against the projecting eaves of the house, and, supporting myself with it, resumed the path that swept by the dwelling. To my surprise, I was suffered to proceed alone, all the natives remaining in front of the house, and engaging in earnest conversation, which every moment became more loud and vehement; and, to my unspeakable delight, I perceived that some difference of opinion had arisen between them; that two parties, in short, were formed, and consequently that, in their divided counsels, there were some chance of my deliverance.

Before I had proceeded a hundred yards I was again surrounded by the savages, who were still in all the heat of argument, and appeared every moment as if they would come to blows. In the midst of this tumult old Marheyo came to my side, and I shall never forget the benevolent expression of his countenance. He placed his arm upon my shoulder, and emphatically pronounced one expressive English word I had taught him—"Home." I at once understood what he meant, and eagerly expressed my thanks to him. Fayaway and Kory-Kory were by his side, both weeping violently; and it was not until the old man had twice repeated the command that his son could bring himself to obey him, and take me again upon his back. The one-eyed chief opposed his doing so, but he was overruled, and, as it seemed to me, by some of his own party.

We proceeded onward, and never shall I forget the ecstasy I felt when I first heard the roar of the surf breaking upon the beach. Before long, I saw the flashing billows themselves through the opening between the trees. By this time the shouts of the crowd upon the beach were distinctly audible, and in the blended confusion of sounds I almost fancied I could distinguish the voices of my own countrymen.

When we reached the open space which lay between the groves and the sea, the first object that met my view was an English whaleboat, lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms distant from it. It was manned by five islanders, dressed in short tunics of calico. My first impression was that they were in the very act of pulling out from the bay; and that, after all my exertions, I had come too late. My soul sank within me, but a second glance convinced me that the boat was only hanging off to keep out of the surf; and the next moment I heard my own name shouted out by a voice from the midst of the crowd.

Looking in the direction of the sound, I perceived, to my indescribable joy, the tall figure of Karakoee, an Oahu Kannaka, who had often been aboard the *Dolly* while she lay in Nukuheva. He wore the green shooting jacket, with gilt buttons, which had been given to him by an officer of the *Reine Blanche*—the French flagship—and in which I had always seen him dressed.

Karakoee stood near the edge of the water with a large roll of cotton cloth thrown over one arm, and holding two or three canvas bags of powder, while with the other hand he grasped a musket, which he appeared to be proffering to several of the chiefs around him. But they turned with disgust from his offers, and seemed to be impatient at his presence, with vehement gestures waving him off to his boat, and commanding him to depart.

The Kannaka, however, still maintained his ground, and I at once perceived that he was seeking to purchase my freedom.

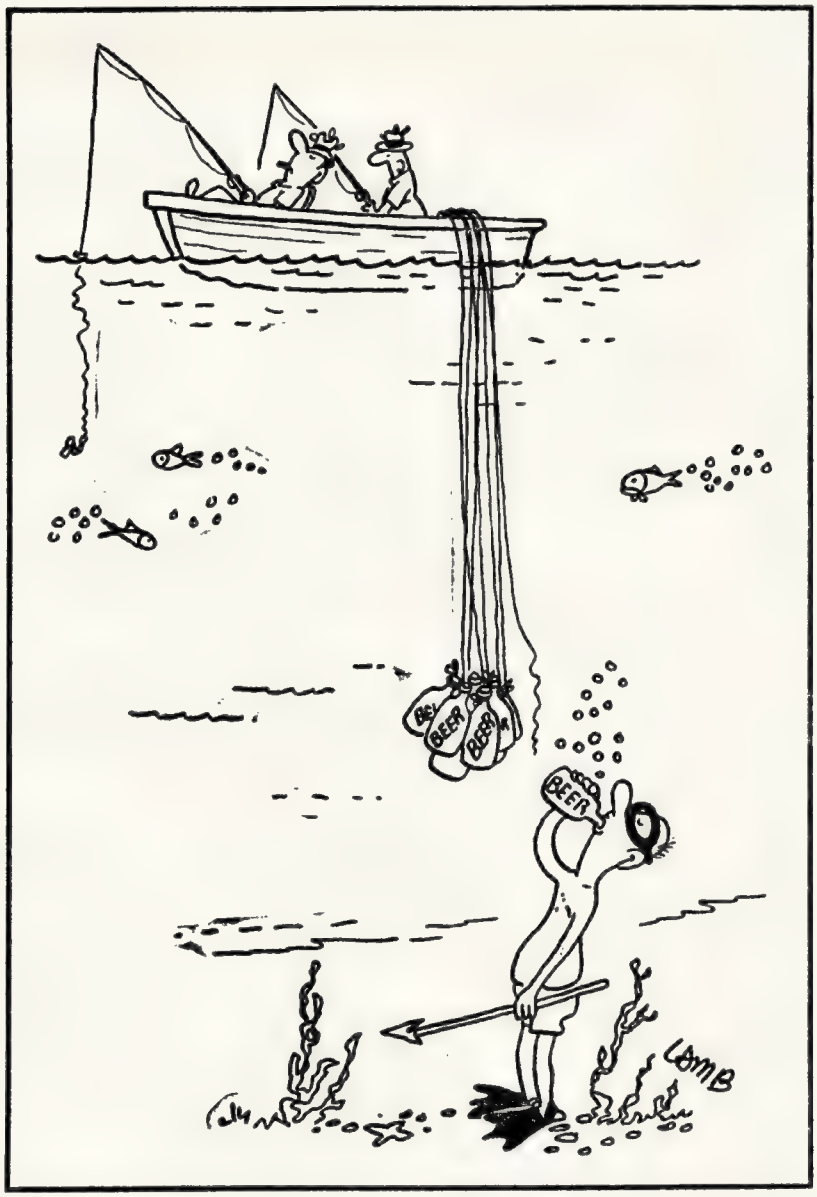
Animated by the idea, I called upon him loudly to come to me; but he replied, in broken English, that the islanders had threatened to pierce him with their spears, if he stirred a foot toward me. At this time I was still advancing, surrounded by a dense throng of the natives, several of whom had their hands upon me, and more than one javelin was threateningly pointed at me.

I was still some thirty yards from Karakoee, when my further progress was prevented by the natives, who compelled me to sit down upon the ground, while they still retained their hold upon my arms. The din and tumult now became tenfold, and I perceived that several of the priests were on the spot, all of whom were evidently urging Mow-Mow and the other chiefs to prevent my departure. Still I saw that the Kannaka continued his exertions in my favour—that he was boldly debating the matter with the savages, and was striving to entice them by displaying his cloth and powder, and snapping the lock of his musket. But all he said or did appeared only to augment the clamours of those around him.

In despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and, shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprang upon my feet and rushed toward Karakoee.

The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoee, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow endeavourcd to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat.

It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore; blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing convulsively. I saw that now or never was the moment. Clasping my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved toward the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes, but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kannaka, who had anxiously watched my movements; the rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoee by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way.



Although it was clear that my movements had been noticed by several of the natives, still they had not suspended the conflict in which they were engaged, and it was not until the boat was above fifty yards from the shore, that Mow-Mow and some six or seven other warriors rushed into the sea and hurled their javelins at us. Some of the weapons passed quite as close to us as was desirable, but no one was wounded, and the men pulled away gallantly. But although soon out of the reach of the spears, our progress was extremely slow; it blew strong upon the shore, and the tide was against us; and I saw Karakoee, who was steering the boat, give many a look toward a jutting point of the bay round which we had to pass.

For a minute or two after our departure, the savages, who had formed into different groups, remained perfectly motionless and silent. All at once the enraged chief showed by his gestures that he had resolved what course he would take. Shouting loudly to his companions, and pointing with his tomahawk toward the headland, he set off at full speed in that direction, and was followed by about thirty of the natives, among whom were several of the priests, all yelling out, "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" at the very top of their voices. Their intention was evidently to swim off from the headland and intercept us in our course. The wind was freshening every minute, and was right in our teeth, and it was one of those chopping, angry seas, in which it is so difficult to row. Still the chances seemed in our favour, but when we came within a hundred yards of the point, the active savages were already dashing into the water, and we all feared that within five minutes' time we should have a score of the infuriated wretches around us. If so our doom was sealed, for these savages, unlike the feeble swimmers of civilized countries, are, if anything, more formidable antagonists in the water than when on the land. It was all a trial of strength; our natives pulled till their oars bent again, and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity.

By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were all aware that if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practice upon us the manoeuvre which proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas. They would grapple

the oars, and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy.

After a few breathless moments I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us, and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and with true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downward. I had no time to repeat the blow, but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance.

Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale, but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all and in safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoee.

* * *

The circumstances connected with my most unexpected escape may be very briefly stated. The captain of an Australian vessel being in distress for men in these remote seas, had put into Nukuheva in order to recruit his ship's company, but not a single man was to be obtained; and the barque was about to get under weigh, when she was boarded by Karakoee, who informed the disappointed Englishman that an American sailor was detained by the savages in the neighbouring bay of Typee; and he offered, if supplied with suitable articles of traffic, to undertake his release. The Kannaka had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, to whom, after all, I was indebted for my escape. The proposition was acceded to; and Karakoee, taking with him five tabooed natives of Nukuheva, again repaired aboard the barque, which in a few hours sailed to that part of the island, and threw her main topsail aback right off the entrance to the Typee bay. The whaleboat, manned by the tabooed crew, pulled toward the head of the inlet, while the ship lay "off and on" awaiting its return.

The events which ensued have already been detailed, and little more remains to be related. On reaching the *Julia,* I was lifted over the side, and my strange appearance, and remarkable adventure, occasioned the liveliest interest. Every attention was bestowed upon me that humanity could suggest; but to such a state was I reduced, that three months elapsed before I recovered my health.

The fate of my friend and companion Toby remained a mystery for a long time. During the next two years, spent as a sailor in the South Seas, I was ever in search of some word or hint of his ultimate fortune. But there was none; I still remained ignorant as to whether he succeeded in leaving the valley or perished at the hands of the islanders.

Not until long after I returned home, and the foregoing narrative was published, did the uncertainty end. For it was thus that Toby learned of my continued existence and was able at last to reach me with his own story. It was one of danger and inhuman trickery. There had been no boats waiting on the beach that morning that Toby left me to bring aid; instead he found a renegade old sailor who had lived in Nukuheva so long that he was now more native than white. And it was in the custody of this derelict of the sea that Toby was now placed by the natives, restrained by force from his attempts to return to me.

But his spirits rose when he discovered that he was to be guided overland to Nukuheva. Once there, he was certain, he could rid himself of the unwelcome old sailor and arrange for my rescue. Instead he was duped and deceived, lured on board a whaleship in the harbor with the false promise that an armed boat would be sent to rescue me. In short, he was shanghaied.

There is little more to be related. Toby left his vessel at New Zealand, and after some further adventures, arrived home in less than two years after leaving the Marquesas. He always thought of me as dead—and I had every reason to suppose that he, too, was no more.

Only the chance reading of a book brought us together again. •

THE END

BRAINSTORMING CAN MAKE YOU RICH

Continued from page 84

Charlie Clark has simplified solo thinking, or idea-getting for the individual, into a set of handy rules:

1. First, you need something to think about. Don't wait for inspiration. Problems are actually disguised opportunities. Hunt them up around your job. Make a list of Pet Peeves, things you've always felt were being done wrong in the place you work.

2. Hold a One-Man Brainstorm Session. Solve the problems and find ways to do the peeves differently. Start by getting an Idea Trap, a simple notebook. (Clark tells how idea man Ivy Lee got $25,000 from Charles Schwab of Bethlehem Steel for the idea of making a list of things to do.) Give yourself a minimum quota of ideas to produce. Then suspend judgment until later and write down every idea that comes into your head. No self-criticism is allowed. Later, look over the list and pick out the best ideas.

3. Put your ideas across. Clark says this must be done as befits the situation. But, he warns, spend at least as much time solo thinking ways to present your ideas as you did thinking them up originally.

4. Don't be stingy with your creativity. Give your ideas away free if necessary, especially on the job. It puts you in thinking training, advances your career and provides practice in letter writing and other methods of presenting ideas.

This whole avalanche of creative thinking started in Philadelphia eight years ago when bachelor Charles Clark walked into a book store and bought *Creative Imagination* by Alex F. Osborn. "I stayed up reading until two in the morning," recalls Clark. "He mentioned that the churches in Pontiac, Michigan, rang bells on Election Day and I got the idea that 'Liberty Bells' rung throughout America would bring more people to the polls. I phoned him in Buffalo. He was thrilled, not so much by my idea, as the fact that I was the first person to read his book. It wasn't supposed to go on sale until the following Monday."

The contact paid off a few years later when Clark was hired by Osborn to do the research for a new book, *Applied Imagination.* That's when Clark fell under the spell of brainstorming.

In 1952, ex-grease monkey, factory hand, Railway Express loader, and employment interviewer Clark decided he wasn't getting ahead fast enough as an Office Methods Analyst at the Philadelphia Electric Co. He quit and invested his meager savings in an idea—that he could sell brainstorming (with Osborn's blessings) to top industry in New York. He bedded down in a room at the Sloane YMCA and with a strange collection of brainstorming posters he had designed tucked under his arm, began calling on corporation executives.

"It wasn't going very well," Charlie recalls. "I realized that eating in Horn and Hardart wasn't helping me feel like convincing executives that Creative Thinking could pay off. It wasn't doing much for me."

Clark applied for a job as Assistant Training Director of the Ethyl Corporation. While awaiting an answer, he became a Good Humor Man, pedaling an ice cream truck in the garment center. Then an article *Can Executives Be Taught to Think?* in the May 1953 issue of *Fortune,* showed Brainstormer Clark, flannel-board and all, displaying the merits of "thinking" to an important V.P.

"I'm sure I'm the only Good Humor Man who ever made *Fortune,*" Charlie says.

Charlie Clark's amazing thinking career has prospered ever since. The government first learned about brainstorming when John Cocci, Assistant Navy Training Director, heard Charlie Clark give a demonstration at the National Conference of Training Directors in Los Angeles, in June 1955. The Washington invitations followed soon after and more have been pouring in since.

And this surge of admiration for brainstorming is by no means confined to Washington—and the government. Throughout the country more and more firms, big and small, are accepting Clark's challenge to "Think Up—or Shut Up!" •

N. Y.'S UNTOUCHABLE KILLER

Continued from page 9

"Are you satisfied you are telling the truth?"

"Yes. That's right. Son of a bitch. If I—" and then Hintz stopped talking and began ripping at his hospital gown.

"What are you doing down there, Andy?" I said. I knew what he was doing, but I wanted it to be noted in the record.

"Show him where I got it, that's all," groaned Hintz.

"What are you taking your clothes off for?"

The gown was out of the way and Hintz was plucking at the bandages on his chest and abdomen. "I want to show him to see if he's satisfied."

"Will you please tell the truth here, Andy?" sighed Dunn.

Hintz snorted at him.

"Well," said Dunn, "I hope you get well."

"So do I," said Hintz, "which I doubt."

Dunn tried to return to the absorbing question of whether Hintz was telling the truth, but Hintz was finished with him and turned his head away and closed his eyes.

Downstairs, at the coffee shop, I found Joe Sullivan, who had talked to Hintz himself.

"Why did Dunn want Hintz out of the way so badly?" I asked him.

"Dunn couldn't stand Hintz. Pier Fifty-one was the only pier south of Fourteenth Street that Dunn couldn't control. Andy wouldn't play ball. He wouldn't hire any of Dunn's hoodlums. He wouldn't cut Dunn in on the truck loading. He gave all the work he could to guys from the neighborhood. He didn't care if a guy had done maybe a little time, but he wanted no part of organized gangsters. He wanted to run an honest pier. He believed in giving the men a break. Dunn tried every which way to get him out.

"Dunn and Sheridan got tough. They started having him followed wherever he went. They'd trail him in a car, blinking the headlights at him. A war of nerves. I found out the other day that he told a friend of his a few months ago that they would have to kill him to get the pier. Well, it looks like they did it. Maisie told me that he didn't ever mention anything about the trouble, but on Thanksgiving she fixed a big meal for him and while he was eating he grinned at her and said that he never expected to be around long enough to enjoy the turkey. He knew me all those years and he wouldn't come to me, because he just wouldn't take his troubles to a cop.

"That punk Danny Gentile. Andy used to feed him. Used to feel sorry for him. He winds up with Dunn. Dunn gave him the numbers racket on the piers. Just gave it to him for doing some dirty jobs, I suppose. Just gave him seven or eight hundred bucks a week because it was chicken feed. One day during this war of nerves, Dunn sends Gentile onto the pier to see Andy with a proposition. He tells Andy that Dunn says he can keep the pier if he'll just play ball on the hiring. Andy chased the rat. He hollered at him so that a couple hundred men could hear, 'Tell that cockeyed son of a bitch to go to hell and tell that dressed-up consumptive brother-in-law of his to go with him.' He hated those bastards."

"Why would a man as big as Dunn want to do his own killing?" I asked. "Why wouldn't he just have Sheridan and Gentile do it for him?"

"Oho," said Sullivan. "You don't understand yet. Andy Hintz was challenging Dunn. He was standing up in front of the men and calling Dunn a cockeyed son of a bitch and telling him to go to hell. Dunn couldn't let him get away with it. It was a matter of pride."

"I'd sure like to know how you got Hintz to talk."

"I didn't," he said. "Maisie and Willie did. I put it to them straight. I said, 'It's up to him. If he doesn't talk, Dunn gets out of jail at noon on Saturday—bigger than ever. It's up to him.' I've been to see Andy a couple of times at night and he's uncomfortable with me. After he gave you that dying declaration the other day, I saw him and he said, 'Do you think I'm a rat? Do you think I done the right thing?' I told him that it was going to be Dunn or Willie and Maisie. 'Do you want them killed?' I said."

"We got a good declaration from him today," I said. "He named Gentile."

"Did he tell you what Gentile did to him?" said Joe.

"No. What do you mean?"

"Gentile stomped him. After he fell and grabbed Dunn's leg, Gentile kicked him in the head so that his head banged against the brass edging on the steps. He stomped him until he had to let go of Dunn. But Andy wouldn't tell you that because he hates to give Gentile credit."

We drank our coffee.

Back at my office I tried to get a statement from Dunn, but he now was a clam. "I have nothing to say," he said and stared at the wall. I had him discharged as a material witness and then I had him wait in an office until he could be arraigned for felonious assault and go back to jail.

Captain Hammill, meanwhile, had started the search for Andy Sheridan, Dunn's partner. And the cops were also trying to find Hintz's friend, Danny Gentile.

That evening I began assembling the known facts on Dunn, Andy Sheridan and the other unsavory characters connected with the shooting. Ultimately, it was to take me months to get a clear picture of what was going on in the Port of New York, but some of the facts can be stated here.

The Port of New York is the richest in the world. Each year, cargoes valued at fifteen or sixteen billion dollars pass across its piers. At least one New Yorker in every ten earns his bread in port commerce or allied occupations.

Competition is fierce on these fruitful piers, and for decades the political machines have relied on the contributions of waterfront magnates. They have repaid this generosity by nominating candidates whose reformist zeal does not extend to the docks.

The function of Dunn, I found, was to maintain order on the docks. On the piers, there are at least two men competing for every job. To get this employment, the men were required to submit to fantastic speed-up, a total absence of safety precautions and a variety of cash kickback rackets. On all but a few piers, they were hired and the labors supervised by hoodlums, because hoodlums had demonstrated to the stevedoring firms that they made the most efficient foreman.

As compensation for their heroic work in keeping the men from organizing themselves, the gangsters in the union drew nominal salaries from the treasury, adequate salaries from and bribes from the stevedoring companies and the right to conduct what ever pierside rackets they chose. Aside from penny-ante propositions (which ran into millions a year), such as wage kickbacks, crap games, bookmaking, policy lotteries and the like, these rackets included formidable business propositions such as highjacking of cargo and exorbitant fees for the loading and unloading of trucks.

Dunn's file showed that after several minor arrests and some reformatory terms he was caught in a holdup and, in 1932, went to Sing Sing for slightly less than a year and a half. In May, 1935, he was charged with murder, but was discharged for lack of evidence. Since then, he had been arrested several times on suspicion of armed robbery, but had never come to trial. For a hoodlum, this either was a modest record or was evidence that the hoodlum had come a long way and had organized enough legal and political support to help him avoid punishment. In any event, it was a strange kind of record for a labor leader.

In 1937 we find Dunn a labor leader at the truck terminals, waging a full-scale shakedown on the truck owners. A trucker who balked at the shakedown did not get his merchandise, and his driver came home bloody.

This racket was worth hundreds of thousands a year, and Dunn was a man of substance moving like a feudal prince through the streets of the West Side and putting his elbows on ringside tables in the fancy night clubs operated by other gangsters uptown. He mingled with judges and makers of judges, the cream of New York political and industrial life. He even became eminent enough to merit political recognition. In 1938, when a Tammany chieftain named Michael J. Kennedy was running for Congress in the waterfront district, the campaign manager was John A. Coleman, chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Stock Exchange. And working under Coleman on a "Labor for Kennedy" committee was Johnny (Cockeye) Dunn.

One might suppose that all this glamor would have worked a change in Dunn's approach to making a buck, letting others do the dirty work, for instance. But it just wasn't so. In 1939, Johnny was arrested in the robbery of a Staten Island brewery. Eyewitnesses identified him and his partner, Eddie McGrath, to the cops. But the case never came to trial, because the eyewitnesses changed their minds. And in 1940 McGrath was charged with a murder in Florida. The case, like the other, failed to stand up.

The last entry on the police sheet was a 1941 arrest for coercion. The file said that Dunn had planted in 1941 a highjacker named John (Peck) Hughes in the key position of head cargo checker on Pier 51, a personnel change which resulted in a rapid increase in the rate of cargo theft on the pier. In one period of a few weeks, no less than $8,000 worth of rice had disappeared. But Dunn had not been satisfied with this. He craved control over the hiring and firing of longshoremen, but the hiring boss, a man named Kelly, refused to yield. Dunn's efforts to get Kelly off the docks (which included bribes, threats and assaults) were so flagrant that Dunn was arrested on charges of coercion.

As is usually the case when a labor faker goes to jail, there were no heartfelt pleas for parole from the rank-and-file. But the politicians and truckowners went to work with letters to the parole board, and Dunn got himself sprung from prison on a certificate of reasonable doubt. A year later the Court of Appeals upheld his conviction, he returned to prison and the campaign promptly resumed. This time, the patriotic pleas that Dunn was necessary to keep peace on the docks during the war effort came from the War Department, and it had taken a direct appeal from New York's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to keep Dunn in prison for the rest of his term.

In the Dunn-McGrath mob the main killer was the business agent of Local 21512, Andrew Sheridan, who had not always been a labor leader but had almost always been a gunman. A fat, hulking man with the mentality of a twelve-year-old and eyeglasses as thick as milk bottles, Squint Sheridan started life as a petty larcenist, graduated to stick-ups and, by age 26, had served at least eight years in various reformatories and state prisons. He became a trigger man for Dutch Schultz, the beer baron, and after a duel with a cop, went back to prison for six more years, including time out for an escape. In 1937, he made his way to the waterfront, was adopted by the Dunn mob, and became a salaried organizer for I.L.A. Local 856, as well as head of one of Johnny's locals. He also was given a piece of the loading racket, and took home as much as eight hundred dollars a week. He had been murdering for pay on and off through the years, but now he became busier than ever, enforcing labor-management amity on the docks.

These, then, were the men who had shot Andy Hintz. Criminals of the worst order, but organized criminals with friends in high places, criminals who could muster political support.

Since World War I, many murders had been reported on the waterfront. None had been solved. In planning to prosecute Dunn, I was playing pioneer.

On January 14, we heard from an underworld informant that Dunn's accomplice Andy Sheridan was in that favorite seaside resort of the mob, Hollywood, Florida. On the fifteenth we wired the Hollywood police, asking them to hold him for us. When the cops picked him up, his bags were all packed and he was about to catch a plane for California.

Andy Hintz, meanwhile, had been transferred to Post Graduate Hospital after a dispute as to the kind of care he required. At the new hospital a brain operation was performed to relieve pressure created by the wound in his face and the stomping he had been given by Danny Gentile. For a few hours there was hope that he might survive, but he was too far gone. On January 28, the hospital called Maisie and told her that her husband was sinking. She spent the night at his bedside and was there the following day when he died.

Joe Sullivan and I were both there. Sullivan said:

"Gentile was seen coming out of the building right after Hintz was shot. I'm working on it. Maybe we can get a witness to testify about it. Some other people saw Dunn and Sheridan on the roof. After the shooting, they ran up to the roof and across to a building on Christopher Street. As soon as I get out of here, I'm working."

Hintz died on a Wednesday, a few hours more than three weeks after the ambush. The newspapers still had not tumbled to the story. On Thursday I made a formal request for a staff conference of the Homicide Bureau to discuss the feasibility of going to the grand jury for an indictment and prosecution of Dunn, Sheridan and, if he were ever found, Gentile.

On Friday we held a staff meeting. Of the eleven members of the homicide bureau, nine were present. Jack Grumet stunned me by raising serious doubts as to whether we should seek an indictment.

"All we've got is a dying declaration," he said, "and we can't hope to get a conviction with that alone."

He was right. All we had was a dying declaration. But the investigation was only beginning.

"Gentile was seen coming out of the building," I said. "I think we can get testimony to that effect. If we work on the case, there is no telling what else we'll come up with. In the meantime, the dying declaration is enough for an indictment, and unless we get an indictment, we can't extradite Sheridan from Florida. If the indictment doesn't come through soon, they'll let him go and we'll never catch him. I certainly hope we're not going to scuttle this case so quickly. This Dunn is a big man in the rackets. Big rackets. Let's not give up yet."

When the vote was taken, Grumet and three others opposed seeking indictment. Five of us were in favor. A change of one vote would have set Dunn and Sheridan free. On the following Monday I went before the grand jury and got a first-degree murder indictment.

Not long afterward I was visited by Karl Grebow, the assistant district attorney who handled administrative detail such as assigning cases for trial. He tossed a folder on my desk and said with no particular emphasis, "Here. You might as well handle this one yourself." I picked up the folder. It was labeled "People *v.* Dunn, Sheridan and Gentile." I felt my ears reddening. I had never tried a case more serious than manslaughter and now I was being given one of the most difficult racket murders in the history of the office. No judge would stand for it. I would be laughed out of court.

For a moment I thought Grebow was joking. He was gone now, and I started to walk after him but thought better of it. He had not been joking. Nor was it intended that I try the case. Throwing the folder at me was the bureau's way of informing me that the case would not come to trial. It was the signal to put the case in my drawer and get busy on something else. It is so easy to let a case die. In time, I could go before a judge and agree with the defense that the indictment should be dismissed.

There was a temptation to feel crushed and beaten, but it was less urgent than the impulse to fight. The Dunn case, I saw, would have to be fought every minute of every day. It apparently lacked appeal for the top officials of our office, but that could be remedied. I would continue to study the waterfront. I would build comprehensive files which, when presented to Hogan and Grumet, would convince them that here was an area screaming for their attention. I would continue to press the murder investigation until we had the best possible case and then I would fight to see that the case got to court. What the hell was I an assistant district attorney for if not to prosecute criminals? When, in recent memory, had there been a New York County murder case against a criminal as important as John Dunn? How could I not fight? And, if my zeal was creating a chill in the atmosphere of the office, I was sorry, but not overwhelmed.

In April Andy Sheridan was extradited. By this time, Danny Gentile also was in custody. For his surrender, we owed thanks to the police grapevine, which has its roots in the saloons, restaurants and clubhouses where lawyers, cops, politicians and important hoodlums, all more or less off duty, assemble in easy confraternity and talk shop. Danny, said the grapevine, was in town and was thinking of surrendering because we had nothing on him, but would surrender only if guaranteed that he would not be sent to a police station house. He was afraid that he would come across a "wrong" cop and get his brains knocked out.

This last rumor was uttered frequently in my presence. It was clear that, if I wanted Gentile, I could have him. I wanted. The next time I overheard discussion about his purported frame of mind I said loudly to nobody in particular that if Gentile wanted to come in, he could do so without being sent to a station house. All he had to do was come to me.

On March 31, he did so, accompanied by a lawyer who showed me a brand-new glossy photograph of his client, nude. The photograph showed that Danny was free of bruises and blemishes. It therefore was a guarantee against infliction of corporal punishment by some cop with nothing better to do. Gentile's fear of pain obviously was overdeveloped. He was a short man with a pot belly, a large, fat jaw and no good alibi, but he denied his guilt with a cockiness that made me wonder if the grapevine had not been working overtime.

"You got nothing on me," he said.

That was quite right. Somebody had seen him coming out of the building, but we did not know who it was. Joe Sullivan probably knew who it was, but there was no purpose to be served by pressing Joe for the identity of his witness. If the person was going to testify, Joe would bring him forward at the right time, and no doubt of it.

"Somebody saw you coming out of the building after you shot Hintz," I said.

"Impossible," said Gentile.

I threw the accusation at him several times, but he was unmoved. Then Detective Lieutenant Frank Dunn, who had been working with Tom Hammill on the case, took over.

"Somebody saw you coming out of the building."

"Naw."

"Who could have seen you coming out of the building?"

Gentile thought briefly and then, dunce that he was, answered, "I don't know. It must of been some longshoreman."

He had fallen for the oldest trick known to interrogators. He knew it. He batted his eyes several times, and watched his step more carefully thereafter. But his mistake was bound to strengthen our position in court.

The Hintz case now was in the public eye. The night before Gentile's surrender, Walter Winchell had suggested to his radio audience that the police may have been suppressing a big story. His column of March 31 said:

"Why have the New York police suppressed (if that's the word, Mr. Commish) the story of the murder of two union longshoremen? . . . As the tipsters inform the column, a murder indictment (recently handed down by the N.Y. Grand Jury) has been kept sotto voce. Whyz that? . . . The man indicted in the murder has a nickname ("Cockeyed")—right? . . . Have the police released no publicity on this murder for fear of some waterfront mobsters? And because quiet is the best thing? Why is it the best thing? . . . Weren't both murders committed in the last few weeks? . . . And how about confirming this to the press today?"

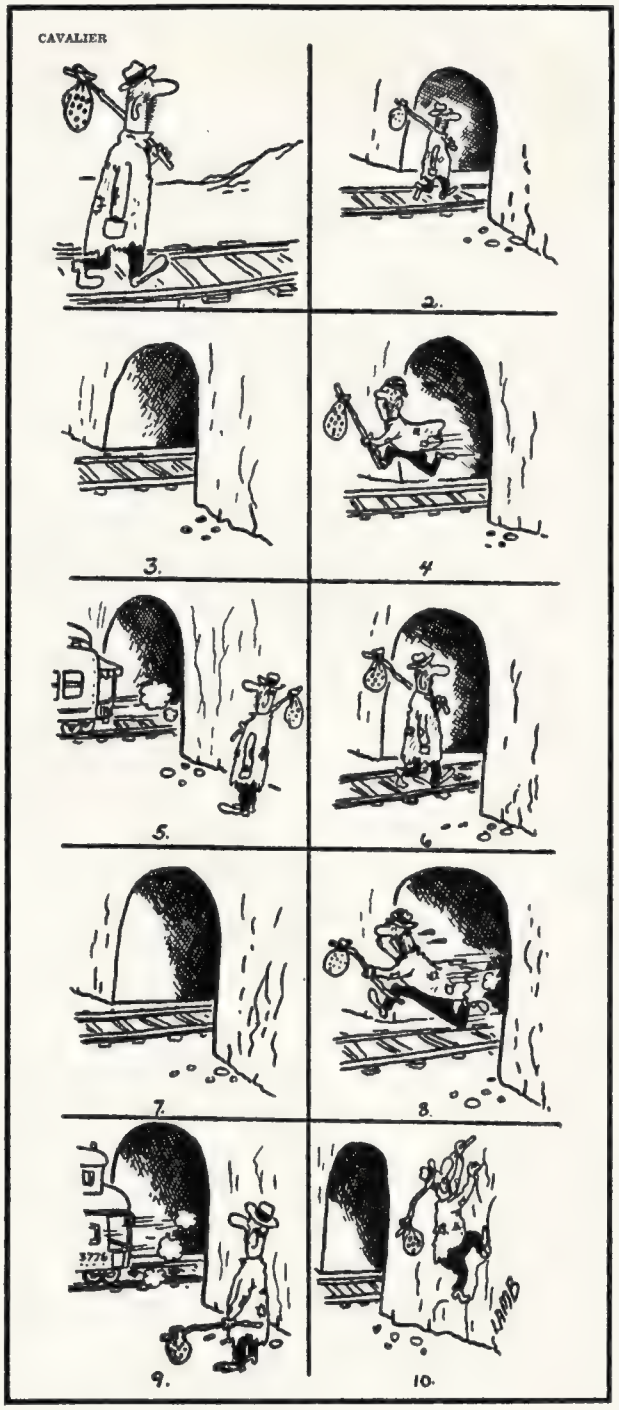
Fine and dandy. Every news story that represented the murder indictments as products of our supposed vigilance along the waterfront helped commit us to a vigorous prosecution, or at least made it more difficult for us to wiggle off the hook. For this I was grateful.

A new worry, and one of which I should have been aware much earlier, was the remarkable grapevine. If Gentile could use police as message-bearers and advance scouts, there was no telling how much office information was getting to friends and relatives of the influential Johnny Dunn. In a case as marginal as this one, any scrap of information might make a difference, might help the defense to neutralize potential state witnesses. I cursed myself for a fool. I should have been aware of the grapevine from the start. I wondered how many times I had shot my mouth off to the wrong people. I began to appreciate more keenly than ever Joe Sullivan's silent mode of operation, padding around on his lonesome, speaking only when absolutely necessary. In future, I'd be more attentive to security.

In April I had an opportunity to take precautions against the grapevine. The occasion arose with a letter from the Tombs.

"Dear Sir," it said, "I have some information of great importance that I am sure you would be very glad to hear about. This information I will not disclose to anyone but you and only you. If you think this letter sounds sincere I will be expecting a visit from you real soon. Sincerely. Anthony Phillips, Tombs Prison."

It developed that Anthony Phillips was one of the aliases of Anthony Tischon, known also as Albert Sutton, George Ryan, Ben Saperstein and Jack Pearlstein. He was 32 and had spent eleven of his years in prison because he was a miserably incompetent and luckless robber. Racketeers and other big shots who would never have considered professional dealings with him, because of his poor craftsmanship, nevertheless



respected him for his physical bravery. He was without fear and, while not rambunctious, would fight anyone who challenged him. He therefore was known as Tough Tony. He was in the Tombs for attacking a sailor whose girl he wanted to steal.

Newly conscious as I was of the need for security, I set up a procedure designed to attract no curiosity. The assistant district attorney in charge of Tony's latest case sent for him ostensibly for questioning about the sailor, and deposited him in an out-of-the-way room which I entered as surreptitiously as possible.

Tony was tall and lean. He did not look tough or talk tough, although his syntax was erratic. With a decent haircut and a clean suit of clothes he would have been a presentable young man.

"I'm going to level with you," he said.

"Please do," I said. "And don't leave anything out."

"I got a record from here to hell and gone."

"I know. Just tell me the whole story."

"I'll tell you about that. I just wanted to try to make you understand what makes me tick. Father Martin up at Sing Sing had me all straightened out. If I stay away from booze, I'll never be in trouble again. I want to go straight and I want to prove it. Now what I wanted to see you about was Johnny Dunn. I know him for years. We met in prison years ago. When I got out of Bellevue the other day and came back to the Tombs, Dunn comes over to me and asks if I'm Tough Tony. I say yes, so he asks if I recognize him and I say I didn't think so. Then he reminds me of a few things in prison and people we knew and I remembered him. It's been ten or eleven years.

"He said he knew I was in the Tombs. I told him about the sailor and he called it a meatball rap. I explained to him that I was busted and couldn't fight the case, so he says he probably can fix me up with a lawyer if I'll do a favor like being a witness for him. He told me that he was in for the Hintz killing.

"I asked who was Hintz and he says, 'Some bastard I had trouble with.' I asked who was arrested with him and he said Andy Sheridan and some guy named Danny. Then I asked who was his assistant district attorney and he told me Bill Keating and I asked if he couldn't get anybody to speak to you or something and he says, 'You can't talk to that straitlaced bastard. You can't do no business with him.'

"The next day we got together again and had some general conversation. You know, prison gossip. Like he'd say, 'Look at the shoes on that bum,' or, 'Look at how that creep walks,' and then we got to talking about our cases again and he promised to help me if he ever was able to make use of me as a witness. He said that you had nothing on him, no eyewitnesses, but that it was a very bad inconvenience laying around the Tombs and all. I asked if the other defendants were stand-up guys and he said he was not worried about Sheridan but was a little doubtful about Danny."

"Is that all?"

"That's all so far."

"Are you going to talk to Dunn again?"

"Well, I mean, we're on the same tier. Sure I'm going to talk to him again."

"All right. I'll see you in a few days. Don't ask Dunn any questions. Just listen."

So far, Tischon had told me nothing. I wondered if he ever would.

A day or so afterward, I followed the precautions established at our previous visit. This time, Tony had some information.

"We were waiting for haircuts," he said, "and I asked Dunn if his case looked bad for him and he said no because there are no eyewitnesses and he wouldn't be there at all if it wasn't for Sheridan. Dunn says, 'The bum didn't go through with his bargain. He didn't use his gun.' "

This was a nugget. Tischon had been in touch with nobody but Dunn and me. Only Dunn, Sheridan, Gentile, Hintz, some police and I knew that Andy Sheridan had not fired at Hintz. Tischon was telling the truth. Dunn must have talked to him. Tischon could have obtained the information in no other way.

I told Tony I would keep in touch with him. The next day Dunn ignored him and the day after that not only accused him of ratting to the D.A. but described the room in which our first meeting had been held. He climaxed his harangue by kicking Tony in the leg and punching him in the eye.

So much for my security measures.

Except for the dying declarations of Andy Hintz and the inevitably suspect statements of Tough Tony Tischon, we had no case against Dunn and Sheridan. As to Gentile, we had only the dying declarations and his own rather subtle quasi-admission that a longshoreman might have seen him leaving the scene of the murder. A competent defense attorney could easily explain this away as a misunderstanding. Clearly, we needed more evidence against all three of the men, and we needed it quickly, because the defense was beginning to press for dismissal.

"Just one live respectable witness," I said to Joe Sullivan. "That's all we need."

"I'm glad you brought that up," said Joe. "I've got the witness. I've known about him for some time, but I haven't been crowding him too hard. In the first place, there was no sense in having him come forward if there wasn't going to be a trial. He'd just be marked lousy on the waterfront for the rest of his life. In the second place, there was no sense in having him come forward any sooner than necessary because if you don't mind me saying so, you guys need a plumber down at that office of yours. There are a thousand leaks down there. The mob knows every move you make."

"I think I know what you mean," I said. "What does your witness have?"

"It's Willie Hintz," said Joe. "He was sitting in the car waiting to drive his brother to work that morning. He saw Danny Gentile come out of the building right after the shooting. He told me about it some time ago, but he was afraid to become a witness because he didn't want to look like a rat. I've been explaining to him that he has the right to testify against the men who killed his brother. Nobody can call him a rat for doing that. Now he's ready to talk. Any time you want him you can have him, but I hope I don't have to warn you that he will only talk about seeing Gentile. He's not going to turn canary about all the waterfront rackets. He's got to live there. So if any of those big brains down at your office try to press him on stuff other than seeing Gentile, he'll shut up like a clam."

"I think we should have him identify Gentile right away," I said. "The defense lawyers are hollering for a dismissal and I need everything I can get to create some enthusiasm for the case in my office."

"The only thing that will ever create any enthusiasm is for Hintz to return from the grave and drop the charges," said Joe.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," said Joe. "I'm just talking."

We had Gentile in the Bronx Prison, to keep him away from Dunn, who was in the Tombs, and Sheridan, who was in Brooklyn. A party of us went up there with Willie, a large, taciturn man who looked as if he had never been nervous before and was having trouble accommodating to the condition. The warden of the Bronx Prison trotted out Gentile amid an assortment of other prisoners and guards in mufti. "Now, Willie," said the warden, "do you see the man whom you saw coming out of Sixty-one Grove Street at about twenty to eight on the morning of January eighth?"

"Yeah," growled Willie, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of his chair. "It's him. That one. The one right there."

Then Willie grunted, got up, walked over to Gentile and smashed him in the face. It took three guards to prevent him from killing the man.

We assumed that, if Danny was as likely to break under strain as his friend Dunn feared, the identification by Willie might be the last straw. As a prisoner under indictment, he could not be questioned without his consent, but we hoped that he'd be in touch with us. We heard that he was fidgety, scared to death. But he remained silent.

With the arrival of summer, Hyman Barshay and the other lawyers for the defense recessed their campaign to win a dismissal. Murder trials are seldom held during summer, because the businessmen and similar types preferred for jury duty are on vacation. So are the judges. A murder trial upsets everybody's schedule.

In August I learned that Barshay was going to launch a new offensive. The grapevine reported that the Dunn element along the waterfront and on Broadway was confident that the case was headed out the window. I was determined to prevent this at all costs and was talking to George Monaghan, one of the best trial lawyers on the staff, in the corridor one day, preparing to ask him for some technical advice, when Jack Grumet ambled up and said, "I'm glad to catch you fellows together. I've just been talking to Hogan. It's been decided that George will take over the Dunn case."

George's face fell. Mine probably lit up like a neon sign. Getting someone of his stature to try the case was just what I had wanted.

"Get me the case folder," he moaned.

As we went through the folder, George's expression grew bleaker.

"That first statement of Hintz's is insurmountable," he said. "He denies that Dunn shot him. How the hell are we supposed to get around it? They'll laugh those other dying declarations out of court."

I dug in. "George, I don't think so," I said. "The first statement is a serious problem, I'm sure, but it can be argued that this is just the way a man like Hintz would react to police questioning on the day he is shot. Hintz wasn't a gangster obeying the underworld code and dying in silence. He was just a guy who had grown up in a system where you don't holler cop. The reason he changed his mind is that he was persuaded that he had to talk to save his wife and brother."

"That's all very well," answered George. "Sounds very pretty. But we have the problem of convincing a jury. We're not going to be alone in the courtroom, you know. There's going to be defense counsel, too. They're not kindergarten children."

"George. Wait a minute. Before Hintz made the denial, he named Dunn to his wife. His later statements to us were therefore consistent with his first statement to his wife. And that isn't the whole case. We've got Willie Hintz, who saw Gentile coming out of the building."

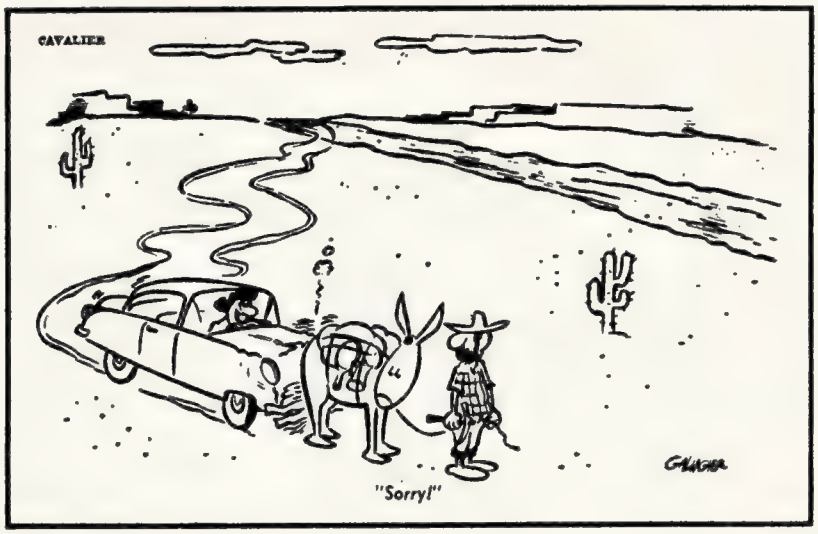
"What kind of a witness will he make?"

"Let's call him in here so you can see for yourself."

"Okay."

"Let's call in all the witnesses—Maisie, Tischon, all of them. You might as well get to know them, George."

"Okay."



I had told Monaghan about the special problem of Willie, and the delicate treatment required to sustain him as a state witness. George gave him a bad time, regardless. Willie answered coherently and easily when asked about what he was doing in the car outside Sixty-one Grove Street and whom he saw coming out of the building, but when Monaghan began hammering at him about his work on the pier and the names of men with whom he worked, he retreated to an inaudible mumble and his gaze shot wildly and resentfully around the room full of police.

"Speak up, Hintz!" bellowed Monaghan.

Willie looked wretchedly at his feet. A passing stranger would have recognized him as the very stereotype of guilt.

"All right now, Hintz," said George, "who runs the numbers racket on your pier?"

Willie shuffled his feet and gulped and shook his head stubbornly from side to side, like a cornered bull.

"That's all, Hintz," said George in disgust.

That night Willie got in touch with Joe Sullivan and said he didn't want any more to do with the case. Joe talked him into changing his mind. Meanwhile, Monaghan had told me he didn't want any more to do with Willie.

"He'll be chopped to pieces on cross-examination," said George. "He's a lousy witness."

"George, for God's sake, he's a key witness. What does all that crap about the pier have to do with our case? No judge will allow us to introduce evidence about the rackets anyhow, so how would it ever come up on cross-examination? All we need Willie for is to testify that he saw Gentile coming out the door. What's the point of crucifying him? He didn't shoot his brother, Dunn did."

"He won't stand up," said Monaghan. "He stinks as a witness."

He was only slightly more impressed with Maisie Hintz, which only added to his misgivings about the case.

In October, the defense moved for dismissal. Monaghan went to court and asked for an additional delay on the grounds that he had taken over the case only a few weeks earlier. In his opinion, the case was not triable, but before agreeing to dispose of it he wanted a conference with District Attorney Frank Hogan.

Just before our conference started, Hogan told some newspaper reporters that he was fairly sure that Dunn would be dismissed the next day. Then the reporters left. After Monaghan and Grumet finished enumerating—and, I thought, exaggerating—the weaknesses in the case, the boss turned to me with a small smile and asked, "Well, what about it, Bill?"

"I think this is a case that should be tried even though we know we are going to lose it," I said. "For years longshoremen have been getting murdered, and the public has been told, 'It's just another longshoreman, just another dock war.' But the murder of Andy Hintz is not the murder of just another longshoreman. This is not just another dock war. This is part of a drive to sew up the entire harbor in behalf of a racket mob, and if Johnny Dunn is able to walk out of the Tombs without a trial, he'll be in a stronger position than ever. Men like him thrive on their ability to stroll in and out of police stations and district attorneys' offices, they thrive on the deference of officials because it strengthens their hand in dealing with the frightened and ill-informed victims of their rackets. To set Dunn loose on the street without a trial would be far worse than watching him leave after an acquittal. At least a trial will have differentiated him from us and from the cops. At least the people of the waterfront will have seen us try to convict a racket murderer. At least the public will have been given an opportunity to learn something about the rackets, which badly need an airing."

At last Hogan said, "George, I think you should try this case."

It was a direct order and, from that moment on, Monaghan was out to win. With all the considerable talent and conviction at his command, he would give any defense attorney in the country a real battle. I floated home.

The jury was selected on December 4 and 5, 1947, and the trial was supposed to start before Judge George L. Donnellan on December 8 but did not, because our star witness, Maisie Hintz disappeared. Her patience had been at low ebb for months. She did not think highly of our office, and she had made no bones about it. By contrast, she had been exposed to abundant proof that Dunn enjoyed tremendous political and financial resources. Private detectives had been digging into her past in a transparent effort to find something which might impeach her credibility. One gumshoe had even taken a furnished room in her apartment building. A police officer whom she considered a friend had cultivated her for months and then, a few days before the scheduled beginning of trial, had purred, "Maisie, Andy's been gone almost a year now. Doesn't it seem a little foolish to go through a big trial, with all the heartache and notoriety? They can't convict Dunn, anyhow." She had chased the man away with a torrent of curses. A police official of Hoboken, New Jersey, where she once had operated a night club, phoned and, in an ostensibly friendly way, warned that Dunn was going all-out to hang something on her. There had been other calls, anonymous and nakedly threatening.

Perhaps because she wanted to scratch back at us for the trouble we had given her and for the other troubles against which we had provided no shield, Maisie went to Florida. Certainly, she needed a rest. Her nerves were on edge after all the harassment. In any event, she got some sunshine and, having noticed from screamer headlines that she had vanished, she returned to New York.

We began offering testimony on December 12. Our case con-

sisted of a physically and emotionally refreshed Maisie's testimony about what Andy had told her after he was shot; Andy's dying declarations; Willie Hintz's seeing Gentile; Gentile's semi-admission to Detective Lieutenant Frank Dunn; the circumstantial evidence that Dunn's alibi were empty because of the short distance between the scene of the crime and their own homes and, finally, Tough Tony Tischon's testimony, in which Dunn was represented as having placed himself at the murder scene with Sheridan and Gentile.

The defendants, arrestingly barbered and very much on their best behavior, sat quietly with counsel, contriving to look blameless and respectable and positive of vindication. The word around town was still insistent that they would be acquitted. Of the three, only Gentile showed any strain. He had lost weight. The ineffable Sheridan wore the glazed look of a man trapped into attending the confirmation of a stranger's child. Dunn just sat.

Our witnesses stood up wonderfully. Maisie Hintz, who might have been pardoned had she become shrill or argumentative under Barshay's knifing cross-examination, told her story patiently and lucidly. Willie Hintz was a Gibraltar. "Judas Priest," said George Monaghan later, lighting a cigar, "that guy stood up, didn't he! He made a hell of a witness!" When Willie came in to find out what he was expected to do next, George waved his fist in the air and cried, "You looked wonderful, Willie! You handled yourself!" Willie seemed pleased.

We threw Tony Tischon to the lions. We knew that if we offered any objection to the line of cross-examination taken by the defense we would put ourselves in the position of trying to insulate the jury from the truth about the ex-convict. We let Barshay do as he pleased, and he dredged up every miserable crime ever charged against Tony. The cross-examination dragged on for hours, and before it was over, a kind of metamorphosis took place. Tony, readily acknowledging his sleazy past, took on a bizarre kind of dignity and Barshay, making too much of a good thing, suddenly became the man beating the dead horse. The cross-examination spilled over into a second day, and by the time he realized that he had better stop, Barshay had attacked Tischon's motives from every possible angle, without upsetting the witness. At the end, Tischon was almost at his ease. It was a fantastic thing to watch.

George Monaghan was doing brilliantly, but with what? Would the jury be able to untangle all the anomalies and see things as I saw them? Surely not, if Barshay could break through. I wondered how much impression would be made with Dunn's alibi, and my nerves pulled taut when his attractive wife, his lovely young daughter and a couple of respectable in-laws told of his having been home for breakfast. How far would we get with our contention that the alibi was meaningless? Would the jury attach any significance to the fact that Sheridan and Gentile offered no alibis?

Summations began on Monday, December 29. Barshay led off with a lengthy and persuasive oration in which it was stressed that his client had been framed and that the arrests, indictments and prosecution had proceeded according to an "unwritten script." The impresario of this reprehensible production was Detective Lieutenant Joe Sullivan, who, according to Barshay, had rehearsed Hintz in what to say. I was the inexperienced and slightly addled dupe. George Monaghan was the honorable, upright servant of the people doing his usual competent job, unaware that the rap was so egregiously bum.

Gentile's lawyer, Saul Price, well known in court circles because his forensic abilities are supplemented by hyperactive tear ducts, broke down and wept in emphasizing that his client was innocent. David Malbin, representing Sheridan, argued that there was practically no case against the man, except for the grievously suspect dying declarations.

Late in the afternoon came Monaghan's turn. The poor fellow had fallen ill over the weekend and was close to collapse from exhaustion and a burning fever. His head must have been reeling, but he was very much master of himself and master of the situation. Before the judge interrupted to suggest adjournment for the night, George had begun a strong attack against Barshay's frame-up theory, pointing out that, if Willie and Maisie Hintz and I were inclined toward frame-up, we could have concocted a much more impressive case. Willie, for instance, could have seen not only Gentile but Dunn and Sheridan coming out of the building. And Maisie could have testified that her husband named not only Dunn but Sheridan and Gentile.

He also made the point which I had tried so desperately to establish in our office: "I tell you men, as you sit there," he said to the jury, "that if you treat this case, the witnesses in this case, as you would a homicide in any other part of the city, away from the waterfront, then there is no need of going on. But I tell you it is a miracle that Willie Hintz was in court to testify to anything else other than to identify. . . ."

"I object to that, your Honor," put in Barshay. "I move for the withdrawal of a juror and the declaration of a mistrial."

"Objection overruled," said the judge.

"Exception, sir," said Barshay.

"It was a miracle," resumed Monaghan, "to get Andy Hintz to violate that old-fashioned copper-riveted code of the waterfront. . . ."

"I make an objection," said Barshay.

". . . where nobody blows a whistle to the cops or anybody else," said Monaghan. When he finished, I was confident that we had prepared and presented a winning case.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Donnellan reviewed all the testimony, discussed the concept of reasonable doubt (the defendant must be acquitted if the jury is not convinced that he has been proved guilty beyond reasonable doubt) and, at great length, explained that, since there were no eyewitnesses to the crime, the defendants could not be found guilty unless the jury found Hintz's dying declarations truthful.

"A dying declaration," he said, "when admitted into evidence, is not to be regarded as having the same value and weight as testimony of a witness given in open court under the sanction of an oath and under the safeguards there provided."

There it was. There was where the jury's attention would have to center. I no longer was so confident.

At 1:40 p.m., December 30, the jury went out. It remained out all afternoon and all night, twice asking for more testimony to be read. At 8 a.m., the buzzer sounded again. The head attendant emerged and said, "They're coming in. It looks like a verdict."

I sent downstairs for Hogan and Monaghan. Hogan said to me as the jurors filed before us, "What do you think, Bill?"

I choked out some gibberish intended to express confidence, caution, solidarity, hope, faith and charity. I was so tired. The room seemed to be ringing.

"Will the jurors please rise," said the clerk of the court. "The defendants please rise." The three men were pale. "Jurors, look upon the defendants. The defendants look upon the jurors. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict as to the defendant John M. Dunn?"

"We have," said the foreman.

"How say you, do you find the defendant John M. Dunn guilty or not guilty?"

"We find him guilty."

"Of?"

"Murder in the first degree."

"Now, hearken unto your verdict as it stands recorded," said the clerk. Dunn's face was a mottled gray-brown, the color of wood ash. "You say you find the defendant John M. Dunn guilty of murder in the first degree, whereof he stands indicted, and so you say all," intoned the clerk. "Gentlemen of the jury, as to Andrew Sheridan, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

Sheridan and Gentile were both found guilty of first-degree murder. Gentile almost fainted. Sheridan's jaw dropped. They both turned the color of Dunn, the ashen color of the condemned.

Hogan grasped my hand and whispered something that I could barely hear above the roaring in my ears. I only caught, ". . . all those long nights . . ."

After discharging the jury, Judge Donnellan turned to us and said, "I want you to know, Mr. Hogan, that I consider this the greatest victory for law enforcement in New York County in over thirty years."

Had anything but the straight face of law and order been appropriate, I might have laughed. Or cried. We had taken the first step on the long road to bringing justice to the waterfront.

Dunn and Sheridan were electrocuted. Gentile, who gave helpful evidence, got 20 years to life and is still in prison. •

ONE FALSE STEP AND—SPLAT!

Continued from page 23

the band, stabbing out with that perennial crowd-calmer, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," breaks this silence, and overpowers the gallop of panic waiting to sweep the grandstands.

Harold's father was ready for his family that night. With a supreme effort he flung himself against his plunging son. Hilda came down still on her big brother's shoulders, but the impact bounced her off and she landed in a sitting position. Both she and Harold got fractured spines. Papa had the ligaments of his neck severely torn.

Up above, the bicycle, held on the cable by its safety catch, dangled grotesquely, with Elsie and Minnie hanging desperately to the crooked, trembling trapeze bars.

When the fall came Harold Ward, a flying trapeze catcher, was chatting with me. Seconds later, he was miraculously up on the high-wire platform crouching onto the cable to rescue the girls. I'll never know how he made it so fast a good 50 yards down the track and 40 feet up the rope-ladder.

Elsie managed to pull herself up to the cable, and came in hand over hand, but Minnie, with two of the four safety bolts of her trapeze sheared off, hung on until Ward got a grip on her.

"I was nervous," she says.

Alzana had once told me that if you have the slightest feeling you're falling, you go for the cable. This one time somehow he missed it.

"I thought sure Hilda would get it," he says. "Going by I saw Minnie's face, white as a ghost. 'You're falling,' she shouted, as if I didn't know it. I saw her plain as anything."

Harold knitted together in time to start practice again about four months later. Hilda rejoined the act, in a brace, a month before the end of the next season's tour.

Off the wire, Alzana loses none of his bold, cheeky confidence, but he doesn't pester people with it. On the ground he is quiet, somber and serene; a man satisfied with himself.

In the circus backyard, he holds close to his family circle. Even they do not find him an easy man to know. He is a sobersides, unadorned by mustache, tattoo or fancy talk.

I've never known Alzana to be afraid of anything, except his own appendix operation (". . . scared to death, I was . . ."), but he was up the second day and hand-balancing the fourth.

He keeps his weight a trim ten stone (140 pounds, American), by limiting himself to one big meal a day, between shows. Likes his cooking simple, light on the meat. After the night show, when other kinkers are wolfing steaks and hamburgers, Alzana is satisfied to bed-down with a pot of tea, a biscuit and a bit of cheese. Some nights he sleeps 11 hours.

Alzana wasn't always a wire-walker. Only since 1921, when he was five. His acrobatic bent came from his dad, an amateur tumbler, parallel-bars performer, Indian club twirler and professional coal-miner.

Charlie Davis reared his children in the acrobatic tradition to compensate for the great gnawing frustration of his life. He'd had to pass up a chance to go to America with an aerial casting act because his wife wouldn't go along.

Harold went into the mines on his fourteenth birthday, operating a steam jenny for 14 shillings thruppence a day. At 17, he joined his dad, three brothers and an uncle in the "family stall" deeper underground (two-pound-ten a day). After work he did a lot of hand balancing, tumbling and low wire work.

When he was 20, Harold saw the Great Blondini (an ex-coal miner named Herbert Reco) walking a wire 60 feet high. From that day on, Harold was hopelessly in love with the high-wire. When an agent offered him 25 pounds a week to match the feat, Alzana accepted quickly, promising to do even better.

The Davis clan rallied one moonless night, went into His Majesty's wood and cut down a handsome fir tree—a public offense (". . . if you got caught," says Harold).

They trimmed the tree, stuck it opposite the beech in their own backyard, and strung a wire at 30 feet. At first, Harold was afraid to go up. Then he logically decided that what he could do low, he could do high. After two years of hard practice, he made good his boast to the agent.

Alzana had worked himself completely out of the mines by 1938, just two years after his first public appearance on the high-wire, and was getting to be its top daredevil.

During these hectic days, Harold made some foolhardy bargains. Once he agreed to walk a wire 100 feet high, 850 feet across a lake for 30 shilling. "I only did it for a joke," he says.

The cable, rigged without guys, was at the whipping mercy of the wind, but Harold thought he'd have a go at it anyhow, and eased out backwards for a short distance. He found it too shaky for comfort and quickly scampered back in. "No sooner I put my feet on that bloody pedestal," he says now, recalling his close call, "when whooosh! the whole length went straight down and disappeared in the lake."

The cable was re-rigged with five guys, and Alzana walked it. It took him half an hour, and when he reached the middle a cloud-burst struck. "I was nearly drowned," he says. "I had to fight me way across." He came back ingloriously in a rowboat.

On the very day the troupe was to sail for a choice booking in Belgium, war broke out. So it was hup-hup back to the mines.

After the war Alzana posters went up on hoardings in Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester. The act was famous at fairs and galas all over England. Finally Harold struck pay-dirt, a full year's booking at Blackpool, England's Coney Island.

Word of his prowess soon spread to the United States, and one blustery winter day in 1946, John Ringling North's European agent came down from London and Alzana did a backyard audition. There were snow flurries and the wire was up only a miserable 10 feet, but the circus emissary saw enough to know that he'd found gold.

A contract came within the week, and in two months Alzana was in New York City, living up his wildest dream, appearing as the star of the Ringling Bros Circus.

The circus impresario himself was the instigator of the stunt that has become the Alzana trademark: Harold's unique entrance, walking climb up a 45-degree cable from ground to landing stage.

North, while looking over his newly acquired thrill-properties for the 1947 season at Florida Winter Quarters, observed Alzana, during practice, blithely walking up a guy line to reach his high-wire platform instead of using the rope ladder.

Dress-rehearsal night in New York, the circus owner asked his new employee how about it? does that climb-up go with the act? Harold disclaimed any such stunt. "But I *saw* you," said Mr. JRN, fixing Harold with his liquid Irish eyes. "Oh, *that,*" said Harold. "But I never do it in the act. Besides, that line was spanned away out."

But he thought he might as well try it, "as long as Johnny wanted it." So he pulled on a pair of beat-up rubber overshoes, slipped off the cable six or seven times, but finally struggled up.

"It was a pretty good idea just cropped up like," he says now, "and it was one of the biggest thrills they ever seen over here. So I kept it in."

Only now, for better purchase, Harold wraps the cable at intervals with friction tape. And he has added, for his exit, a walk back down the wire incline, a feat that is harder on his legs than anything else he does in the act.

This up-and-down gag is now widely imitated, but no other wire-walker has been daring enough to successfully copy Alzana's famous "giant swings."

From his one-hand-stand position Alzana grasps the wire with both hands and swoops into a powerful outside loop clear around the cable. His upside-down body teeters an instant at the top of the swing, then rushes through another wonderful great circle, and another and another until Alzana feels he (or the audience) has had enough.

None of Alzana's individual tricks are aided by poles, fans, parasols or any of the usual stabilizers. He works as free as a barefoot kid on a board-fence top.

Sometimes, during the New York stand, to relieve the grind, he toots off unexpectedly for a trot around the cable supporting the aerial ballet rigging. He has to be feeling perky for this, however, for it's a strenuous bit. "You come in blowin' like an old pig," is the way Harold puts it.

Alzana's extraordinary capers on the high-wire become even more remarkable when you know that he works under a very definite handicap—a trick knee with the bad habit of slipping out of joint at unexpected moments. It came from a short, tumbling fall to a cement floor 14 years ago.

A repair job would take real money, mean at least a year's layoff, and give no guarantee that the famous Alzana balance would ever be the same. Harold hesitates.

Alzana has had several falls in his acrobatic lifetime, none so bad as that near-fatal plunge in Miami. He sports a six-stitch scar over his left eye, from a collision with a Scottish music hall orchestra pit, when he lost the decision to one of his early, inexperienced giant swings. He once broke both heels when, while on his lower stage, he snatched a rope hanging from the upper deck, hoping to ride it down for a stunning exit. It wasn't attached to anything.

Alzana pays all his own and his troupe's injury bills, since he owns the act and works for the circus as an independent contractor. He carries no accident or life insurance. He has found, upon applying, that he is not considered a good risk, and is insurable only under prohibitively high premiums.

The ordinary hazards of wire-walking are numerous, but on a tent-covered circus they increase considerably. In England Harold never worked for a circus, and so had no idea what to expect under a tent.

"If I had," he says now, "I might've gone back to the mines."

On hot days the dome of the Big Top is like a bake-oven. On windy days the canvas blows and billows alarmingly. On rainy days rivulets leak down Harold's neck and cataracts wash his wire, and there is always danger that stakes holding it will pull from the softening earth. (When this happens, the Alzana family closes shop and hastily vacates the premises.)

Harold particularly dislikes the idea of a net hand-carried beneath him. The little uneven movements of the men tend to be distracting. (In New York State a law makes employers *criminally* liable for any accident to an aerialist performing over 25 feet above ground, unless a safety net is used.)

Then there are the grasshoppers, a wire-walker's worst enemy. They get into the canvas while it lies on the ground, and stay to see the show. "They smack you in the face, hit in your eyes and settle on you," complains Alzana, "and you dursn't dare try to knock them off or you might go with them."

But Alzana worries most about how his "rope" is lighted. In the Garden four 30-amp follow-spots brilliantly light the cable ahead of him. Under canvas, where the lighting is not so perfect, Harold is often bothered by a dark shadow on top of the cable. "Scares me stiff," he says, "I might be jumpin' on the shadow, instead of the rope."

However, on pay-days Harold is able to overlook all these bothersome working conditions. For American circus money beats what Alzana could get in England.

For his hair-raising 10 minutes a day aloft, seven days a week, Ringling Bros. pays Alzana $650 for a four-people act. From this, Harold lays out $300 in wages for the troupe (one of whom is his wife), pays taxes, and maintains his home, rigging and props. He also pays all incidental act-expenses, including regular weekly service tips to his riggers, cookhouse waiter and coffee boy, train porter, water boy, wardrobe man, and a first-aid fee to the management.

Hilda Alzana earns additional income working in her husband's act. The third girl is paid also by the circus management for appearing as a super in production numbers.

The circus furnishes the Alzana act with food and lodging (on the road only; living expenses during the 40-day New York run come out of performers' pockets), costumes, rosin and transportation (on the official circus train only; performers pay for bus transportation from train to lot and back).

This is Alzana's sixth go-round with the Ringling show, his first season back since 1951. During the other years he played indoor circuses, parks and fairs in this country. On these tentless outfits, the act price was higher, but, because neither transport, meals nor lodging was furnished, Harold found that his yearly net usually was less. On one eleven month non-Ringling tour, for instance, he grossed $31,000, netted only $7,000 after taxes, wages and expenses.

This year Alzana expected to net about $10,000 for the eight-month season. But the closing of the circus in July will undoubtedly affect his income. Still, along with other top-notch performers, he will continue to function as a highly sought-after and highly-paid entertainer.

Harold's son, young Allan, doesn't seem inclined yet to follow in his father's elk-skin footsteps. "*Mind* you," Harold says, "he's doin' all *right*. Goes up twenty feet without the pole and all that. But he doesn't seem int'rested. I tell him you can only get to a point. You reach it sooner, or you reach it later, dependin' on when you start. There's only so far you can go. Everybody's limitated."

Sometimes I wonder if Harold realizes that he too is "limitated." For one day he told me, "You know, if I work pretty hard, I think I can make a back somersault on the high-wire before I leave Ringlings again. To my knowledge, no one's ever did it."

I asked him why not the forward? isn't that the harder trick? (In a forward, after a first fleeting glance, you lose sight of the wire, but in a back, while the wire is not in view at the start, it quickly appears as soon as the head flips.)

"On the contrary," Harold answered, "in my opinion, it is *easier* when you have your balance at the beginning of a trick than at the end. Like when you're a baby, which way do you mostly fall? Forwards, of course, where you can see where you're goin'." This sounds logical to me, but it is against the widespread circus notion that the forward somersault is the ultimate in tight-wire stunts.

The dangers of doing any kind of a somersault on the high-wire are the same as on the low-wire: a faulty landing can whip you off, or you miss the cable altogether.

"You'd have to do the turn just right," Harold reasons, "not perfect, but good enough to catch the wire every time. One miss is all you'd be allowed."

I'm sure Alzana doesn't figure on the miss. I asked him once if he ever thought about being killed by his wire. "Oh, I reckon it'll get me one of these days," he said blithely, "but I'm goin' to retire *just* before it does."

And he's just cocky enough to do it, too. ●

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BRICKBAT CHARLIE & THE MURDEROUS MADAM

Continued from page 16

not appeal to her. One day, when she was in her fourteenth year, her father took his strapping daughter to a market fair in Debrecen. Left to hold the horse while her father bartered, blonde, richly curved Rozika drew the attention of a horse-dealer from Budapest. In no time, he had made the girl a proposition that, while she did not fully understand the words, she liked hearing. "Silk dresses," "jewels," "dancing," and "theatres" sounded like music. She dropped the halter rope. That night she spent in the arms of the horse-dealer on a couch in a brothel in Buda. Mares and fillies like strong, country-bred Rozika were the stock in trade of this dealer.

Later, the girl joined a traveling circus. She waltzed with a Carpathian bear. She rode bareback dressed in a red-and-gold hussar uniform, which showed to perfection her firm, curved thighs. Soon she was appearing in Paris in a winter circus, and then it was America and peddling dope on the river steamers.

Because Rose, as she was now called, had consorted with gamblers for years, she had picked up many unusual tricks. Always dressed in high fashion, gaudy as a parrot, the woman cut a dashing figure, with terrific appeal for raffish males who like their women colorful and passionate.

Now, in her thirty-fifth year, Rose Mataz was a thoroughly bad lot let loose upon the world. She was, into the bargain, a mighty attractive bit of goods in a stridently flamboyant way. She was evil, treacherous in any dealing, and predatory as a vixen in heat. Added to this, Rose was bored. She walked into the first saloon that swung a door in her face. Scarcely was she inside the smoke-blue tunnel than a huge hand grabbed her around her corseted waist. A huge, evil-smelling brute with long black hair—almost like an Indian, she thought—swooped her into an alcove and onto the floor. That was the beginning.

Charlie Dorsey had reeked of bad whiskey as early as when he suckled at his drunken mother's breast along the Liffey in Dublin. By his tenth year, he had become adept at picking pockets and could remove a silver-buckled shoe from the foot of a nobleman as he raised it to cross a garbage-cluttered street. But Charlie, tired of evading the guards, stowed away on a ship leaving the Liffey Basin for London; from there he came to America and he found himself handling the sweeps of a flatboat on the Mississippi.

For a few years, this was enough. Charlie had all he could manage of the two things that were the breath of life to him—whiskey and women. The lower in instincts the woman was, the better she got on with Charlie. Finally, he drifted to Natchez-Under-the-Hill. After a few months of alcoholic stupor, Charlie realized that he had found a home.

With Rose in tow, Charlie's life was complete. In a while, they were content just drowning themselves in lechery and liquor. Then, one night, they rowed across the river to the quiet town of Vidalia to rob a sugar overseer against whom Charlie had a grudge. The upshot was defeat. Both bandits were too drunk to be cautious. Charlie hurled bricks, then a knife, cutting the head of the overseer wide open. A term in the Vidalia jail not only gave the two time to think soberly but to plan for future partnership.

After six months, the jail sentence served, Charlie and Rose resumed their disreputable life Under-the-Hill, but with new ideas. The two leopards had not changed their spots by enforced sobriety—far from it. If anything, the spots were larger. Now it was to be an anchored showboat on which lascivious skits would be performed to entertain the avid appetites of the town's floating—in every sense of the word—population. During her stay in jail, Rose had gone over all her talents in the field of theatrical entertainment. She could waltz with a bear, dance solo, ride bareback, sing, juggle and perform obscene acrobatic tricks. There was no reason, they agreed, why the showboat—Razzmatazz, as they proposed to call the venture—should not be the sensation of the entire Mississippi Valley. It was.

On a spring night of soft breezes, when the settlement of Under-the-Hill was packed with visitors, the gaudily painted front of a wooden theatre, built on board an anchored mud scow, was lighted with tallow dips in colored glass globes. Huge red letters proclaimed to the few who could read that Showboat Razzmatazz was in business—admission, $2, liquor extra.

The venture was a resounding success from the start. Twice within a year, Rose, who was the business head and kept reasonably sober these days, raised the price of admission and of liquor served to patrons. Her costumes were fantasies of red, orange, purple, and green, with yards of tinsel and towering headdresses of brilliant plumage. For herself, she kept pretty well covered, choosing her style of costume from the Moulin Rouge, in Paris, where she had once danced in the ensemble. But the twelve girls who sang as a chorus while she was changing were almost naked, and the bits of ribbon or satin they did wear on their bodies were soon torn off by the rampaging members of the audience. Charlie, never quite sober, took money at the door, acted as bouncer, and even tried a strong-man act in yellow tights.

The Razzmatazz continued to prosper. Its reputation for baudy lawlessness swung up and down the river. Even slumming parties from Vicksburg, Tallulah, and Alexandria paid the place at least one visit.

Then, in pure greed for higher profits, Rose played a stupid hand. She began cutting the liquor with river water. Next, she raised the prices again, this time of everything in sight. It cost a man $20 a throw to take a showboat girl into one of the couch-furnished alcoves. So the act was done outside in the alleys, or in the bushes, for far less.

Meanwhile, life in the red-brick house at the end of Locust Walk, the best house in town, which Rose had bought with the first profits, resounded to quarrels of furious intensity. On mornings after Rose and Charlie got back from a night of salooning, bedlam broke loose. Charlie would bellow some unintelligible obscenity in his thick voice. Rose would shout in return, "Shut your damn mouth before I keep my promise to kill you!"

Then one day, just when the seams were beginning to split wide at Locust Walk, a long-faced corpse-like individual came walking down the hill road from the bluffs. In appearance, he was shadier than any of the denizens in this outpost to Hell. The name of the jay was Jepson Strutter. He coughed delicately behind his hand, snapped his tiny red-rimmed pig's eyes, and smiled at Rose. "I am one of the Strutters—of Strutter's boys, you know. A silent partner, you might say. The gentleman of the bunch. I"—again he coughed deprecatingly—"spy out the land."

Always on the lookout for profit, Rose mused. Pouring her guest a glass of redeye she regarded Strutter coldly. "Why tell me all this? Do you want another silent partner? I know everybody on the river. Come inside, we'll talk about it."

Up and down the Natchez Trace, the name "Strutter's boys" brought cold, stark fear clutching at the heart. In 20 years, this band of thieves and cutthroats had burned and pillaged more outlying farms, usually murdering the owners, than any of the elusive bands of outlaws then plying up and down the unfrequented roads along the Mississippi. Rafe Strutter, a tawny-haired giant with the cruelty of an Apache Indian, was the ringleader. Four brothers and a collection of cousins, nephews, and drunken hangers-on made up a band loosely numbered at 30 men.

Little by little, it was borne home to the whiskey-dulled mind of Charlie Dorsey that Rose was mighty prosperous. Business on the Razzmatazz was about as usual, but she was different. The house on Locust Walk was refurnished from cellar to garret. Rose no longer appeared nightly in the show. Sometimes she would depart for a trip up or down the river. She never told anybody where. She would suddenly return, newly upholstered with all the silks and velvets and furs she could carry. Jewels, too. Real sparklers. This took money. Even Charlie knew that.

One night, Rose returned unexpectedly to the brick house. It was an ill-starred return. She found Charlie in bed with Daisy, a girl from the showboat, an octoroon of voluptuous beauty. The fight that ensued woke even Under-the-Hill from its blasé indifference to such affairs. Still dressed in yellow and purple satin from her journey, Rose grabbed a rawhide bull whip frequently used by Charlie on his slaves. Up the narrow street of the town she chased the naked, shrieking girl, cross-hatching the hide of her back and buttocks in runnels of blood.

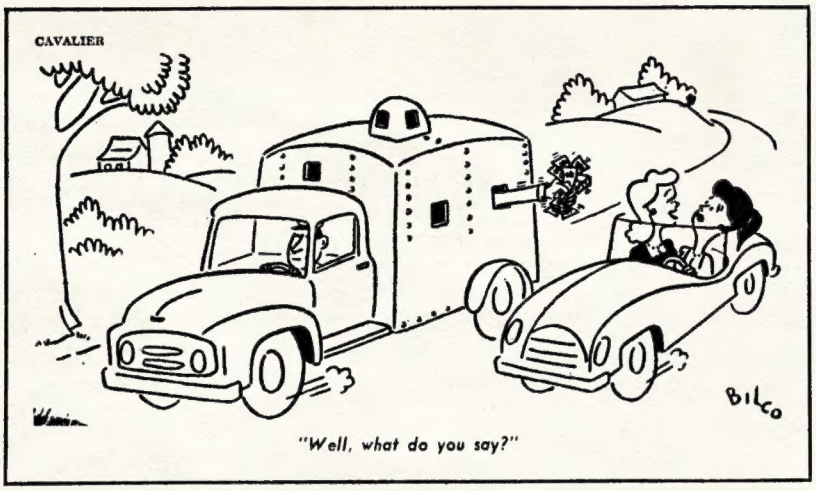
After the night of the whip-lashing, blows of adversity fell upon Rose thick and fast. First, her confederate, sleazy Jepson Strutter, fumbled a kidnapping for ransom that involved the young son of a prominent Natchez banker. Jepson was caught and jailed in the upper town.

Meanwhile, in revenge for the whipping of his paramour,

Charlie set out for the blood of Rose, of whom he was mightily tired. That she had partially gouged out one of his eyes in the fracas did not subtract from his hate. He staggered into the house late one night and accused her of working with the Strutter gang and keeping all the profits. "I'll see you hung, you slut! I'll go up to Paradise and tell the judge." Mumbling and swaying, he reached for a jug of redeye. "Come mornin' thas what I'll do."

But come morning brickbat-hurling Charlie Dorsey was a smoking carcass drifting down the muddy Mississippi in a dugout canoe.

When Charlie, reeling and slobbering across the room, threatened Rose with exposure, she realized the game was up. He might forget all about it when his hazy mind cleared; then again he might not. The chance was not worth taking. Rose knew that the citizens of Natchez were roused to indignation as never before by the brazen attempt at kidnapping. She also knew that if she was arrested, it would mean a long sentence. Jepson, who might keep still if she was not exposed, would doubtless spill everything if she was.



Rose looked angrily at the huge, gross figure snoring on the bed. "Charlie's got to go," she said. "And tonight."

The clock on the mantel struck three o'clock. She had only two hours until dawn; soon after that it would be full sunup. Rose Mataz, from the time of her bolt with the white-slaver in the market place of Debrecen, had made many a quick getaway. Up to now, her exits had not included murder. She turned again and looked at Charlie. He was so big to handle. Well, the Devil was kind—Charlie was dead drunk.

For an hour, every move Rose made was sure, executed with dispatch. She put on a dark dress. She wadded a large cache of gold backs and jewels into a satchel and slung it by a strap over her shoulder. Grasping the lead-weighted handle of the rawhide whip in both hands, she dealt Charlie Dorsey a sudden savage blow on the head, then another, and, in quick succession, a few more. He snorted and jerked convulsively a few times, then lay inert. Rose wrapped his smashed skull with a tablecloth and fetched a handcart from the garden. She mustered all her strength and loaded the dead weight into the cart, then pushed it down to the inlet at the back of the garden. It did not matter now how many clues she left. By morning-coffee time, she would be well away. The steamy stench of this rotten hole of Under-the-Hill had seen the last of her.

She needed two boats—the little skiff and the wooden dugout canoe, both anchored in the inlet. She also needed a can of coal oil and some matches. When all was ready, Rose tore the scene of Charlie's murder to pieces. She broke bottles and smeared the bloody tablecloth around the room until it looked as if an unholy fight had taken place.

At the water's edge, Rose tied the dugout to the skiff with a slack rope. Then, poling swiftly, she steered the grisly cargo out into the swift current. For about an hour she poled, keeping the two crafts in mid-river. About two hours after sunup, Rose eased the boats out of the current and into a backwater where the forest grew down to the water. Dark, steaming caves of green foliage hid her from the river. The woman worked slowly now. Maneuvering the dugout into the water under a bank, she leaned over and emptied the can of coal oil over the body of Charlie, then untied the two boats.

For a few minutes, Rose hesitated. Then, suddenly she struck a match, threw it onto the flannel-shirted shoulder and let go the canoe rope. A spurt of hot flame shot out. Hastily she moved her skiff out of the tunnel of greenery and was soon lost in the reaches of midstream.

Rose left the river at Donaldsonville, above New Orleans, during the storm that set the half-consumed body of Charlie Dorsey afloat. Some of her last mysterious trips had been to New Orleans, where her garish toilettes had been noticed; it was just as well she was not seen there for a time. By coach and fruit steamer, she reached Galveston. It was too hot and she was restless. San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas. She soon tired of them all. She tried taking a chair in the parlor of a famous sporting house in San Antonio. But the men always passed her up for younger, gayer girls. Rose was used to being top attraction. "The hell with these old goats," she said to the Madam. Soon, gaudily dressed, she plied her trade on the streets.

A year or so after Rose had so bloodily left Under-the-Hill, she emerged from a stagecoach one evening in the rousing town of Oklahoma City, a city of brightly lighted saloons and boarding houses. "This," said Rose, "is the place for me. Here I can hit my stride."

Within a month, Rose Mataz had bought a three-story house on the main street. She hocked her jewels, or most of them, to do it. A few showy ones she kept for display on her plump throat and for the proverbial rainy day. The house was raspberry red combined with an elegant gray trim. Nottingham lace caught back with raspberry satin bows gave passersby a tantalizing glimpse of the pretty face and lightly veiled bosom of one of the bevy of young women who entertained in this handsome edifice. Rose called it Paradise, in memory, perhaps, of the town on the bluffs of the Mississippi.

For a number of years, Rose was Madam of the most luxurious brothel in town. Her girls were always fresh and congenial. Every hidden vice was catered to. Indeed, Madam Rose's place was paradise.

As the prosperous years dovetailed, one into another, Rose followed the pattern of women of her kind. She bought stalwart lovers. As she aged and grew immensely fat, she picked them always younger. She drank increasingly. Straight gin was her tipple, a formidable brew when taken in excess. Rose knew, toward the last, that her girls were robbing her right and left. Knew her young lovers lived with girls of their own on her money. The same old story.

"Old sot," she heard herself referred to. "Old hag."

In her 70th year, alone in her big, satiny bed, Rose died.

One night—a brilliant moonlight night—at the turn of the century, a jailer at the ivy-hung jail of Vidalia stopped suddenly outside the bars of a cell that was supposed to be empty. It wasn't. On the narrow wooden bunk sat a golden-haired woman. She was dressed in a bright-red gown, with an immodestly low-cut bodice and a huge flaring bustle. She seemed oblivious to the startled man outside in the corridor. She hummed a tune and then took a smooth pointed stick from her girdle and proceeded to clean her nails. The jailer sped down the corridor to his office and called a friend who had dropped by for a drink. When the two men returned, the cell was empty.

After that, whenever this particular cell was unoccupied by a prisoner, it was occupied by the ghost of Rose Mataz. She got to be quite a pet around the jail. One old man even remembered that as a young lawyer he had been in the courtroom at Vidalia the day Charlie Dorsey and Rose Mataz had been sentenced for attempted robbery and knifing. People in Vidalia did not put up with shenanigans as they did across the river. The woman Rose had worn a bright-red dress with a bustle.

It would seem that one of the few times in her tempestuous life when Rose Mataz had been let alone to think in complete sobriety, with no demands whatsoever on her person, had been the months in Vidalia jail. In effect, her ghost returned to this scene to take a rest cure. •

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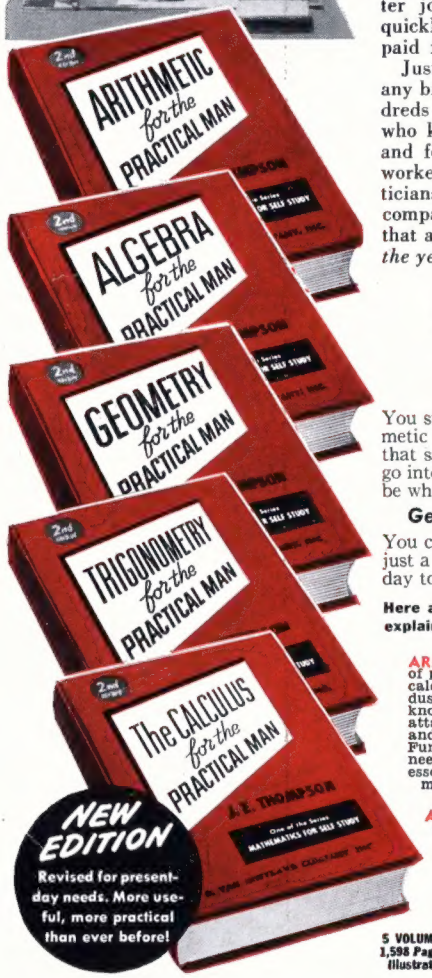
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"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. earning myself $93.55 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)

Earnings Financed Vacation!

"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." T. Worley, Michigan.

Adds Greatly to Pension!

"I know there must be many men like myself who would like to add to their pensions to gain the extra things of life. One forenoon I made a net profit of $21.75!" C. Mason, Michigan.

Averages $80 extra a week!

"I have made more money since I started this business than in all my past life. My average extra earnings have been over $80 a week." C. Tuttle, California.

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CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

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